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MEMOIRS

OF

AN AMERICAN LADY

Chapter I

DEATH OF COLONEL PHILIP SCHUYLER

THIS year (1757) was marked by an event that not only clouded the future life of Madame, but occasioned the deepest concern to the whole province. Colonel Schuyler was scarcely sensible of the decline of life, except some attacks of the rheumatism, to which the people of that country are peculiarly subject: he enjoyed sound health and equal spirits, and had upon the whole, from the temperance of his habits, and the singular equanimity of his mind, a more likely prospect of prolonging his happy and useful life, than falls to the lot of most people. He had, however, in very cold weather, gone to town to visit a relation, then ill of a pleurisy; and having sat a while by the invalid, and conversed with him both on his worldly and spiritual affairs, he returned very thoughtful. On rising the next morning, he began the day, as had for many years been his custom, with singing

some verses of a psalm in his closet. Madame observed that he was interrupted by a most violent fit of sneezing; this returned again a little after, when he calmly told her, that he felt the symptoms of a pleuritic attack, which had begun in the same manner with that of his friend; that the event might possibly prove fatal; but that knowing as she did how long a period[1] of more than common felicity had been granted to their mutual affection, and with what tranquillity he was enabled to look forward to that event which is common to all, and which would be earnestly desired if withheld; he expected of her that, whatever might happen, she would look back with gratitude, and forward with hope; and in the meantime honor his memory, and her own profession of faith, by continuing to live in the manner they had hitherto done, that he might have the comfort of thinking that his house might still be an asylum to the helpless and the stranger, and a desirable place of meeting to his most valued friends; this was spoken with an unaltered countenance, and in a calm and even tone. Madame, however, was alarmed; friends from all quarters poured in, with the most anxious concern for the event. By this time there was an hospital built at Albany for the troops; with a regular medical establishment. No human aid was wanting, and the composure of Madame astonished every one. This, however, was founded on hope;

[1] Forty years. — *Mrs. Grant.*

for she never could let herself imagine the danger serious, being flattered both by the medical attendants, and the singular fortitude of the patient. He, however, continued to arrange all things for the change he expected; he left his houses in town and country, his plate, and in short all his effects, to his wife, at her sole disposal; his estates were finally left to the orphan son of his nephew, then a child in the family; but Madame was to enjoy the rents during her life.

His negroes, for whom he had a great affection, were admitted every day to visit him; and with all the ardor of attachment peculiar to that kind-hearted race, implored heaven day and night for his recovery. The day before his death, he had them all called round his bed, and in their presence besought Madame that she would upon no account sell any of them; this request he would not have made could he have foreseen the consequences. On the fifth day of his illness he quietly breathed his last; having expressed, while he was able to articulate, the most perfect confidence in the mercy of the God whom he had diligently served and entirely trusted; and the most tender attachment to the friends he was about to leave.[1]

It would be a vain attempt to describe the sorrow

1 Col. Philip Schuyler died February 16, 1758. By his will he divided his large landed estate between his brothers and sisters, or their heirs. His personal property and a farm on the Mohawk river, with the use of the Flats for life, he gave to his widow.

of a family like his, who had all been accustomed from childhood to look up to him as the first of mankind, and the medium through which they received every earthly blessing; while the serenity of his wisdom, the sweet and gentle cast of his heartfelt piety, and the equal mildness of his temper, rendered him incapable of embittering obligations; so that his generous humanity and liberal hospitality, were adorned by all the graces that courtesy could add to kindness. The public voice was loud in its plaudits and lamentations. In the various characters of a patriot, a hero, and a saint, he was dear to all the friends of valor, humanity, and public spirit; while his fervent loyalty, and unvaried attachment to the king, and the laws of that country by which his own was protected, endeared him to all the servants of government; who knew they never should meet with another equally able, or equally disposed to smooth their way in the paths of duty assigned to them.

To government this loss would have been irreparable, had not two singular and highly meritorious characters a little before this time made their appearance, and by superiority of merit and abilities, joined with integrity seldom to be met with anywhere, in some degree supplied the loss to the public. One of these was Sir William Johnson, the Indian superintendent, formerly mentioned; the other was Cadwallader Colden,[1] for a very long

[1] Cadwallader Colden was born in Dunse, Scotland, February 17, 1688; died on Long Island, September 28, 1776.

period of years lieutenant-governor (indeed virtually governor) of New York; who in point of political sagacity, and thorough knowledge of those he governed, was fully capable to supply that place. This shrewd and able ruler, whose origin I believe was not very easily traced, was said to be a Scotchman, and had raised himself solely by his merit to the station he held. In this he maintained himself by indefatigable diligence, rigid justice, and the most perfect impartiality. He neither sought to be feared nor loved, but merely to be esteemed and trusted, and thus fixed his power on the broad foundation of public utility. Successive governors, little acquainted with the country, and equally strangers to business, found it convenient to leave the management with him; who confessedly understood it better than any one else, and who had no friends but a few personal ones, and no enemies but a few public ones, who envied his station. It was very extraordinary to see a man rule so long and so steadily where he was merely and coldly esteemed: with so few of the advantages that generally procure success in the world, without birth or alliance; he had not even the recommendation of a pleasing appearance, or insinuating address. He was diminutive, and somewhat more than high-shouldered; the contrast betwixt the wealth of his mind, and the poverty of his outward appearance, might remind one of Æsop, or rather of the faithful though ill-shaped herald of Ulysses:

"Erubutes in whose large mind alone,
Ulysses viewed the image of his own."

Thus was it with Colden. Among the number of governors who succeeded each other in his time, if by chance one happened to be a man of ability, he estimated his merit at its just rate; and whatever original measure he might find it necessary to take for the public good, left the common routine of business in the hands of that tried integrity and experience, in which he found them; satisfied with the state and the popularity of governor, on which the other had not a wish to encroach. Colden, however, enriched his own family, in a manner on the whole not objectionable; he procured from the successive governors various grants of land, which, though valuable in quality, were not, from the remoteness of their situation, an object of desire to settlers; and purchased grants from many, who had obtained the property of them, among which were different governors and military commanders. He allowed this mine of future wealth to lie quietly ripening to its value, till the lands near it were, in process of time, settled, and it became a desirable object to purchase or hold on lease.

Chapter II

MRS. SCHUYLER'S ARRANGEMENTS AND CONDUCT AFTER THE COLONEL'S DEATH

THE mind of our good aunt, which had never before yielded to calamity, seemed altogether subdued by the painful separation from her husband. Never having left her consort's bedside, or known the refreshment of a quiet sleep, during his illness, she sunk at first into a kind of torpor, which her friends willingly mistook for the effects of resignation. This was soon succeeded by the most acute sorrow, and a dangerous illness, the consequence of her mental sufferings. In spring she slowly recovered, and endeavored to find consolation in returning to the regulation of her family, and the society of her friends, for both which she had been for some months disqualified. Her nieces, the Miss Cuylers, were a great comfort to her, from their affectionate attention, and the pleasure she took in seeing them growing up to be all that her maternal affection could wish. In the social grief of Pedrom,[1] who gave all his time

[1] The colonel's brother Peter, so called. — *Mrs. Grant.* [Query, *Peteroom*, Uncle Peter? His portrait is preserved in the mansion of Madame Schuyler at the Flats, by Mr. Stephen Schuyler, the recent

to her during the early part of her widowhood, she also found consolation; and whenever she was able to receive them, her friends came from all quarters to express their sympathy and their respect. The colonel's heir and her own eldest nephew made, with one of her nieces, a part of her family; and the necessity of attending to such affairs as formerly lay within the colonel's province, served further to occupy her mind; yet her thoughts continually recurred to that loss, which she daily felt more and more. She had buried the colonel in a spot within a short distance of his own house, in which he had formerly desired to repose; that his remains might not quit a scene so dear to him; and that the place, rendered sacred by his ashes, might in future be a common sepulture to his family; that he might in death, as in life, be surrounded by the objects of his affection and beneficence. This consecrated spot, about the size of a small flower garden, was enclosed for this purpose, and a tombstone, with a suitable inscription erected over the grave, where this excellent person's relict proposed her ashes should mingle with his.[1] In the mean-

owner and occupant of the premises. The portrait had been artistically copied for the late Gen. John T. Cooper, and was among the rare objects of art at his residence in Albany].

[1] From the second bridge that spans the Erie canal north of the entrance to the Albany cemetery, on the Watervliet turnpike, a quiet lane leads to the ancient Schuyler bouwery, known in history as *The Flats*; and nearly equidistant between the canal and the river, in a cluster of locust trees, a few rods north of the lane, is the family burial

time, though by continually speaking of her deceased friend, she passed the day without much visible agitation, she had fallen into a habit of vigilance; rarely sleeping till morning, and suffering through the silent hours from a periodical agony, for such it might be called, with which she was regularly visited. She had a confidante in this secret suffering; a decent and pious woman, who, on the death of her husband, a sergeant in the army, had been received into this family as a kind of upper domestic; and found herself so happy, and made herself so useful in teaching reading and needle-work to the children, that she still remained. This good woman slept in aunt's

ground. The earliest dead were buried in the church on State Street, or in the graveyard on Beaver and Hudson Streets, now the site of the Middle Dutch Church. The Schuylers and Van Rensselaers frequently intermarried, and several of the former were entombed in the Van Rensselaer vault. This monument mentioned by Mrs. Grant, and alluded to on a previous page, is undoubtedly the oldest one in the ground, as well as the most conspicuous. Madame Schuyler's remains were buried by the side of those of her husband, but there is no monument or other object to mark her place of sepulture. The reason assigned for this neglect is, that she left a portion of her property in such a way as to give offence to some of the heirs, and a question of duty or a sense of dissatisfaction arising among the parties upon whom it was incumbent, neither of them would charge themselves with the undertaking. A large slab lies upon the ground near that of Colonel Philip, of the same size and material, having a cavity in its upper side, apparently designed for a metal tablet, which is supposed to have been abstracted. There is nothing remaining upon it to indicate its purpose; but it is traditional that it was not designed for Madame Schuyler. The slab is now believed to cover the dust of John Schuyler, Jr., the father of General Schuyler.

room; and when all the family were at rest, she used to accompany her to a small distance from the tomb which contained those remains so dear to her. Madame, in the meantime, entered alone into the hallowed enclosure, and there indulged her unavailing sorrow. This she continued to do for some time, as she thought unobserved; but being very tall, and become large as she advanced in life, her figure, arrayed in her night-clothes, was very conspicuous, and was on different occasions observed by neighbors, who occasionally passed by at night; the consequence was, that it was rumored that an apparition was seen every night near the colonel's grave. This came to the ears of the people of the house, some of whom had the curiosity to watch at a distance, and saw the dreaded form appear, and, as they thought, vanish. This they carefully concealed from their revered patroness. Every one else in the house, however, heard it; and a pensive air of awe and mystery overspread the whole family. Her confidante, however, told her of it; and the consequence of this improper indulgence of sorrow greatly increased the dislike which Madame had always expressed for mystery and concealment. She was unwilling to let a family, to whom she had always set such an example of self-command, know of her indulging a weakness so unsuitable to her character and time of life. At the same time, however, she was resolved not to allow the belief

of a supernatural appearance to fasten on their minds; unwilling to mention the subject herself, she was forced to submit to the humiliation of having it revealed by her confidante, to quiet the minds of the children and domestics, and reconcile them to solitude and moonlight.

Her mind was at this time roused from her own peculiar sorrows, by an alarming event, which disturbed the public tranquillity, and awakened the fears of the whole province, by laying open the western frontier. This was the taking of Oswego by the French, which fortress was the only barrier, except the valor and conduct of Sir William Johnson and his Mohawk friends, by which the town was protected on that side. The poor people, who were driven by the terror of this event from the settlements in that quarter, excited the sympathy of liberal-minded persons: and the interest which she took in their distresses, was one of the first things that roused the attention of our good aunt to her wonted beneficent exertions. General Bradstreet, who had a high respect for her understanding, and consulted her on all emergencies, had a profound reverence for the colonel's memory, and continued his intimacy in the family. The critical situation of things at this time, occasioned Lord Loudon to be sent out as commander of the forces in America. Madame received this nobleman when he visited Albany, and gave him most useful information. He was introduced to her by General Brad-

street, whose power and consequence might be said to increase with the disasters of the country; his department was a very lucrative one, and enabled him first, greatly to enrich himself, and in process of time, his friend Philip Schuyler, who, from his deputy, became, in a manner, his coadjutor. Albany now swarmed with engineers, planners, architects, and boat-builders. Various military characters, since highly distinguished, whose names I do not recollect, though once familiar to me, obtained introductions to Madame, who began once more to occupy her mind with public matters, and to open her house to the more respected and well-known characters among the military. Her brother-in-law, whom I have so often mentioned under the affectionate appellation of Pedrom, by which he was known in the family, being within less than half an hour's walk, spent much of his time with her, and received her company. This he was well qualified to do, being a person of a comely, dignified appearance, and frank, easy manners, inferior only to his late brother in depth of reflection, and comprehension of mind.

Chapter III

MOHAWK INDIANS — SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON

BY this time matters had gradually assumed a new aspect on this great continent. The settlement at Albany was no longer an insulated region, ruled and defended by the wisdom and courage diffused through the general mass of the inhabitants, but begun, in the ordinary course of things, to incorporate with the general state. The Mohawk Indians were so engaged by treaties to assist the army, in its now regular operations to the westward, that they came less frequently to visit Albany. A line of forts had, at a prodigious expense, been erected, leading from Albany to Upper Canada, by the Mohawk river, and the lakes of Ontario, Niagara, etc. Many respectable engineers were engaged in constructing these; some of them I remember were Swedes, persons of a graceful appearance, polished manners, and very correct conduct. These strangers conducted matters better than our own countrymen; being more accommodating in their manners, and better accustomed to a severe climate, and inconveniences of every kind. They were frequent guests at the Flats, were a pleasing accession to the society, and

performed their duty to the public with a degree of honor and fidelity that checked abuses in others, and rescued the service they were engaged in, from the reproach which it had incurred, in consequence of those fungi of society which had at first intruded into it.

By the advice of the Schuylers, there was now on the Mohawk river a superintendent of Indian affairs; the importance of which began to be fully understood. He was regularly appointed, and paid by government. This was the justly celebrated Sir William Johnson,[1] who held an office difficult both to execute and define. He might indeed be called the tribune of the Five Nations: whose claims he asserted, whose rights he protected, and over whose minds he possessed a greater sway than any other individual had ever attained. He was indeed calculated to conciliate and retain the affections of this brave people; possessing in common with them many of those peculiarities of mind and manners, that distinguished them from others. He was an uncommonly tall, well made man: with a fine countenance; which, however, had rather an expression of dignified sedateness, approaching to melancholy. He appeared to be taciturn, never wasting words on matters of no importance: but highly eloquent when the occasion called forth his powers. He possessed intuitive sagacity, and the

[1] See "Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Baronet," 2 vols., 8vo, by William L. Stone, 1864.

most entire command of temper, and of countenance. He did by no means lose sight of his own interest, but on the contrary raised himself to power and wealth, in an open and active manner; not disdaining any honorable means of benefiting himself: but at the same time the bad policy, as well as meanness of sacrificing respectability, to snatching at petty present advantages, were so obvious to him, that he laid the foundation of his future prosperity on the broad and deep basis of honorable dealing, accompanied by the most vigilant attention to the objects he had in view; acting so as, without the least departure from integrity on the one hand, or inattention to his affairs on the other, to conduct himself in such a manner, as gave an air of magnanimity to his character, that made him the object of universal confidence. He purchased from the Indians (having the grant confirmed by his sovereign) a large and fertile tract of land upon the Mohawk river; where, having cleared and cultivated the ground, he built two spacious and convenient places of residence: known afterwards by the names of Johnson castle, and Johnson hall. The first was on a fine eminence, stockaded round, and slightly fortified; the last was built on the side of the river, on a most fertile and delightful plain, surrounded with an ample and well cultivated domain: and that again encircled by European settlers; who had first come there as architects, or workmen, and had been induced by Sir William's

liberality, and the singular beauty of the district, to continue. His trade with the Five Nations was very much for their advantage; he supplying them on more equitable terms than any trader, and not indulging the excesses in regard to strong liquors which others were too easily induced to do. The castle contained the store in which all goods were laid up, which were meant for the Indian traffic, and all the peltry received in exchange. The hall was his summer residence, and the place round which his greatest improvements were made. Here this singular man lived like a little sovereign; kept an excellent table for strangers, and officers, whom the course of their duty now frequently led into these wilds, and by confiding entirely on the Indians, and treating them with unvaried truth and justice, without ever yielding to solicitation what he had once refused, he taught them to repose entire confidence in him; he, in his turn became attached to them, wore in winter almost entirely their dress and ornaments, and contracted a kind of alliance with them; for becoming a widower in the prime of life, he connected himself with an Indian maiden, daughter to a sachem, who possessed an uncommonly agreeable person, and good understanding: and whether ever formally married to him according to our usage, or not, contrived to live with him in great union and affection all his life. So perfect was his dependence on those people, whom his fortitude and other manly virtues had attached to

him, that when they returned from their summer excursions, and exchanged the last year's furs for fire-arms, etc., they used to pass a few days at the castle; when his family and most of his domestics were down at the hall. There they were all liberally entertained by their friend; and five hundred of them have been known, for nights together, after drinking pretty freely, to lie around him on the floor, while he was the only white person in a house containing great quantities of everything that was to them valuable or desirable. While Sir William thus united in his mode of life, the calm urbanity of a liberal and extensive trader, with the splendid hospitality, the numerous attendance, and the plain though dignified manners of an ancient baron, the female part of his family were educated in a manner so entirely dissimilar from that of all other young people of their sex and station, that as a matter of curiosity, it is worthy a recital. These two young ladies inherited, in a great measure, the personal advantages and strength of understanding, for which their father was so distinguished. Their mother dying when they were young, bequeathed the care of them to a friend. This friend was the widow of an officer who had fallen in battle; I am not sure whether she was devout, and shunned the world for fear of its pollutions, or romantic, and despised its selfish bustling spirit; but so it was, that she seemed utterly to forget it, and devoted herself to her fair pupils. To these she taught

needle-work of the most elegant and ingenious kinds, reading and writing; thus quietly passed their childhood; their monitress not taking the smallest concern in family management, nor indeed the least interest in any worldly thing but themselves; far less did she inquire about the fashions or diversions which prevailed in a world she had renounced; and from which she seemed to wish her pupils to remain for ever estranged. Never was anything so uniform as their dress; their occupations, and the general tenor of their lives. In the morning they rose early, read their Prayer-Book, I believe, but certainly their Bible, fed their birds, tended their flowers, and breakfasted; then were employed some hours with unwearied perseverance, at fine needle-work, for the ornamental parts of dress, which were the fashion of the day, without knowing to what use they were to be put, as they never wore them; and had not at the age of sixteen ever seen a lady, excepting each other and their governess; they then read, as long as they chose, the voluminous romances of the last century; of which their friend had an ample collection, or Rollin's ancient history, the only books they had ever seen; after dinner they, regularly in summer, took a long walk; or an excursion in the sledge, in winter, with their friend: and then returned and resumed their wonted occupations, with the sole variation of a stroll in the garden in summer, and a game at chess, or shuttlecock, in winter. Their dress was to the

full as simple and uniform as everything else; they wore wrappers of the finest chintz, and green silk petticoats; and this the whole year round without variation. Their hair, which was long and beautiful, was tied behind with a simple ribbon; a large calash shaded each from the sun, and in winter they had long scarlet mantles that covered them from head to foot. Their father did not live with them, but visited them every day in their apartment. This innocent and uniform life they led, till the death of their monitress; which happened when the eldest was not quite seventeen. On some future occasion I shall satisfy the curiosity which this short but faithful account of these amiable recluses has possibly excited.[1]

[1] These ladies married officers, who in succession lived as aid-de-camps with their father. Their manners soon grew easy; they readily acquired the habits of society, and made excellent wives. — *Mrs. Grant.*

ened, that they might not, as on former occasions, be snatched from behind by these agile foes. To prevent the march of his regiment from being descried at a distance, by the glittering of their arms, the barrels of their guns were all blackened; and to save them from the tearing of bushes, the stings of insects, etc., he set them the example of wearing leggins, a kind of buskin made of strong woolen cloth, formerly described as a part of the Indian dress. The greatest privation to the young and vain yet remained. Hair well dressed, and in great quantity, was then considered as the greatest possible ornament, which those who had it took the utmost care to display to advantage, and to wear in a bag or a queue, which ever they fancied. Lord Howe's was fine, and very abundant; he, however, cropped it, and ordered every one else to do the same. Every morning he rose very early, and after giving his orders, rode out to the Flats, breakfasted, and spent some time in conversing with his friends there; and when in Albany, received all manner of useful information from the worthy magistrate Cornelius Cuyler. Another point which this young Lycurgus of the camp wished to establish, was that of not carrying anything that was not absolutely necessary. An apparatus of tables, chairs, and such other luggage he thought highly absurd, where people had to force their way with unspeakable difficulty, to encounter an enemy free from all such incumbrances. The French had long learnt how

little convenience could be studied on such occasions as the present.

When his lordship got matters arranged to his satisfaction, he invited his officers to dine with him in his tent. They gladly assembled at the hour appointed but were surprised to see no chairs or tables; there were, however, bear-skins, spread like a carpet. His lordship welcomed them, and sat down on a small log of wood; they followed his example; and presently the servants set down a large dish of pork and pease. His lordship, taking a sheath from his pocket, out of which he produced a knife and fork, began to cut and divide the meat. They sat in a kind of awkward suspense, which he interrupted, by asking if it were possible that soldiers like them, who had been so long destined for such a service, should not be provided with portable implements of this kind; and finally relieved them from their embarrassment, by distributing to each a case the same as his own, which he had provided for that purpose. The austere regulations, and constant self-denial which he imposed upon the troops he commanded, were patiently borne, because he was not only gentle in his manners, but generous and humane in a very high degree, and exceedingly attentive to the health and real necessities of the soldiery. Among many instances of this, a quantity of powdered ginger was given to every man; and the sergeants were ordered to see, that when, in the course of marching, the soldiers

arrived hot and tired at the banks of any stream, they should not be permitted to stoop to drink, as they generally inclined to do, but obliged to lift water in their canteens, and mix ginger with it. This became afterwards a general practice; and in those aguish swamps, through which the troops were forced to march, was the means of saving many lives. Aunt Schuyler, as this amiable young officer familiarly styled his maternal friend, had the utmost esteem for him; and the greatest hope that he would at some future period redress all those evils that had formerly impeded the service; and perhaps plant the British standard on the walls of Quebec. But this honor another young hero was destined to achieve; whose virtues were to be illustrated by the splendor of victory, the only light by which the multitude can see the merits of a soldier.

The Schuylers regarded this expedition with a mixture of doubt and misery, knowing too well, from the sad retrospect of former failures, how little valor and discipline availed where regular troops had to encounter with unseen foes, and with difficulties arising from the nature of the ground, for which military science afforded no remedy. Of General Abercrombie's worth and valor they had the highest opinion; but they had no opinion of attacking an enemy so subtle and experienced on their own ground, in entrenchments, and this they feared he would have the temerity to attempt. In the meantime preparations were making for the

THE VANDERHUYDEN PALACE, ERECTED ON NORTH PEARL STREET IN 1725

attempt. The troops were marched in detachments past the Flats, and each detachment quartered for a night on the common, or in the offices. One of the first of these was commanded by Lee, of frantic celebrity, who afterwards, in the American war, joined the opponents of government, and was then a captain in the British service. Captain Lee had neglected to bring the customary warrants for impressing horses and oxen, and procuring a supply of various necessaries, to be paid for by the agents of government on showing the usual documents; he, however, seized everything he wanted where he could most readily find it, as if he were in a conquered country; and not content with his violence, poured forth a volley of execrations on those who presumed to question his right of appropriating for his troops everything that could be serviceable to them: even Madame, accustomed to universal respect, and to be considered as the friend and benefactress of the army, was not spared; and the aids which she never failed to bestow on those whom she saw about to expose their lives for the general defence, were rudely demanded, or violently seized. Never did the genuine Christianity of this exalted character shine more brightly than in this exigency; her countenance never altered, and she used every argument to restrain the rage of her domestics, and the clamor of her neighbors, who were treated in the same manner. Lee marched on, after having done all the mischief in his power, and was the next

day succeeded by Lord Howe, who was indignant on hearing what had happened, and astonished at the calmness with which Madame bore the treatment she had received. She soothed him by telling him, that she knew too well the value of protection from a danger so imminent, to grow captious with her deliverers on account of a single instance of irregularity, and only regretted that they should have deprived her of her wonted pleasure, in freely bestowing whatever could advance the service, or refresh the exhausted troops. They had a long and very serious conversation that night. In the morning his lordship proposed setting out very early; but when he rose was astonished to find Madame waiting, and breakfast ready; he smiled and said he would not disappoint her, as it was hard to say when he might again breakfast with a lady. Impressed with an unaccountable degree of concern about the fate of the enterprise in which he was embarked, she again repeated her counsels and her cautions; and when he was about to depart, embraced him with the affection of a mother, and shed many tears, a weakness which she did not often give way to.

Meantime, the best prepared and disciplined body of forces that had ever been assembled in America, were proceeding on an enterprise, that, to the experience and sagacity of the Schuylers, appeared a hopeless, or, at least, a very desperate one. A general gloom overspread the family; this, at all times

large, was now augmented by several of the relations both of the colonel and Madame, who had visited them at that time, to be nearer the scene of action, and get the readiest and most authentic intelligence; for the apprehended consequence of a defeat was, the pouring in of the French troops into the interior of the province; in which case Albany might be abandoned to the enraged savages attending the French army.

In the afternoon a man was seen coming on horseback from the north, galloping violently, without his hat. Pedrom, as he was familiarly called, the colonel's only surviving brother, was with her, and ran instantly to inquire, well knowing he rode express. The man galloped on, crying out that Lord Howe was killed. The mind of our good aunt had been so engrossed by her anxiety and fears for the event impending, and so impressed by the merit and magnanimity of her favorite hero, that her wonted firmness sunk under this stroke, and she broke out into bitter lamentations. This had such an effect on her friends and domestics, that shrieks and sobs of anguish echoed through every part of the house. Even those who were too young or too old to enter into the public calamity, were affected by the violent grief of aunt, who, in general, had too much self-command to let others witness her sorrows. Lord Howe was shot from behind a tree, probably by some Indian: and the whole army were inconsolable for a loss they too well knew to

be irreparable. This stroke, however, they soon found to be "portent and pain, a menace and a blow;" but this dark prospect was cheered for a moment by a deceitful gleam of hope, which only added to the bitterness of disappointment.

Chapter V

DEFEAT AT TICONDEROGA — GENERAL LEE — HUMANITY OF MADAME

THE next day they heard the particulars of the skirmish, for it could scarce be called a regular engagement, which had proved fatal to the young warrior, whose loss was so deeply felt. The army had crossed Lake George, in safety, on the 5th of July, and landed without opposition. They proceeded in four columns to Ticonderoga, and displayed a spectacle unprecedented in the New World. An army of sixteen thousand men, regulars and provincials, with a train of artillery, and all the necessary provisions for an active campaign or regular siege, followed by a little fleet of bateaux, pontoons, etc. They set out wrong, however, by not having Indian guides, who are alone to be depended on in such a place. In a short time the columns fell in upon each other, and occasioned much confusion. While they marched on in this bewildered manner, the advanced guard of the French which had retired before them, were equally bewildered, and falling in with them in this confusion, a skirmish ensued, in which the French lost above three hundred men, and we, though sucess-

ful, lost as much as it was possible to lose, in one; for here it was that Lord Howe fell.

The fort is in a situation of peculiar natural strength; it lies on a little peninsular, with Lake George on one side, and a narrow opening, communicating with Lake Champlain, on the other. It is surrounded by water on three sides; and in front there is a swamp, very easily defended; and where it ceased the French had made a breast-work above eight feet high; not content with this, they had felled immense trees on the spot, and laid them heaped on each other, with their branches outward, before their works. In fine, there was no place on earth where aggression was so difficult, and defence so easy, as in these woods; especially when, as in this case, the party to be attacked had great leisure to prepare their defence. On this impenetrable front they had also a line of cannon mounted; while the difficulty of bringing artillery through this swampy ground, near enough to bear upon the place, was unspeakable. This garrison, almost impregnable from situation, was defended by between four and five thousand men. An engineer, sent to reconnoitre, was of opinion that it might be attacked without waiting for the artillery. The fatal resolution was taken without consulting those who were best qualified to judge. An Indian or native American were here better skilled in the nature of the ground, and probabilities of success. They knew better, in short, what the spade, hatchet,

or musket could or could not do, in such situations, than the most skillful veteran from Europe, however replete with military science. Indeed, when system usurps the province of plain sound sense in unknown exigencies, the result is seldom favorable; and this truth was never more fatally demonstrated than in the course of the American war, where an obstinate adherence to regular tactics, which do not bend to time or place, occasioned, from first to last, an incalculable waste of blood, of treasure, and of personal courage. The resolution then was to attack the enemy without loss of time, and even without waiting for artillery. Alas! "What have not Britons dared?"

I cannot enter into the dreadful detail of what followed; certainly never was infatuation equal to this. The forty-second regiment was then in the height of deserved reputation; in which there was not a private man that did not consider himself as rather above the lower class of people, and peculiarly bound to support the honor of the very singular corps to which he belonged. This brave hard-fated regiment was then commanded by a veteran of great experience and military skill, Colonel Gordon Graham,[1] who had the first point

[1] Gordon Graham, of Dranie, entered the Black Watch as ensign 25 October, 1739; was promoted to lieutenant 24 June, 1743; served in Flanders and Fontenoy, 1745; obtained a company, 1747; was at the surrender of Fort William Henry, 1757, and wounded at Ticonderoga 8 July, 1758. On the death of Major Duncan Campbell, he

of attack assigned to him: he was wounded at the first onset. How many this regiment, in particular, lost of men and officers, I cannot now exactly say; but these were very many. What I distinctly remember, having often heard of it since, is, that, of the survivors, every single officer retired wounded off the field. Of the fifty-fifth regiment, to which my father had newly been attached, ten officers were killed, including all the field officers. No human beings could show more determined courage than this brave army did. Standing four hours under a constant discharge of cannon and musketry from barricades, on which it was impossible for them to make the least impression. General Abercrombie saw the fruitless waste of blood that was every hour increasing, and ordered a retreat, which was very precipitate, so much so, that they crossed the lake and regained their camp on the other side the same night. Two thousand men were killed, wounded, or taken on this disastrous day. On the next, those most dangerously wounded were sent forward in boats, and reached the Flats before evening; they in a manner brought (at least confirmed) the news of the defeat. Madame had her barn instantly fitted up into a temporary hospital, and a room in her house allotted for the

succeeded to his commission and made the campaign of 1759, '60 under Amherst; served in the West Indies in 1762, when he became lieutenant-colonel of his regiment. He retired from the service 12 December, 1770 (*Col. Doc.*, x, 728).

surgeon who attended the patients; among these was Lee, the same insolent and rapacious Lee, who had insulted this general benefactress, and deprived her of one of her greatest pleasures, that of giving a share of everything she had to advance the service. She treated him with compassion, without adverting, by the least hint, to the past. She tore up her sheets and table linen for bandages, and she and her nieces were constantly employed in attending and cheering the wounded, while all her domestics were busied in preparing food and everything necessary for those unhappy sufferers. Even Lee felt and acknowledged the resistless force of such generous humanity. He swore, in his vehement manner, that he was sure there would be a place reserved for Madame in heaven, though no other woman should be there, and that he should wish for nothing better than to share her final destiny. The active industrious beneficence she exercised at this time, not only towards the wounded, but the wretched widows and orphans who had remained here, and had lost their all in their husbands and parents, was beyond praise. Could I clearly recollect and arrange the anecdotes of this period, as I have often heard them, they would of themselves fill a volume; suffice it, that such was the veneration in which she was held in the army after this period, that I recollect, amongst the earliest impressions received in my mind, that of a profound reverence for Madame

as these people were wont to call her. Before I ever saw her, I used to think of her as a most august personage, of a majestic presence, sitting on an elevated seat, and scattering bounty to wounded soldiers, and poor women and children.

Chapter VI

THE FAMILY OF MADAME'S SISTER — THE DEATH OF THE LATTER

AUNT found consolation for all her sorrows in the family of her favorite sister. The promise of uncommon merit, which appeared in the rising branches of that singularly fine family, was to her a peculiar gratification; for no mother could love her own children more tenderly than she did them. The two daughters, which were amongst the eldest, passed, by turns, much of their time with her, and were, from their beauty and their manners, the ornaments of her society; while their good sense, ripened by being called early into action, made these amiable and elegant young women more a comfort and assistance than a care or charge to their aunt, at a very early period. They had four brothers; three of whom are still living, and have, through life, done honor by their virtues, their manners, and their conduct, in the most trying exigencies, to the memory and example of their excellent parents, as well as to that collateral school of pure morality, and sound and genuine policy, of which they shared the benefit.

The history of this family, in the after vicissitudes in which the political changes in their country

involved them, would furnish a very interesting detail, were it allowable to offend the delicacy of modest worth, or eligible to expose the depravity and fury of enraged factions. Of the brothers I shall only mention, that the third, in his childhood, showed uncommon fire and vivacity; not seeming to retain the smallest portion of that hereditary phlegm which could still be easily traced through many of the settlers of this peculiar colony. He could scarce be called an unlucky boy, for he never did harm designedly; yet he was so volatile, eccentric and original in the frolicsome excursions of his fancy, that many ludicrous and some serious consequences resulted from them. He showed, however, amidst all these gaieties, from a very early age, a steady and determined predilection towards a military life, which in due time was indulged, and has been since the means of leading him on to rank and distinction in the British service.[1] Of the eldest brother I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; the second and youngest were zealous partisans of government at the time of the revolution. Their loyalty occasioned the loss of their fortunes and their homes; but their worth and bravery procured them confidence and important commands in that painful service which was carried on during the American war, at the end of which they were par-

[1] The capture of Tobago was achieved by General Cuyler, who had for near forty years been engaged in the most active and hazardous departments of the service. — *Mrs. Grant.*

tially rewarded by grants of land in upper Canada.[1] Loyalty and courage seem hereditary in this family. Many sons of those expatriated brothers are now serving their country in different parts of the empire, undeterred by the losses and sufferings of their parents in the royal cause. It was a marked distinction of character to be observed in the conduct of aunt's protégés, that though she was equally attached to the children of her husband's relations and her own, these latter only adopted her political sentiments, with a single exception, which shall be mentioned in its place.

The defeat at Ticonderoga bore very hard upon the mind of Madame; public spirit was always an active principle in her strong and reflecting mind; and from the particular circumstances in which she had always been involved, her patriotism gained strength by exercise. The same ardent concern for the public good, which could produce no other effect but fruitless anxiety, would be as unavailing as unnecessary, in our secure and tranquil state; but with her it was an exercised and useful virtue. Her attachment to the British nation, which was to

[1] Cornelius Cuyler, Jr., entered the British army and rose to the rank of major-general; and for distinguished services he was created a baronet. Several of his descendants have been prominent in military and civil life, and some are now in the army. Abraham C. Cuyler was Mayor of Albany 1770–77; but towards the close of the Revolutionary War he emigrated to Canada, where he died in 1810. Philip Cuyler, the eldest of the three brothers, adhered to the patriot cause, and remained in the country of his birth.

the very last a ruling principle both of her actions and opinions, contributed to embitter this blow to her and her family. The taking of Frontenac on the western lakes, and the re-establishment of our power in that important quarter, were achieved by General Bradstreet, whom Abercrombie dispatched at the head of three thousand provincials. This was a cordial much wanted by all, and more particularly gratifying to the family at the Flats, as the colonel's nephew, Philip Schuyler, though his was not exactly a warlike department, had evinced much spirit, prudence, and resolution during that expedition; in which, without publicly arrogating command, he, under Bradstreet (who was indeed a very able man), directed most of the operations. In the mind of this extraordinary person, qualities, suited to all occasions, lay dormant and unsuspected, till called forth by the varying events of his busy though not bustling life; for he seemed to carry on the plans, public and private, which he executed with superior ability and success, by mere volition. No one ever saw him appear hurried, embarrassed, or agitated. The success of this expedition, and the rising distinction of her nephew Philip, was some consolation to Madame for the late disaster. Still friendly and hospitable, she was as kindly disposed towards the British as ever, and as indefatigable in promoting a good understanding between them and the natives; but the army was now on a larger scale. It was in a manner regularly organ-

ized, and more independent of such aid as individuals could bestow; and the many children educated by her, or left orphans to her care, became from their number, their marriages, and various pursuits, objects of more earnest solicitude.

At this period Aunt Schuyler, now everywhere spoken of by that affectionate designation, met with a severe affliction in the death of a sister,[1] whom she had always loved with more than common tenderness, and whose family she considered in a manner as her own. This was Mrs. Cuyler, the wife of that able and upright magistrate, Cornelius Cuyler, of whose family I have just been giving some account. Mrs. Cuyler, with a character more gentle and retiring, possessed the good sense and benevolence for which aunt was distinguished, though her sphere of action being entirely within the limits of her own family, she could not be so well known, or so much celebrated. The colonel had always had a great attachment to this valuable person; which still more endeared her to his widow. She, however, always found new duties resulting from her afflictions, so that she could not afford to sink under them. She now was at pains to console her sister's husband, who really seemed borne down by this stroke; and the exertions she made for the good of his singularly promising family, kept her mind occupied.

[1] Mrs. Cornelius Cuyler died February 21, 1758.

Chapter VII

FURTHER SUCCESS OF THE BRITISH ARMS — A MISSIONARY — CORTLANDT SCHUYLER

THE conquest of Oswego, which was this year (1759) retaken from the French by General Bradstreet, contributed to revive the drooping spirits of the army and the patriots; and it was quickly succeeded by the dear-bought conquest of Quebec. Though Madame had never seen General Wolfe, she shared the general admiration of his heroism, and the general sorrow for his loss, in a very high degree. She, too, was conscious, that the security and tranquillity purchased by the conquest of Quebec, would, in a manner, loosen the bonds which held the colonists attached to a government which they only endured while they required its protection. This led to consequences which she too clearly foresaw.

The mind of Mrs. Schuyler, which had been greatly agitated by the sad events of Ticonderoga, now began, in consequence of the successes, to become more composed, and turn itself to objects of utility, as formerly. What she had done, and made others do, for the orphans and widows that

had become such in consequence of the attack on the lines, could scarce be credited. No one would suppose a moderate fortune like hers could possibly be equal to it. She had at this time, too, much satisfaction in seeing the respective churches (in all which she was deeply interested), filled with persons who did honor to their profession. A young clergyman named Westerlo,[1] succeeded Domine Frielinghuysen, after an interval of three or four years, during which the charge was irregularly filled. This young man had learning, talent, and urbanity; he had all the sanctity of life and animated eloquence of his predecessor without his love of power, his bustling turn, or his eagerness for popularity; he was indeed a person of very singular merit, but studious and secluded, and unwilling to mix with strangers. To Madame, however, he was open and companionable, and knew and valued the attractions of her conversation. Dr. Ogilvie was the English Episcopal minister, who, under the

[1] Rev. Eilardus Westerlo was born in Groeningen in 1738, and received a thorough university education. It was still a custom with the American churches to send to Holland for ministers to supply their pulpits. He arrived in August, 1760, less than a year after Dom. Frielinghuysen left, and died 26 December, 1790, aged 53. He took a conspicuous part in severing the church from its dependence upon the mother country, and its reorganization upon the present plan. He took strong ground in favor of the cause of the Revolution, and at a most critical time when Burgoyne was advancing upon the city, he animated and inspired the people by having his church open daily for prayer and address. He left in manuscript a Hebrew and Greek lexicon in 2 vols., folio, which is preserved in the State Library at Albany.

name of Indian missionary, and with a salary allowed him as such, had the charge of performing duty in a church erected for that purpose in town, to strangers, and such of the military as chose to attend. The Christian Indians, who were his particular charge, lived at too great a distance to benefit by his labors. The province, however, allowed a salary to a zealous preacher, who labored among them with apostolic fervor, and with the same disregard to the things of this world. Dr. Ogilvie[1] was highly respected, and indeed much beloved by all who were capable of appreciating his merit. His appearance was singularly prepossessing; his address and manners entirely those of a gentleman. His abilities were respectable, his doctrine was pure and scriptural, and his life exemplary, both as a clergyman and in his domestic circle, where he was peculiarly amiable; add to all this a talent for conversation, extensive reading, and a thorough knowl-

[1] John Ogilvie was a native of New York. He was ostensibly an Indian missionary in the Mohawk valley, although he preached mostly at St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Albany, from his graduation at Yale College in 1748 until 1765, having been appointed to this mission on account of his being a Dutch scholar. In 1760 he joined the expedition against Niagara, and continued attached to the army until the close of the French war. After leaving Albany he was an assistant minister at Trinity Church in New York and a professor in Columbia College. On the death of Rev. Dr. Barclay in 1754, who had undertaken the supervision of the Book of Common Prayer in the Indian tongue, the work was continued by Dr. Ogilvie, who was also familiar with the language. The work seems to have been finished by him in 1769. He died 26 November, 1774, aged 51, leaving among other benefactions £300 to a charity school.

edge of life. The doctor was indeed a man after Madame's own heart; and she never ceased regretting his departure to New York, where he was settled two years after. For Stuart[1] she had the utmost veneration. Perfectly calculated for his austere and uncourtly duties, he was wholly devoted to them, and scarce cast a look back to that world which he had forsaken. Yet he was, on various accounts, highly valued by Madame; for since the appointment of the superintendent, and more particularly since the death of the colonel, he became more important to her, as the link which held her to the Mohawks, whom she now saw so much more seldom, but always continued to love. The comprehension of her mind was so great, and her desire for knowledge so strong, that she found much entertainment in tracing the unfoldings of the human mind in its native state, and the gradual progress of intellect when enlightened by the gentle influence of pure religion; and this good *Father of the deserts* gratified her more by the details he was enabled to give of the progress of devotion and of mind among his little flock, than he could have done by all that learning or knowledge of the world

[1] A pious missionary in the Mohawk country. — *Mrs. Grant.* [John Stuart, D.D., styled the father of the Episcopal Church in Upper Canada (See *N. Y. Doc. Hist.*, III, 1063), was the only Episcopal missionary among the Indians throughout the whole confederacy, which, we are informed by Sir Guy Johnson, "afforded an opportunity for introducing New England missionaries who diffused their evil principles with their religion!" (*Col. Doc.*, VIII., 657).

can bestow. Again the Flats began to be the resort of the best society. She had also her nephews in succession; one, a brother of that Philip so often mentioned, since better known to the world by the appellation of General Schuyler, had been long about the family. He was a youth distinguished for the gracefulness of his person, and the symmetry of his features. He was a perfect model of manly beauty, though almost as dark as an Indian. Indeed, both in looks and character, he greatly resembled the aborigines of the country. He seemed perfectly unconscious of the extraordinary personal advantages which be possessed; was brave, honorable, and possessed a very good understanding, but collected within himself; silent, yet eloquent when he chose to interest himself, or was warmed by the occasion; and had such stainless probity, that every one respected and trusted him. Yet he was so very indifferent to the ordinary pleasures and pursuits of life, and so entirely devoted to the sports of the field, that when his aunt afterwards procured him a commission in a marching regiment, hoping thus to tame and brighten him, he was known in Ireland by the name of the handsome savage. This title did not belong to him in the sense we most often use it in; for his manners were not rude and harsh in the least, though an air of cold austerity, which shaded his fine countenance, with his delight in solitary amusements, led the gay and social inhabitants of the country in which he resided, to consider

General Philip Schuyler's Residence, built in 1760–61

him as unwillingly rescued from his native forests.[1] This youth was named Cortlandt, and will be more particularly mentioned hereafter. That eccentric and frolicsome boy, whose humorous sallies and playful flights were a continual source of amusement, was also a frequent guest, but did not stay so long as his elder brother, who certainly was, of all aunt's adopted, the greatest favorite, and became more endeared to her, from being less successful in life than the rest of his family.

In a council held between their relations and Madame, it was decided that both Cortlandt and Cornelius should try their fortune in arms. Cortlandt was made an ensign in an old regiment, and went over to Ireland. Cornelius, a year after, got a commission in the 55th, then commanded by that singularly worthy and benevolent character Sir Adolphus Oughton. The mayor was highly respected for his wisdom; yet his purchasing a commission for so mere a boy, and laying out for it a sum of money which appeared large in a country where people contrived to do very well with wonderfully little of that article, astonished all his countrymen. Conscious, however, of his son's military genius, and well knowing that the vivacity that filled his grave kinsmen with apprehension, was merely a lambent flame of youthful gaiety, which would blaze without scorching, he fearlessly launched him

[1] Capt. Cortlandt Schuyler returned from Ireland with his family in 1764, having resigned his commission.

into a profession in which he hoped to see him attain merited distinction. While the excellent patroness of all these young people had the satisfaction of seeing every one brought up under her auspices (and, by this time, they were not a few), do honor to her instructions, and fill up their different stations in a manner the most creditable and prosperous; and she was often surrounded by the children of those who had engaged her earliest cares.

Chapter VIII

BURNING OF THE HOUSE AT THE FLATS — MADAME'S REMOVAL — JOURNEY OF THE AUTHOR

IT was at this time, when she was in the very acme of her reputation, and her name never mentioned without some added epithet of respect or affection, that her house, so long the receptacle of all that was good or intelligent, and the asylum of all that was helpless and unfortunate, was entirely consumed before her eyes.

In the summer of this year, as General Bradstreet was riding by the Flats one day, and proposing to call on Madame, he saw her sitting in a great chair under the little avenue of cherry trees that led from her house to the road. All the way as he approached he saw smoke, and at last flames, bursting out from the top of her house. He was afraid to alarm her suddenly; but when he told her, she heard it with the utmost composure; pointed out the likeliest means to check the fire; and ordered the neighbors to be summoned, and the most valuable goods first removed, without ever attempting to go over the house herself, when she knew she could be of no service; but with the most admirable

presence of mind, she sat still with a placid countenance, regulating and ordering everything in the most judicious manner, and with as much compos-

Madame Schuyler House at the Flats.

ure as if she had nothing to lose.[1] When evening came, of that once happy mansion not a single

[1] The house of Madame Schuyler was burnt in 1763. Her father in 1680, came in possession of two houses on the south-east corner of State and Pearl Streets in the city of Albany, one of which stood until recently, the other having been removed to widen Pearl Street. In one of these houses Madame Schuyler lived while her house at the Flats was in process of rebuilding. The house now occupied by the widow and daughter of Mr. Richard Schuyler is known to have been built upon the foundation of the old one, and of the same dimensions and style of architecture. That portion of the wall of the burnt house, forming the north-west corner, is still discernible in the present structure, of which an engraving is here presented. The house stands a few rods from the river bank, facing the east, and has the same aspect as when built more than a century ago. A handsome bay-window was placed over the porch in May, 1881, from which a fine view was obtained. The front door, which is divided laterally, in the fashion of the day, into an upper and lower door, still retains its quaint old brass knocker; and the same shutters, with their curious fastenings and hinges, remain as when it was built, in 1772, by the grandfather of the late Mr. John C. Schuyler, who leased the premises after

beam was left, and the scorched brick walls were all that remained to mark where it had stood.

Madame could not be said to be left without a dwelling, having a house[1] in Albany rather larger than the one destroyed. But she was fondly attached to the spot which had been the scene of so much felicity, and rendered more dear to her by retaining within its bounds the remains of her beloved partner. She removed to Pedrom's house for the night. The news of what had happened spread every where; and she had the comfort of knowing, in consequence of this misfortune, better than she could by any other means, how great a degree of public esteem and private gratitude she had excited. The next day people came from all quarters to condole, and ask her directions where and how she would choose to have another house built. And in a few days the ground was covered with bricks, timber, and other materials, brought there by her friends in voluntary kindness. It is to be observed that the people in the interior of New York were so exceedingly skillful in the use not only of the axe, but all ordinary tools used in

the fire. The scene looking south from this spot is one of great beauty, stretching over a level plain reaching to the site of the Van Rensselaer mansion about three or four miles below, skirted by the river on the east and the Erie Canal on its western border.

1 This house was on the south side of State Street opposite North Pearl Street. It was owned and occupied by Madame's father, who directed in his will that she should have the use of it during life. Some years after the Revolution, it was removed for the opening of South Pearl Street.

planing and joining timber, that with the aid of a regular carpenter or two to carry on the nicer parts of the work, a man could build an ordinary house, if it were a wooden one, with very little more than his own domestics. It can scarce be credited that this house, begun in August, was ready for aunt's reception against winter, which here begins very early. But General Bradstreet[1] had sent some of the king's workmen, considering them as employed for the public service, while carrying on this building. The most unpleasant circumstance about this new dwelling, was the melancholy hiatus which appeared in front, where the former large house had stood, and where the deep and spacious cellars still yawned in gloomy desolation. Madame, who no longer studied appearance, but merely thought of a temporary accommodation, for a life which neither she nor any one expected to be a long one, ordered a broad wooden bridge, like those we see over rivers. This bridge was furnished with seats like a portico, and this with the high walls of the burnt house, which were a kind of screen before the new one,

[1] John Bradstreet was quarter-master general, whose career has been sketched by Dr. O'Callaghan in "Colonial Documents of New York," VIII, 379. His statement of Indian affairs in the war with Pontiac is to be found in the "Diary of the Siege of Detroit," published in IV, "Munsell's Hist. Series." His papers are preserved in the New York State Library at Albany. The house occupied by Gen. Philip Schuyler in Albany, one of the historical mansions of that city, was built by the wife of General Bradstreet during his absence at Oswego. He filled with distinguished ability various important offices, civil and military, and died 25 September, 1774, aged 63.

gave the whole the appearance of some ancient ruin.

Madame did not find the winter pass comfortably. That road, now that matters were regularly settled, was no longer the constant resort of her military friends. Her favorite nieces were too engaging, and too much admired, to leave room to expect they should remain with her. She found her house comparatively cold and inconvenient, and the winter long and comfortless. She could not now easily go the distance to church. Pedrom, that affectionate and respected brother, was now, by increasing deafness, disqualified from being a companion; and sister Susan, infirm and cheerless, was now, for the most part, confined to her chamber. Under these circumstances she was at length prevailed on to remove to Albany. The Flats she gave in lease to Pedrom's son Stephen. The house and surrounding grounds were let to an Irish gentleman, who came over to America to begin a new course of life, after spending his fortune in fashionable dissipation. On coming to America, he found that there was an intermediate state of hardship and self-denial to be encountered, before he could enter on that fancied Arcadia which he thought was to be found in every wood. He settled his family in this temporary dwelling, while he went to traverse the provinces in search of some unforfeited Eden, where the rose had no thorn, and the course of ceaseless labor had not begun to operate. Madame found

reason to be highly satisfied with the change. She had mills[1] which supplied her with bread, her slaves cut and brought home fire wood, she had a good garden, and fruit and every other rural dainty came to her in the greatest abundance. All her former protégés and friends in different quarters delighted to send their tribute; and this was merely an interchange of kindness.

Soon after this removal, her eldest niece, a remarkably fine young woman, was married to Mr. C. of C.[2] manor, which was accounted one of the best matches, or rather the very best in the province. She was distinguished by a figure of uncommon grace and dignity, a noble and expressive countenance, and a mind such as her appearance led one to expect. This very respectable person is, I believe, still living, after witnessing, among her dearest connections, scenes the most distressing, and changes the most painful. She has ever con-

[1] Aunt Schuyler had a third share in the property left by her father at Saratoga (Schuylerville), consisting of lands, farms and mills. This large property afterwards came into the possession of General Philip Schuyler. The mills and other buildings were burned by Burgoyne.

[2] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Cornelius Cuyler, married James Van Cortlandt, in 1654; and six years later her sister Elsie married Augustus Van Cortlandt, a brother of James. Elsie died eighteen months after her marriage. James and Augustus were the sons of Frederick Van Cortlandt and Frances Jay, his wife. They were descendants in the fourth generation of Olof Stevense Van Cortlandt, the Hollander. Margaret, youngest daughter of Cornelius Cuyler, married Isaac Low of New York. In the Revolution he hesitated, and was lost. His brother, Nicholas Low, was wiser, and saved himself and estate.

ducted herself, so as to do honor to the excellent examples of her mother and aunt, and to be a pattern of steadfast truth and generous friendship, in exigencies the most trying. Her younger sister, equally admired, though possessing a different style of beauty, more soft and debonair, with the fairest complexion, and most cheerful simplicity of aspect, was the peculiar favorite of her aunt, above all that ever she took charge of; she, too, was soon after married to that highly esteemed patriot the late Isaac L., revered, through the whole continent, for his sound good sense and genuine public spirit. He was, indeed, "happily tempered, mild, and firm;" and was finally the victim of steadfast loyalty.

It now remains to say how the writer of these pages became so well acquainted with the subject of these memoirs.

My father was at this time a subaltern in the 55th regiment. That body of men were then stationed at Oswego; but during the busy and warlike period I have been describing, my mother and I were boarded, in the country, below Albany, with the most worthy people imaginable; with whom we ever after kept up a cordial friendship. My father, wishing to see his family, was indulged with permission, and at the same time ordered to take the command of an additional company, who were to come up, and to purchase for the regiment all the stores they should require for the winter;

which proved a most extensive commission. In the month of October he set out on this journey, or voyage rather, in which it was settled that my mother and I should accompany him. We were, I believe, the first females, above the very lowest ranks, who had ever penetrated so far into this remote wilderness. Certainly never was joy greater than that which lulled my childish mind on setting out on this journey. I had before seen little of my father, and the most I knew of him was from the solicitude I had heard expressed on his account, and the fear of his death after every battle. I was, indeed, a little ashamed of having a military father, brought up as I had mostly been, in a Dutch family, and speaking that language as fluently as my own; yet, on the other hand, I had felt so awkward at seeing all my companions have fathers to talk and complain to, while I had none, that I thought upon the whole it was a very good thing to have a father of any kind. The scarlet coat, which I had been taught to consider as the symbol of wickedness, disgusted me in some degree; but then, to my great comfort, I found my father did not swear; and again, to my unspeakable delight, that he prayed. A soldier pray! was it possible? and should I really see my father in heaven! How transporting! By a sudden revolution of opinion I now thought my father the most charming of all beings; and the overflowings of my good will reached to the whole company, because they wore the same

color, and seemed to respect and obey him. I dearly loved idleness too, and the more, because my mother, who delighted in needle-work, confined me too much to it. What joys were mine! to be idle for a fortnight, seeing new woods, rivers, and animals, every day; even then the love of nature was, in my young bosom, a passion productive of incessant delight. I had, too, a primer, two hymns, and a ballad; and these I read over and over with great diligence. At intervals my attention was agreeably engaged by the details the soldiers gave my father of their manner of living and fighting in the woods, etc., and with these the praises of Madame were often mingled. I thought of her continually; every great thing I heard about her, even her size, had its impression. She became the heroine of my childish imagination; and I thought of her as something both awful and admirable. We had the surgeon of the regiment, and another officer with us; they talked too, of Madame, of Indians, of battles, and of ancient history. Sitting from morning to night musing in the boat, contemplating my father, who appeared to me a hero and a saint, and thinking of Aunt Schuyler, who filled up my whole mind with the grandeur with which my fancy had invested her; and then having my imagination continually amused with the variety of noble wild scenes which the beautiful banks of the Mohawk afforded, I am convinced I thought more in that fortnight, that is

to say, acquired more ideas, and took more lasting impressions, than ever I did, in the same space of time, in my life. This, however foreign it may appear to my subject, I mention, as so far connecting with it, that it accounts, in some measure, for that development of thought which led me to take such ready and strong impressions from aunt's conversation when afterwards I knew her.

Chapter IX

CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNEY—ARRIVAL AT OSWEGO

NEVER, certainly, was a journey so replete with felicity. I luxuriated in idleness and novelty; knowledge was my delight, and it was now pouring in on my mind from all sides. What a change from sitting pinned down to my samplar by my mother till the hour of play, and then running wild with children as young, and still simpler than myself. Much attended to by all my fellow travellers, I was absolutely intoxicated with the charms of novelty, and the sense of my new-found importance. The first day we came to Schenectady, a little town, situated in a rich and beautiful spot, and partly supported by the Indian trade. The next day we embarked, proceeded up the river with six bateaux, and came early in the evening to one of the most charming scenes imaginable, where Fort Hendrick was built; so called, in compliment to the principal sachem, or king of the Mohawks. The castle of this primitive monarch stood at a little distance, on a rising ground, surrounded by palisades. He resided, at the time, in a house which the public workmen, who had lately built this fort,

had been ordered to erect for him in the vicinity. We did not fail to wait upon his majesty; who, not choosing to depart too much from the customs of his ancestors, had not permitted divisions of apartments, or modern furniture, to profane his new dwelling. It had the appearance of a good barn, and was divided across by a mat hung in the middle. King Hendrick, who had indeed a very princely figure, and a countenance that would not have dishonored royalty, was sitting on the floor beside a large heap of wheat, surrounded with baskets of dried berries of different kinds; beside him, his son, a very pretty boy, somewhat older than myself, was caressing a foal, which was unceremoniously introduced into the royal residence. A laced hat, a fine saddle and pistols, gifts of his good brother the great king, were hung round on the cross beams. He was splendidly arrayed in a coat of pale blue, trimmed with silver; all the rest of his dress was of the fashion of his own nation, and highly embellished with beads and other ornaments. All this suited my taste exceedingly, and was level to my comprehension. I was prepared to admire King Hendrick by hearing him described as a generous warrior, terrible to his enemies and kind to his friends: the character of all others calculated to make the deepest impression on ignorant innocence, in a country where infants learned the horrors of war from its vicinity. Add to all this, that the monarch smiled, clapped my head, and

ordered me a little basket, very pretty, and filled by the officious kindness of his son with dried berries. Never did princely gifts, or the smile of royalty, produce more ardent admiration and profound gratitude. I went out of the royal presence overawed and delighted, and am not sure but what I have liked kings all my life the better for this happy specimen, to which I was so early introduced. Had I seen royalty, properly such, invested with all the pomp of European magnificence, I should possibly have been confused and over-dazzled. But this was quite enough, and not too much for me; and I went away, lost in a reverie, and thought of nothing but kings, battles, and generals for many days after.

This journey, charming my romantic imagination by its very delays and difficulties, was such a source of interest and novelty to me, that above all things I dreaded its conclusion, which I well knew would be succeeded by long tasks and close confinement. Happily for me we soon entered upon Wood creek, the most desirable of all places for a traveller who loves to linger if such another traveller there be. This is a small river, which winds irregularly through a deep and narrow valley of the most lavish fertility. The depth and richness of the soil here was evinced by the loftiness and the nature of the trees, which were, hickory, butter-nut, chestnut, and sycamores, of vast circumference as well as height. These became so top-heavy, and

their roots were so often undermined by this insidious stream, that in every tempestuous night, some giants of the grove fell prostrate, and very frequently across the stream, where they lay in all their pomp of foliage, like a leafy bridge, unwitherd, and formed an obstacle almost invincible to all navigation. The Indian lifted his slight canoe, and carried it past the tree; but our deep-loaded bateaux could not be so managed. Here my orthodoxy was shocked, and my anti-military prejudices revived by the swearing of the soldiers; but then again my veneration for my father was if possible increased, by his lectures against swearing provoked by their transgression. Nothing remained for our heroes but to attack these sylvan giants axe in hand, and make way through their divided bodies. The assault upon fallen greatness was unanimous and unmerciful, but the resistance was tough, and the process tedious; so much so, that we were three days proceeding fourteen miles, having at every two hours' end at least, a new tree to cut through.

It was here, as far as I recollect the history of my own heart, that the first idea of artifice ever entered to my mind. It was, like most female artifices, the offspring of vanity. These delays were a new source of pleasure to me. It was October: the trees we had to cut through were often loaded with nuts, and while I ran lightly along the branches, to fill my royal basket with

their spoils, which I had great pleasure in distributing, I met with multitudes of fellow plunderers in the squirrels of various colors and sizes, who were here numberless. This made my excursions amusing: but when I found my disappearance excited alarm, they assumed more interest. It was so fine to sit quietly among the branches, and hear concern and solicitude expressed about the child.

I will spare the reader the fatigue of accompanying our little fleet through

"Antres vast and deserts wild:"

only observing, that the munificent solitude through which we travelled was much relieved by the sight of Johnson hall, beautifully situated in a plain by the river; while Johnson castle, a few miles further up, made a most respectable appearance on a commanding eminence at some distance.

We travelled from one fort to another; but in three or four instances, to my great joy, they were so remote from each other, that we found it necessary to encamp at night on the bank of the river. This, in a land of profound solitude, where wolves, foxes, and bears abounded, and were very much inclined to consider and treat us as intruders, might seem dismal to wiser folks. But I was so gratified by the bustle and agitation produced by our measures of defence, and actuated by the love which all children have for mischief that is not fatal, that I enjoyed our night's encampment ex-

ceedingly. We stopped early wherever we saw the largest and most combustible kind of trees. Cedars were great favorites, and the first work was to fell and pile upon each other an incredible number, stretched lengthways, while every one who could was busied in gathering withered branches of pine, etc., to fill up the interstices of the pile, and make the green wood burn the faster. Then a train of gun-powder was laid along to give fire to the whole fabric at once, which blazed and crackled magnificently. Then the tents were erected close in a row before this grand conflagration. This was not merely meant to keep us warm, though the nights did begin to grow cold, but to frighten wild beasts and wandering Indians. In case any such Indians, belonging to hostile tribes, should see this prodigious blaze, the size of it was meant to give them an idea of a greater force than we possessed.

In one place, where we were surrounded by hills, with swamps lying between them, there seemed to be a general congress of wolves, who answered each other from opposite hills, in sounds the most terrific. Probably the terror which all savage animals have at fire was exalted into fury, by seeing so many enemies, whom they durst not attack. The bull frogs, the harmless, the hideous inhabitants of the swamps, seemed determined not to be out-done, and roared a tremendous bass to this bravura accompaniment. This was almost too much for my love of the terribly sublime: some women,

who were our fellow-travellers, shrieked with terror: and finally, the horrors of that night were ever after held in awful remembrance by all who shared them.

The last night of this eventful pilgrimage, of which I fear to tire my readers by a farther recital, was spent at Fort Brewerton, then commanded by Captain Mungo Campbell,[1] whose warm and generous heart, whose enlightened and comprehensive mind, whose social qualities and public virtues I should delight to commemorate did my limits permit; suffice it, that he is endeared to my recollection by being the first person who ever supposed me to have a mind capable of culture, and I was ever after distinguished by his partial notice. Here we were detained two days by a premature fall of snow. Very much disposed to be happy any where, I was here particularly so. Our last day's journey, which brought us to Lake Ontario and Fort Oswego, our destined abode, was a very hard one; we had people going before, breaking the ice with paddles, all the way.

All that I had foreboded of long tasks, confinement, etc., fell short of the reality. The very deep snow confined us all; and at any rate the rampart or the parade would have been no favorable scene of improvement for me. One great source of entertainment I discovered here, was no other than

[1] Colonel Mungo Campbell was killed leading on the attack of Fort St. Anne, at the battle of White Plains, Anno 1777. — *Mrs. Grant.*

the Old Testament, which during my confinement I learned to read; till then having done so very imperfectly. It was an unspeakable treasure as a story book, before I learnt to make any better use of it, and became, by frequent perusal, indelibly imprinted on my memory. Wallace wight, and Welwood's memoirs of the history of England, were my next acquisitions. Enough of egotism, yet all these circumstances contributed to form that taste for solid reading which first attracted the attention of my invaluable friend.

I cannot quit Ontario without giving a slight sketch of the manner in which it was occupied and governed while I was there and afterwards, were it but to give young soldiers a hint how they may best use their time and resources, so as to shun the indolence and ennui they are often liable to in such situations. The 55th had by this time acquired several English officers; but with regard to the men, it might be considered as a Scotch regiment, and was indeed originally such, being raised but a very few years before, in the neighborhood of Stirling. There were small detachments in other forts; but the greatest part were in this, commanded by Major (afterwards Colonel) Duncan of Lundie, elder brother of the late Lord Duncan of Camperdown. He was an experienced officer, possessed of considerable military science, learned, humane, and judicious, yet obstinate, and somewhat of an humorist withal. Wherever he went a respectable

library went with him. Though not old he was gouty, and war-worn, and therefore allowably carried about many comforts and conveniences that others could not warrantably do. The fort was a large place, built entirely of earth and great logs; I mean the walls and ramparts, for the barracks were of wood, and cold and comfortless. The cutting down the vast quantity of wood used in this building had, however, cleared much of the fertile ground by which the fort was surrounded. The lake abounded with excellent fish and varieties of water-fowl, while deer and every kind of game were numerous in the surrounding woods. All these advantages, however, were now shut up by the rigors of winter. The officers were all very young men, brought from school or college to the army, and after the dreadful specimen of war which they had met with on their first outset, at the lines of Ticonderoga, they had gone through all possible hardships. After a march up St. Lawrence, and then through Canada here, a march indeed, considering the season, and the new road, worthy the hero of Pultowa, they were stationed in this new built garrison, far from every trace of civilization. These young soldiers were, however, excellent subjects for the forming hand of Major Duncan.[1] As

[1] Alexander Duncan, of the 55th regiment, obtained his company 28 October, 1755, was promoted to major 1760, and to lieutenant-colonel 1764. He was at Fort Ontario in October, 1763, and retired from the army in 1773.

I have said on a former occasion of others, if they were not improved, they were not spoiled, and what little they knew was good.

The major, by the manner in which he treated them, seemed to consider them as his sons, or pupils; only one might call him an austere parent, or a rigid instructor. But this semblance of severity was necessary to form his pupils to habitual veneration. Partaking every day of their convivial enjoyments, and showing every hour some proof of paternal care and kindness; all this was necessary to keep them within due limits. Out of regard to their own welfare he wanted no more of their love than was consistent with salutary fear; and yet made himself so necessary to them, that nothing could be so terrible to them as, by any neglect or imprudence, to alienate him. He messed with them, but lived in a house of his own. This was a very singular building divided into two apartments; one of which was a bedroom, in which many stores found place, the other, a breakfasting-parlor, and, at the same time, a library. Here were globes, quadrants, mathematical instruments, flutes, dumb-bells, and chess-boards; here, in short, was a magazine of instruction and amusement for the colonel's pupils, that is, for all the garrison. (Cornelius Cuyler, who had now joined the regiment, as youngest ensign, was included in this number.) This Scythian dwelling, for such it seemed, was made entirely of wood, and fixed upon wheels of the same material, so that it

could be removed from one part of the parade to another, as it frequently was. So slight a tenement, where the winters were intensely cold, was ill calculated for a gouty patient; for this, however, he found a remedy; the boards, which formed the walls of his apartment, being covered with deer-skins, and a most ample bear-skin spread on the floor by way of carpet. When once the winter set fully in, Oswego became a perfect Siberia; cut off even from all intelligence of what was passing in the world. But the major did not allow this interval to waste in sloth or vacancy; he seemed rather to take advantage of the exclusion of all exterior objects. His library was select and soldier-like. It consisted of numerous treatises on the military art, ancient and modern history, biography, etc., besides the best authors in various sciences, of which I only recollect geography and the mathematics. All the young men were set to read such books as suited their different inclinations and capacities. The subalterns breakfasted with their commander in rotation every day, three or four at a time; after breakfast he kept them, perhaps two hours, examining them on the subject of their different studies. Once a week he had a supper party for such of the captains as were then in the fort; and once a week they entertained him in the same manner. To these parties such of the subalterns, as distinguished themselves by diligence and proficiency, were invited. Whoever was negligent, he made the subject of sarcasms so pointed

at one time, and at another so ludicrous, that there was no enduring it. The dread of severe punishment could not operate more forcibly. Yet he was so just, so impartial, so free from fickleness and favoritism, and so attentive to their health, their amusements, and their economy, that every individual felt him necessary to his comfort, and looked up to him as his "guide, philosopher, and friend."

Chapter X

BENEFIT OF SELECT READING—HUNTING EXCURSION

UNSPEAKABLE benefit and improvement was derived from the course of reading I have described, which, in the absence of other subjects, furnished daily topics of discussion, thus impressing it more forcibly on the mind.

The advantages of this course of social study, directed by a mentor so respected, were such, that I have often heard it asserted that these unformed youths derived more solid improvement from it than from all their former education. Reading is one thing; but they learned to think and to converse. The result of these acquirements served to impress on my mind what I formerly observed with regard to Madame, that a promiscuous multitude of books always within reach retards the acquisition of useful knowledge. It is like having a great number of acquaintances and few friends; one of the consequences of the latter is to know much of exterior appearances, of modes and manners, but little of nature and genuine character. By running over numbers of books without selection, in a desultory manner, people, in the same way, get a

general superficial idea of the varieties and nature of different styles, but do not comprehend or retain the matter with the same accuracy as those who have read a few books, by the best authors, over and over with diligent attention. I speak now of those one usually meets with; not of those commanding minds, whose intuitive research seizes on everything worth retaining, and rejects the rest as naturally as one throws away the rind when possessed of the kernel.

Our young students got through the winter pretty well; and it is particularly to be observed, that there was no such thing as a quarrel heard of among them. Their time was spent in a regular succession of useful pursuits, which prevented them from risking the dangers that often occur in such places; for, in general, idleness and confinement to the same circle of society produce such a fermentation in the mind, and such neglect of ceremonial observances, which are the barriers of civility, that quarrels and duels more readily occur in such situations than in any other. But when spring drew near, this paternal commander found it extremely difficult to rein in the impatience of the youths to plunge into the woods to hunt. There were such risks to encounter, of unknown morasses, wolves, and hostile Indians, that it was dangerous to indulge them. At last, when the days began to lengthen, in the end of February, a chosen party, on whose hardihood and endurance the major could depend, were

permitted to go on a regular hunting excursion in the Indian fashion. This was become desirable on different accounts, the garrison having been for some time before entirely subsisting on salt provisions. Sheep and cows were out of the question, there not being one of either within forty miles. A Captain Hamilton, who was a practised wood ranger, commanded this party, who were clad almost like Indians, and armed in the same manner. They were accompanied by a detachment of ten men; some of whom having been prisoners with the Indians, were more particularly qualified to engage in this adventure. They were allowed four or five days to stay, and provided with a competent supply of bear-skins, blankets, etc., to make their projected wigwams comfortable. The allotted time expired, and we all begun to quarrel with our salt provisions, and to long for the promised venison. Another, and yet another day passed, when our longing was entirely absorbed in the apprehensions we begun to entertain. Volunteers now presented themselves to go in search of the lost hunters; but those offers were, for good reasons, rejected, and every countenance begun to lengthen with fears we were unwilling to express to each other. The major, conjecturing the hunters might have been bewildered in those endless woods, ordered the cannon to be fired at noon, and again at midnight, for their direction. On the eighth day, when suspense was wound up to the highest pitch, the party were seen

approaching, and they entered in triumph, loaded with sylvan spoils; among which were many strange birds and beasts. I recollect, as the chief objects of my admiration, a prodigious swan, a wild turkey, and a young porcupine. Venison abounded, and the supply was both plentiful and seasonable.

"Spring returned with its showers," and converted our Siberia, frozen and forlorn, and shut out from human intercourse, into an uncultured Eden, rich in all the majestic charms of sublime scenery, and primæval beauty and fertility. It is in her central retreat, amidst the mighty waters of the west, that nature seems in solitary grandeur to have chosen her most favored habitation, remote from the ocean, whose waves bear the restless sons of Europe on their voyages of discovery, invasion, and intrusion. The coasts of America are indeed comparatively poor, except merely on the banks of great rivers, though the universal veil of evergreens conceals much sterility from strangers. But it is in the depth of those forests, and around these sea-like lakes, that nature has been profusely kind, and discovers more charms the more her shady veil is withdrawn from her noble features. If ever the fond illusions of poets and philosophers — that Atalantis, that new Arcadia, that safe and serene Utopia, where ideal quiet and happiness have so often charmed in theory; if ever this dream of social bliss, in some new-planted region, is to be realized, this unrivalled scene of grandeur and fer-

tility bids fairest to be the place of its abode. Here the climate is serene and equal; the rigorous winters that brace the frame, and call forth the powers of mind and body to prepare for its approach, are succeeded by a spring so rapid, the exuberance of vernal bloom bursts forth so suddenly, after the disappearance of those deep snows, which cherish and fructify the earth, that the change seems like a magical delusion.

The major saw every one enraptured, like people suddenly let out of prison; and the whole garrison seemed ripe for running wild through the woods, in pursuit of innumerable birds of passage, which had come on the wings of the genial south to resume their wonted abodes by the great lakes, where they hatch among swamps and islands without number.

Chapter XI

GARDENING AND AGRICULTURE — RETURN OF THE AUTHOR TO ALBANY

THE major rejoiced in their joy without having the least intention of indulging them either in the gay idleness, or the wild sports which the season inspired. He had been their Mentor all winter, and was now about to commence their Agricola.

When giving an account of the garrison I should have mentioned a company or two, I do not remember which, of engineers, the officers of which, from their superior intelligence, were a great acquisition to the society. To these friendly coadjutors the major communicated his plans, which they readily adopted. Among his concealed stores were Indian corn, peas and beans in abundance, and all kinds of garden seeds. Before the season opened he had arranged with these engineers the plan of a large garden, bowling-green, and enclosed field, for the use of these and all succeeding troops. This was a bold attempt when one considers that you might as well look for a horse in Venice as in Oswego. No such animal had ever penetrated so far. A single cow, belonging to the sutler, was the only

tame creature, dogs and cats excepted, to be seen here. But there was a great stock of palisadoes, which had been cut for the garrison, lying ready; and their pioneers and workmen still remaining there, the new erection being scarce complete. The new project was received with "curses not loud but deep." Were they to go all out to plod and drudge for others, who would neither pay nor thank them; for, at most, they argued they should stay only a year, and reap very little indeed of the fruit of their labors.

The major's plans, however, were deep laid; matters wore a peaceable aspect; and there was no knowing how long they might remain there. Except shooting in the woods, or fishing, they were without business, pleasure, or varied society. He feared the men would degenerate into savage wildness, and their officers into that sordid indifference which is too often the consequence of being, at the early season of life, without an aim or a pursuit. He wished to promote a common interest, and habits social and domestic. He wished too, that they might make some advantage of this temporary banishment, to lay by a little store to eke out their pittance when they returned to more expensive places; in short, he wished to give them habits of regular economy, which should be useful to them ever after. He showed them his plans; gave each of them a department in overseeing the execution of them; and, for that purpose, each had so many

men allotted to his command. He made it obvious to them, that as the summer was merely to be occupied in gardening and the chase, the parade of military dress was both expensive and unnecessary. In the store was a great surplus of soldier's coats. These had been sent from Europe to supply the regiment, which had been greatly diminished in number by the fatal lines, and succeeding hard march. The major ordered the regimental tailor to fit these as a kind of short undress frock to the officers, to whom correspondent little round hats, very different from their regimental ones, were allotted. Thus equipped, and animated by the spirit of him who ruled their minds with unconscious yet unlimited sway, these young Cincinnati set out, nothing loath, on their horticultural enterprise. All difficulties soon vanished before them; and, in a very few days, they became enthusiastic in the pursuit of this new object. That large and fertile portion of ground, which had been cleared of the timber with which the garrison was built, was given in charge to a sagacious old sergeant, who knew something of husbandry, and who very soon had it enclosed in a palisade, dug up, and planted with beans, peas, and Indian corn, the food of future pigs and poultry. To the officers more interesting tasks were allotted. There was more than one gardener found in the regiment; and here the engineers and pioneers were particularly useful. The major, who had predestined a favorite spot for his ample

garden, had it partially cleared, by cutting the winter firing of the garrison from it. Where a mulberry, a wild plum, or cherry tree was peculiarly well-shaped or large, he marked it to remain, as well as some lofty planes and chestnuts; and when the shrubs were grubbed up in spring, he left many beautiful ones peculiar to the country. To see the sudden creation of this garden, one would think the genius of the place obeyed the wand of an enchanter: but it is not every gardener who can employ some hundred men. A summer house in a tree, a fish-pond, and a gravel-walk, were finished before the end of May, besides having committed to the earth great quantities of every vegetable production known in our best gardens. These vegetables throve beyond belief or example. The size of the cabbages, the cucumbers, and melons, produced here was incredible. They used, in the following years, to send them down to astonish us at Albany. On the continent they were not equalled, except in another military garden, which emulation had produced at Niagara. The major's economical views were fully answered. Pigs and poultry in abundance were procured, and supported by their Indian corn crop; they even procured cows and made hay in the islands to feed them. The provisions allowed them by the public afforded a sufficiency of flour, butter, and salt meat, as also rice. The lake afforded quantities of excellent fish, much of which the soldiers dried for winter consumption; and fruit and vege-

tables, they had in profusion, from their gardens. In short, they all lived in a kind of rough luxury, and were enabled to save much of their pay. The example spread to all the line of forts; such is the power of one active liberal mind pursuing its object with undeviating steadiness.

We are now about to leave Ontario; but perhaps the reader is not willing to take a final farewell of Colonel Duncan. The Indian war then, which broke out after the peace of 1762, occasioned the detention of the regiment in America till 1765; and during all that time this paternal commander continued with six companies of the regiment at Ontario, improving both the soil and the inhabitants. He then returned with the regiment, of which he was become lieutenant-colonel, to Ireland. Soon after he retired from the army, and took up his residence on the family estate of Lundie, having previously married the woman of his heart, who had engaged his early affections, and corresponded with him during his long absence. Here he was as happy as a shattered invalid could be, highly respected by the neighborhood, and frequently visited by his old pupils, who still regarded him with warm attachment. He died childless, and was succeeded by the admiral, on whose merit it is needless to expatiate; for who has forgotten the victor of Camperdown?

A company of the 55th was this summer ordered to occupy the fort at Albany. This was com-

North Side of State Street from Pearl, to the Third House East of James Street

manded by a sagacious veteran called Winepress. My father did not exactly belong to this company, but he wished to return to Albany, where he was known and liked: and the colonel thought, from his steadiness and experience, he would be particularly useful in paying the detached parties, and purchasing for the regiment such stores as they might have occasion for. We set out in our bateaux; and I consoled myself for not only leaving Oswego, but what was nearer my heart, a tame partridge and six pigeons, by the hopes of wandering through Wood creek, and sleeping in the woods. In both these particulars I was disappointed. Our boats being lighter, made better way, and we were received in new settlements a little distant from the river. The most important occurrence to me happened the first day. On that evening we returned to Fort Brewerton;[1] I found Captain Campbell delighted with my reading, my memory, and my profound admiration of the friendship betwixt David and Jonathan. We staid the most of the next day. I was much captivated with the copper-plates in an edition of Paradise Lost, which, on that account, he had given me to admire. When I was coming away he said to me, "Keep that book, my dear child; I foretell that the time will come when you will take pleasure in it." Never did a present produce such joy and

[1] Fort Brewerton was one of the line of English fortifications between Oswego and the Mohawk valley, situated on the shore of Oneida outlet, opposite the present village of Brewerton, 144 miles north-west from Albany.

gratitude. I thought I was dreaming, and looked at it a hundred times, before I could believe anything so fine was really my own. I tried to read it and almost cried with vexation when I found I could not understand it. At length I quitted it in despair; yet always said to myself, I shall be wiser next year.

Chapter XII

MADAME'S FAMILY AND SOCIETY DESCRIBED

THE next year (1762) came, and found me at Albany; if not wiser, more knowing. Again I was shut up in a fort, solemn and solitary; I had no companion, and was never allowed to go out, except with my mother, and that was very seldom indeed. All the fine forenoons I sat and sewed; and when others went to play in the evening, I was very often sent up to a large waste room, to get a long task by heart of something very grave and repulsive. In this waste room, however, lay an old tattered dictionary, Bailey's I think, which proved a treasure to me; the very few books we had, being all religious or military. I had returned to my Milton, which I conned so industriously, that I got it almost by heart, as far as I went; yet took care to go no farther than I understood. To make out this point, when any one encouraged me by speaking kindly to me, I was sure to ask the meaning of some word or phrase; and when I found people were not at all willing or able to gratify me, I at length had recourse to my waste room and tattered dictionary, which I found a perpetual fountain of knowledge. Consequently the waste room, for-

merly a gloomy prison, which I thought of with horror, became now the scene of all my enjoyment; and the moment I was dismissed from my task, I flew to it with anticipated delight; for there were my treasure, Milton and the ragged dictionary, which was now become the light of my eyes. I studied the dictionary with indefatigable diligence; which I begun now to consider as very entertaining. I was extremely sorry for the fallen angels, deeply interested in their speeches, and so well acquainted with their names, that I could have called the roll of them with all the ease imaginable. Time run on, I was eight years old, and quite uneducated, except reading and plain-work; when company came I was considered as in the way, and sent up to my waste room; but here lay my whole pleasure, for I had neither companions nor amusement. It was, however, talked of, that I should go to a convent, at Trois Rivières, in Canada, where several officers had sent their daughters to be educated.

The fame of Aunt Schuyler every now and then reached my ears, and sunk deep in my mind. To see her I thought was a happiness too great for me; and I was continually drawing pictures of her to myself. Meanwhile the 17th regiment arrived; and a party of them took possession of the fort. During this interim, peace had been proclaimed; and the 55th regiment were under orders for Britain.

My father, not being satisfied with the single apartment allotted to him by the new comers,

removed to the town; where a friend of his, a Scotch merchant, gave him a lodging in his own house, next to that very Madame Schuyler who had been so long my daily thoughts and nightly dreams. We had not been long there when aunt heard that my father was a good, plain, upright man, without pretensions, but very well principled. She sent a married lady,[1] the wife of her favorite nephew, who resided with her at the time, to ask us to spend the evening with her. I think I have not been on any occasion more astonished, than when, with no little awe and agitation, I came into the presence of Madame. She was sitting; and filled a great chair, from which she seldom moved. Her aspect was composed, and her manner such as was, at first, more calculated to inspire respect, than conciliate affection. Not having the smallest solicitude about what people thought of her, and having her mind generally occupied with matters of weighty concern, the first expression of her kindness seemed rather a lofty courtesy, than attractive affability; but she shone out by degrees; and she was sure eventually to please every one worth pleasing, her conversation was so rich, so various, so informing; everything she said bore such a stamp of reality; her character had such a grasp in it. Her expres-

[1] Aunt Schuyler's favorite nephew was Philip Cuyler, who married Sarah Tweedy of Newport, Rhode Island. Their daughter Cathaline Sophia, born January 19, 1766, was the wife of John Van Cortlandt, a great-grandson of Stephanus, first proprietor of Cortlandt Manor.

sions not from art and study, but from the clear perceptions of her sound and strong mind, were powerful, distinct, and exactly adapted to the occasion. You saw her thoughts as they occurred to her mind, without the usual bias rising from either a fear to offend, or a wish to please. This was one of the secrets in which lay the singular power of her conversation. When ordinary people speak to you, your mind wanders in search of the motives that prompt their discourse, or the views and prejudices which bias it; when those who excite (and perhaps solicit) admiration talk, you are secretly asking yourself whether they mean to inform, or dazzle you. All this interior canvass vanished before the evident truth and unstudied ease of aunt's discourse. On a nearer knowledge, too, you found she was much more intent to serve, than please you, and too much engrossed by her endeavors to do so, to stop and look round for your gratitude, which she heeded just as little as your admiration. In short, she informed, enlightened, and served you, without levying on you any tribute whatever, except the information you could give in return. I describe her appearance as it then struck me; and, once for all, her manners and conversation, as I thought of them when I was older and knew better how to distinguish and appreciate. Everything about her was calculated to increase the impression of respect and admiration; which, from the earliest dawn of reflection, I had been taught to entertain for her.

Her house was the most spacious and best furnished I had ever entered. The family pictures, and scripture paintings, were to me particularly awful and impressive. I compared them to the models which had before existed in my imagination, and was delighted or mortified, as I found they did or did not resemble them.

The family with which she was then surrounded, awakened a more than common interest. Her favorite nephew, the eldest son of her much beloved sister, had, by his father's desire, entered into partnership in a great commercial house in New York. Smitten with the uncommon beauty of a young lady of seventeen, from Rhode Island, he had married her without waiting for the consent of his relations. Had he lived in Albany, and connected himself with one of his fellow citizens, bred up in frugal simplicity, this step might have been easily got over. But an expensive and elegant style of living begun already to take place in New York; which was, from the residence of the governor and commander in chief, become the seat of a little court. The lady whom Philip had married, was of a family originally Scotch: and derived her descent at no great distance from one of the noblest families in that country.[1] Gay, witty, and very engaging, beloved and indulged, beyond measure, by a fond husband, who was generous and good-natured to excess, this young beauty became "the glass of fashion, and the mould of

[1] Earl of Crawford's. — *Mrs. Grant.*

form." And the house of this amiable couple was the resort of all that was gay and elegant, and the centre of attraction to strangers. The mayor, who was a person singularly judicious, and most impartial in the affection which he distributed among his large family, saw clearly that the young people trusted too much to the wealth he was known to possess, and had got into a very expensive style of living; which, on examining their affairs, he did not think likely to be long supported by the profits of the business in which his son was engaged. The probable consequence of a failure, he saw, would so far involve him as to injure his own family: this he prevented. Peace was daily expected: and the very existence of the business in which he was engaged, depended on the army; which his house was wont to furnish with everything necessary. He clearly foresaw the withdrawing of this army; and that the habits of open hospitality and expensive living would remain, when the sources of their present supplies were dried up. He insisted on his son's entirely quitting this line, and retiring to Albany. He loaded a ship on his own account for the West Indies, and sent the young man, as supercargo, to dispose of the lading. As house-keeping was given up in New York, and not yet resumed in Albany, this young creature had only the option of returning to the large family she had left, or going to her father-in-law's. Aunt Schuyler, ever generous and considerate, had every allowance to make for the

high spirit and fine feelings of this inexperienced young creature; and invited her, with her little daughter, to remain with her till her husband's return. Nothing could be more pleasing than to witness the maternal tenderness and delicate confidence, which appeared in the behavior of Madame to this new inmate, whose fine countenance seemed animated with the liveliest gratitude, and the utmost solicitude to please her revered benefactress. The child was a creature not to be seen with indifference. The beauty and understanding that appeared full blown in her mother seemed budding with the loveliest promise in the young Catalina; a child whom, to this day, I cannot recollect without an emotion of tenderness. She was then about three years old. Besides these interesting strangers, there was a grand-niece whom she had brought up. Such was her family when I first knew it. In the course of the evening, dreams began to be talked of; and every one in turn gave their opinion with regard to that wonderful mode, in which the mind acts independent of the senses, asserting its immaterial nature in a manner the most conclusive. I mused and listened, till at length the spirit of quotation (which very early began to haunt me) moved me to repeat, from Paradise Lost,

> "When nature rests,
> Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes, to imitate her,
> But misjoining shapes, wild work produces oft."

I sat silent when my bolt was shot; but so did not Madame. Astonished to hear her favorite author

quoted readily, by so mere a child, she attached much more importance to the circumstance than it deserved. So much, indeed, that long after, she used to repeat it to strangers in my presence, by way of accounting for the great fancy she had taken to me. These partial repetitions of hers fixed this lucky quotation indelibly in my mind. Any person who has ever been in love, and has unexpectedly heard that sweetest of all music the praise of his beloved, may judge of my sensations when Madame began to talk with enthusiasm of Milton. The bard of Paradise was indeed "the dweller of my secret soul;" and it never was my fortune before to meet with any one who understood or relished him. I knew very well that the divine spirit was his Urania. But I took his invocation quite literally, and had not the smallest doubt of his being as much inspired as ever Isaiah was. This was a very hopeful opening; yet I was much too simple and too humble to expect that I should excite the attention of Madame. My ambition aimed at nothing higher than winning the heart of the sweet Catalina; and I thought if heaven had given me such another little sister, and enabled me to teach her, in due time, to relish Milton, I should have nothing left to ask.

Time went on; we were neighbors, and became intimate in the family. I was beloved by Catalina, caressed by her charming mother, and frequently noticed by aunt, whom I very much inclined to

love, were it not that it seemed to me as if, in so doing, I should aspire too high. Yet in my visits to her, where I had now a particular low chair in a corner assigned me, I had great enjoyments of various kinds. First, I met there with all those strangers or inhabitants who were particularly respectable for their character or conversation. Then I was witness to a thousand acts of beneficence that charmed me, I could not well say why, not having learned to analyze my feelings. Then I met with the Spectator and a few other suitable books, which I read over and over with unwearied diligence, not having the least idea of treating a book as a plaything, to be thrown away when the charm of novelty was past. I was by degrees getting into favor with Aunt Schuyler, when a new arrival for a while suspended the growing intimacy. I allude to the colonel of my father's regiment, who had removed from Crown Point to Albany.

The colonel was a married man, whose wife, like himself, had passed her early days in a course of frivolous gaiety. They were now approaching the decline of life, and finding nothing pleasing in the retrospect nor flattering in prospect, time hung on their hands. Where nothing round them was congenial to their habits, they took a fancy to have me frequently with them as matter of amusement. They had had children, and when they died their mutual affection died with them. They had had a fortune, and when it was spent all their pleasures

were exhausted. They were by this time drawing out the vapid dregs of a tasteless existence, without energy to make themselves feared, or those gentle and amiable qualities which attract love: yet they were not stained with gross vices, and were people of character as the world goes.

What a new world was I entered into! From the quiet simplicity of my home, where I heard nothing but truth, and saw nothing but innocence; and from my good friend's respectable mansion, where knowledge reflected light upon virtue, and where the hours were too few for their occupation; to be a daily witness of the manner in which these listless ghosts of departed fashion and gaiety drank up the bitter lees of misused time, fortune, and capacity. Never was lesson more impressive; and young as I was, I did not fail to mark the contrast, and draw the obvious inference. From this hopeful school I was set free the following summer (when I had entered on my ninth year), by the colonel's return to England. They were, indeed, kind to me; but the gratitude I could not but feel was a sentiment independent of attachment, and early taught me how difficult it is, nay how painful, to disjoin esteem from gratitude.

Chapter XIII

SIR JEFFREY AMHERST — MUTINY — INDIAN WAR

AT this time (1765) peace had been for some time established in Europe; but the ferment and agitation which even the lees and sediments of war kept up in the northern colonies, and the many regulations requisite to establish quiet and security in the new acquired Canadian territory, required all the care and prudence of the commander-in-chief, and no little time. At this crisis, for such it proved, Sir Jeffrey, afterwards Lord Amherst, came up to Albany.[1] A mutiny had broke out among the troops on account of withholding the provisions they used to receive in time of actual war; and this discontent was much aggravated by their finding themselves treated with a coldness, amounting to

[1] Jeffrey Amherst was born in England, 29 January, 1717, and early devoted himself to the profession of arms. He distinguished himself on the continent, and in 1758, was appointed to the American service with the rank of major-general, and captured Louisbourg. He succeeded Abercrombie, and in 1759 took Ticonderoga and Crown Point. It is related of him as an instance of his activity and energy, that he came down from Lake George on foot, 1st January, 1759, and proceeded on to New York afoot, with a few of his officers and soldiers ("Legacy of Historical Gleanings," 1, 33). He saw the whole continent of North America reduced in subjection to Great Britain, and was loaded with title and honors by the government. He died 3 August, 1797, aged 81.

aversion, by the people of the country; who now forgot past services, and showed in all transactions a spirit of dislike bordering on hostility to their protectors, on whom they no longer felt themselves dependent.

Sir Jeffrey, however, was received like a prince at Albany, respect for his private character conquering the anti-military prejudice. The commander-in-chief was in those days a great man on the continent, having, on account of the distance from the seat of government, much discretionary power intrusted to him. Never was it more safely lodged than in the hands of this judicious veteran, whose comprehension of mind, impartiality, steadiness, and close application to business, peculiarly fitted him for his important station. At his table all strangers were entertained with the utmost liberality; while his own singular temperance, early hours, and strict morals, were peculiarly calculated to render him popular among the old inhabitants. Here I witnessed an impressive spectacle: the guard-house was in the middle of the street, opposite to Madame's; there was a guard extraordinary mounted in honor of Sir Jeffrey; at the hour of changing it all the soldiery in the fort assembled there, and laid down their arms, refusing to take them up again. I shall never forget the pale and agitated countenances of the officers; they being too well assured that it was a thing preconcerted; which was actually the case, for at Crown Point and Quebec the same thing was

done on the same day. Sir Jeffrey came down, and made a calm dispassionate speech to them, promising them a continuance of their privileges till further orders from home, and offering pardon to the whole, with the exception of a few ringleaders, whose lives, however, were spared. This gentle dealing had its due effect; but at Quebec the mutiny assumed a most alarming aspect, and had more serious consequences, though it was in the end quelled. All this time Sir Jeffrey's visits to Madame had been frequent, both out of respect to her character and conversation, and to reap the benefit of her local knowledge on an approaching emergency. This was a spirit of disaffection, then only suspected, among the Indians on the Upper Lakes, which soon after broke suddenly out into open hostility. In consequence of her opinion he summoned Sir W. Johnson to concert some conciliatory measures. But the commencement of the war at this very crisis, detained him longer to arrange with General Bradstreet and Sir William the operations of the ensuing campaign.

This war broke out very opportunely in some respects. It afforded a pretext for granting those indulgences to the troops, which it would otherwise have been impolitic to give and unsafe to withhold. It furnished occupation for an army too large to lie idle so far from the source of authority, which could not yet be safely withdrawn till matters were on a more stable footing; and it made the inhabitants at

once more sensible of their protection. Madame had predicted this event, knowing better than any one how the affections of these tribes might be lost or won. She well knew the probable consequences of the negligence with which they were treated, since the subjection of Canada made us consider them as no longer capable of giving us trouble. Pontiac, chief of those nations who inhabited the borders of the great lakes, possessed one of those minds which break through all disadvantages to assert their innate superiority.

The rise and conduct of this war, were I able to narrate them distinctly, the reader would perhaps scarce have patience to attend to; indistinct as they must appear, retraced from my broked recollections. Could I, however, do justice to the bravery, the conduct, and magnanimity in some instances, and the singular address and stratagem in others, which this extraordinary person displayed in the course of it, the power of untutored intellect would appear incredible to those who never saw man but in an artificial or degraded state, exalted by science or debased by conscious ignorance and inferiority. During the late war Pontiac occupied a central situation, bounded on each side by the French and English territories. His uncommon sagacity taught him to make the most of his local advantages, and of that knowledge of the European character which resulted from this neighborhood. He had that sort of consequence which in the last century raised the able

and politic princes of the house of Savoy to the throne they have since enjoyed. Pontiac held a petty balance between two great contending powers. Even the privilege of passing through his territories was purchased with presents, promises and flatteries. While the court which was paid to this wily warrior, to secure his alliance, or at least his neutrality, made him too sensible of his own consequence, it gave him a near view of our policy and modes of life. He often passed some time, on various pretexts, by turns at Montreal and in the English camp. The subjection of Canada proved fatal to his power, and he could no longer play the skillful game between both nations which had been so long carried on. The general advantage of his tribe is always the uppermost thought with an Indian. The liberal presents which he had received from both parties, afforded him the means of confederating with distant nations, of whose alliance he thought to profit in his meditated hostilities.

There were at that time many tribes, then unknown to Europeans, on the banks of Lake Superior, to whom fire-arms and other British goods were captivating novelties. When the French insidiously built the fort of Detroit, and the still more detached one of Michilimackinac, on bounds hitherto undefined, they did it on the footing of having secure places of trade, not to overawe the natives, but to protect themselves from the English. They amply rewarded them for permission to erect these for-

tresses, and purchased at any expense that friendship from them without which it would have been impossible to have maintained their ground in these remote regions. All this liberality and flattery, though merely founded on self-interest, had its effect; and the French, who are ever versatile and accommodating, who wore the Huron dress, and spoke the Huron language when they had any purpose to serve, were without doubt the favored nation. We, too apt to despise all foreigners, and not over complaisant even when we have a purpose to serve, came with a high hand to occupy those forts which we considered as our right after the conquest of Canada, but which had been always held by the more crafty French as an indulgence. These troops, without ceremony, appropriated, and following Major Duncan's example, cultivated all the fertile lands around Detroit, as far as fancy or convenience led them. The lands round Ontario were in a different predicament, being regularly purchased by Sir William Johnson. In consequence of the peace which had taken place the year before, all the garrisons were considered as in a state of perfect security.

Pontiac, in the meantime, conducted himself with the utmost address, concealing the indignation which brooded in his mind under the semblance of the greatest frankness and good humor. Master of various languages, and most completely master of his temper and countenance, he was at home every-

where, and paid frequent friendly visits to Detroit, near which, in the finest country imaginable, was his abode. He frequently dined with the mess, and sent them fish and venison. Unlike other Indians, his manner appeared frank and communicative, which opened the minds of others and favored his deep designs. He was soon master, through their careless conversation, of all he wished to know relative to the stores, resources, and intentions of the troops. Madame, who well knew the Indian character in general, and was no stranger to the genius and abilities of Pontiac, could not be satisfied with the manner in which he was neglected on one hand, nor his easy admission to the garrison on the other. She always said they should either make him their friend, or know him to be their foe.

In the meanwhile no one could be more busy than this politic warrior. While the Indians were in strict alliance with the French, they had their wigwams and their Indian corn within sight of the fort, lived in a considerable kind of village on the border of the lake, and had a daily intercourse of traffic and civility with the troops. There was a large esplanade before the garrison, where the Indians and soldiers sometimes socially played at ball together. Pontiac had a double view in his intended hostility. The Canadian priests, with the wonted restless intriguing spirit of their nation, fomented the discontents of the Indians. They persuaded them, and perhaps flattered themselves, that if they

(the Indians) would seize the chain of forts, the grand monarque would send a fleet to reconquer Canada, and guaranty all the forts he should take to Pontiac. Upon this he did not altogether depend: yet he thought if he could surprise Detroit, and seize a vessel which was expected up from Oswego with ammunition and stores, he might easily take the other small vessels, and so command the lake. This would be shut up by ice for the winter, and it would take no little time to build on its banks another fleet, the only means by which an army could again approach the place. I will not attempt to lead my reader through all the intricacies of an Indian war (entirely such), and therefore of all wars the most incomprehensible in its progress, and most difficult in its terms. The result of two master-strokes of stratagem, with which it opened, are such as are curious enough, however, to find a place in this detail.

Chapter XIV

PONTIAC — SIR ROBERT DAVERS

ALL the distant tribes were to join on hearing Pontiac was in possession of the fort. Many of those nearest, in the meanwhile, were to lie in the neighboring woods, armed and ready to rush out on the discharge of a cannon, on that day which was meant to be fatal to the garrison. Out of the intended massacre, however, the artillery were to be spared that they might work the guns. Near the fort lived a much admired Indian beauty, who was known in the garrison by the name of the Queen of Hearts. She not only spoke French, but dressed not inelegantly in the European manner, and being sprightly and captivating was encouraged by Pontiac to go into the garrison on various pretexts. The advantage the Indian chief meant to derive from this stratagem was, that she might be a kind of spy in the fort, and that by her influence over the commander, the wonted caution with regard to Indians might be relaxed, and the soldiers be permitted to go out unarmed and mingle in their diversions. This plan in some degree succeeded. There was at length a day fixed, on which a great match at foot-ball was to be decided between two parties of Indians, and all the garrisons were invited to be spectators.

It was to be played on the esplanade opposite to the fort. At a given signal the ball was to be driven over the wall of the fort, which, as there was no likelihood of its ever being attacked by cannon, was merely a pallisade and earthen breast-work. The Indians were to run hastily in, on pretence of recovering the ball, and shut the gate against the soldiers, whom Pontiac and his people were to tomahawk immediately.

Pontiac, jealous of the Queen of Hearts, gave orders, after she was let into the secret of this stratagem, that she should go no more into the fort. Whether she was offended by this want of confidence; whether her humanity revolted at the intended massacre, or whether she really felt a particular attachment prevailing over her fidelity to her countrymen, so it was; her affection got the better of her patriotism. A soldier's wife, who carried out to her the day before some article of dress she had made for her, was the medium she made use of to convey a hint of the intended treachery. The colonel was unwilling from the dark hint conveyed, to have recourse to any violent measures; and was, indeed, doubtful of the fact. To kindle the flames of war wantonly, surrounded, as he was, by hostile nations, who would carry their vengeance into the defenceless new settlements, was a dreadful expedient. Without betraying his informer he resolved to convince himself. The men were ordered to go out to see the ball played, but to keep under

shelter of the fort; and if they saw the ball driven in, immediately to return and shut the gates. I cannot remember the exact mode in which this manœuvre was managed, but the consequence I know was, first, the repulsing of the Indians from the gate, and then the commencing of open hostilities on their side, while the garrison was for some time in a state of blockade.

Meantime the Indians had concerted another stratagem, to seize a vessel loaded with stores, which was daily expected from Niagara. Commodore Grant, a younger brother of the Glenmoriston family in Inverness-shire, was, and I believe still is, commander of the lakes; an office which has now greatly risen in importance. At that time his own vessel and two or three smaller were employed in that navigation. This little squadron was very interesting on a double account. It carried stores, troops, etc., which could not otherwise be transported, there being no way of proceeding by land; and again the size of the vessels and a few swivels or small cannon they carried enabled them to command even a fleet of canoes, should the Indians be disposed to attack them. Of this there was at the time not the least apprehension; and here I must stop to give some account of the first victim to this unlooked-for attack.

Sir Robert D———[1] was the representative of

[1] An account of the surprise and death of Sir Robert Davers, whose name Mrs. Grant hesitates to divulge, is given in "Munsell's Historical Series," IV, 2, 3, 128.

an ancient English family, of which he was originally the sixth brother. At a certain time of life, somewhere betwixt twenty-five and thirty, each was, in turn, attacked with a hypochondriac disorder, which finally proved fatal. Sir Robert, in turn, succeeded to the estate and title, and to the dreadful apprehension of being visited by the same calamity. This was the more to be regretted, as he was a person of very good abilities, and an excellent disposition. The time now approached when he was to arrive at that period of life at which the fatal malady attacked his brothers. He felt, or imagined he felt, some symptoms of the approaching gloom. What should he do? medicine had not availed. Should he travel; alas! his brothers had travelled, but the blackest despair was their companion. Should he try a sea voyage, one of them commanded a ship, and fate overtook him in his own cabin. It occurred to him that, by living among a people who were utter strangers to this most dreadful of all visitations, and adopting this manner of life, he might escape its influence. He came over to America, where his younger brother served in a regiment then in Canada. He felt his melancholy daily increasing, and resolved immediately to put in execution his plan of entirely renouncing the European modes of life, and incorporating himself in some Indian tribe, hoping the novelty of the scene, and the hardships to which it would necessarily subject him, might give an entire new turn to his spirits.

He communicated his intention to Sir William Johnson, who entirely approved of it, and advised him to go up to the great lake among the Hurons, who were an intelligent and sensible race, and inhabited a very fine country, and among whom he would not be liable to meet his countrymen, or be tempted back to the mode of life he wished for a while entirely to forsake. This was no flight of caprice, but a project undertaken in the most deliberate manner, and with the most rational views. It completely succeeded. The Hurons were not a little flattered to think that a European of Sir Robert's rank was going to live with them, and be their brother. He did not fail to conciliate them with presents, and still more by his ready adoption of their dress and manners. The steadiness he showed in adhering to a plan where he had not only severe hardships, but numberless disgusts to encounter, showed him possessed of invincible patience and fortitude; while his letters to his friends, with whom he regularly corresponded, evinced much good sense and just observation. For two years he led this life, which habit made easy, and the enjoyment of equal spirits agreeable. Convinced that he had attained his desired end, and conquered the hereditary tendency so much dreaded, he prepared to return to society, intending if his despondency should recur, to return once more to his Indian habit, and rejoin his Huron friends. When the intention was formed by Pontiac and his associates

of attacking the commodore's vessel, Sir Robert, who wished now to be conveyed to some of the forts, discerned the British ship from the opposite shore of the great lake, and being willing to avail himself of that conveyance, embarked in a canoe with some of his own Indian friends, to go on board the commodore. Meanwhile a very large canoe, containing as many of Pontiac's followers as it could possibly hold, drew near the king's ship, and made a pretext of coming in a friendly manner, while two or three others filled with warriors, hovered at a distance. They had fallen short of their usual policy; for they were painted red, and had about them some of those symbols of hostility, which are perfectly understood amongst each other. Some friendly Indians, who happened to be by accident on board the commodore's vessel, discerned these, and warned him of the approaching danger. On their drawing near the vessel they were ordered to keep off. Thinking they were discovered, and that things could be no worse, they attempted to spring on board armed with their tomahawks and scalping-knives, but were very soon repulsed. The other canoes, seeing all was discovered, drew near to support their friends, but were soon repulsed by a discharge of the six-pounders. At this crisis, the canoe, containing Sir Robert, began to advance in another direction. The Indians who accompanied him had not been apprised of the proposed attack; but being Hurons, the commodore never doubted

of their hostility. Sir Robert sat in the end of the canoe dressed in all the costume of a Huron, and wrapped up in his blanket. He ordered his companions to approach the ship immediately, not deterred by their calling to them to keep off, intending, directly, to make himself known; but in the confusion he was accidently shot.

To describe the universal sorrow diffused over the province in consequence of this fatal accident would be impossible. Nothing since the death of Lord Howe had excited such general regret. The Indians carried the body to Detroit, and delivered it up to the garrison for interment. He had kept a journal during his residence on the lakes, which was never recovered, and must certainly have contained (proceeding from such a mind so circumstanced) much curious matter. Sir Charles, his younger brother, then a captain in the 17th, succeeded him, but had no visitation of the depression of mind so fatal to his brothers.

Rumors, enlarged by distance, soon reached Albany of this unlooked-for attack of the Indians. Indeed, before they had any authentic details, they heard of it in the most alarming manner from the terrified back settlers, who fled from their incursions. Those who dwell in a land of security, where only the distant rumor of war can reach them, would know something of the value of safety could they be but one day transported to a region where this

plague is let loose; where the timorous and the helpless are made to

"Die many times before their death,"

by restless humor, cruel suspense, and anticipated misery. Many of the regiments employed in the conquest of Canada had returned home, or gone to the West Indies. Had the Canadians had spirit and cohesion to rise in a body and join the Indians, 't is hard to say what might have been the consequence. Madame, whose cautions were neglected in the day of prosperity, became now the public oracle, and was resorted to and consulted by all. Formerly she blamed their false security and neglect of that powerful chief, who, having been accustomed to flattery and gifts from all sides, was all at once made too sensible that it was from war he derived his importance. Now she equally blamed the universal trepidation, being confident in our resources, and well knowing what useful allies the Mohawks, ever hostile to the Canadian Indians, might prove.

Never was our good aunt more consulted or more respected. Sir Jeffrey Amherst planned at Albany an expedition to be commanded by General Bradstreet, for which both New York and New England raised corps of provincials.

Chapter XV

DEATH OF CAPTAIN DALYELL — MADAME — HER PROTÉGÉS

MEANTIME an express arrived with the afflicting news of the loss of a captain and twenty men of the 55th regiment. The name of this lamented officer was Dalziel,[1] of the Carnwath family. Colonel Beckwith had sent for a reinforcement. This Major Duncan hesitated to send, till better informed as to the mode of conveyance. Captain Dalziel volunteered going. I cannot exactly say how they proceeded; but, after having penetrated through the woods till they were in sight of Detroit, they were discovered and attacked by a party of Indians, and made their way with the utmost difficulty, after the loss of their commander and the third part of their number.

Major Duncan's comprehensive mind took in everything that had any tendency to advance the

[1] This was Captain James Dalyell, of the 2d battalion of the Royals, who perished in a brave but indiscreet attack on the Indians soon after his arrival at Detroit, August 31, 1763. He marched out with 247 men, intending to surprise the enemy about three miles from the fort, but was himself surprised and killed. See IV "Munsell's Hist. Series," 54, 56, et seq.; also a biographical sketch "Colonial Hist. N. Y.," VI, 547; "Parkman's Pontiac," 275.

general good, and cement old alliances. He saw none of the Hurons, whose territories lay far above Ontario, but those tribes whose course of hunting or fishing led them to his boundaries, were always kindly treated. He often made them presents of ammunition or provision, and did everything in his power to conciliate them. Upon hearing of the outrage which the Hurons[1] had been guilty of, the heads of the tribe, with whom the major had cultivated the greatest intimacy, came to assure him of their good wishes and hearty co-operation. He invited them to come with their tribe to celebrate the birth-day of the new king (his present majesty), which occurred a few days after, and there solemnly renew, with the usual ceremonies, the league offensive and defensive made between their fathers and the late king. They came accordingly in their best arms and dresses, and assisted at a review, and at a kind of feast given on the occasion, on the outside of the fort. The chief and his brother, who were two fine noble looking men, were invited in to dine with the major and officers. When they arrived, and were seated, the major called for a glass of wine to drink his sovereign's health; this was no sooner done, than the sachem's brother fell lifeless on the floor. They thought it was a fainting

[1] The author, perhaps, uses the term Huron, where that of Algonquin would have been more correct. She does not recollect the distinctive terms exactly, but applies the epithet, in general, to the Indians who then occupied the banks of the Huron Lake, and the adjacent country. — *Mrs. Grant.*

fit, and made use of the usual applications to recover him, which to their extreme surprise proved ineffectual. His brother looked steadily on while all those means were using; but when convinced of their inefficacy, sat down, drew his mantle over his face, sobbed aloud, and burst into tears. This was an additional wonder. Through the traces of Indian recollection no person had been known to fall suddenly dead without any visible cause, nor any warrior to shed tears. After a pause of deep silence, which no one felt inclined to break, the sachem rose with a collected and dignified air, and thus addressed the witnesses of this affecting accident: "Generous English, misjudge me not; though you have seen me for once a child, in the day of battle you will see a man, who will make the Hurons weep blood. I was never thus before. But to me my brother was all. Had he died in battle, no look of mine would change. His nation would honor him, but his foes should lament him. I see sorrow in your countenances; and I know you were not the cause of my brother's death. Why, indeed, should you take away a life that was devoted to you? Generous English, ye mourn for my brother, and I will fight your battles." This assurance of his confidence was very necessary to quiet the minds of his friends; and the concern of the officers was much aggravated by the suspicious circumstances attending his death so immediately after drinking the wine they had given him.

peaceful cottages of simple peasants,[1] from whence the incense of praise, "in sounds by distance made more sweet," rose on the morning breeze! How cheering was the mid-day sport, amid their native burns and braes, without the confinement of a formal play-ground! How delightful the evening walk homeward, animated by the consciousness of being about to meet all that was dearest to the artless and affectionate mind! Thus the constitution was improved with the understanding; and they carried abroad into active life, the rigid fibre of the robust and hardy frame, and the warm and fond affections of the heart, uncorrupted and true to its first attachments. Never sure were youth's first glowing feeling more alive than in the minds of those young soldiers. From school they were hurried into the greatest fatigues and hardships, and the horrors of the most sanguinary war; and from thence transported to the depth of those central forests, where they formed to themselves a little world, whose greatest charm was the cherished recollection of the simple and endeared scenes of their childhood, and of the beloved relations whom they had left behind, and to whom they languished to return. They had not gone through the ordeal

[1] The Scottish peasants, when they return to breakfast from their early labors, always read a portion of Scripture, sing some part of a psalm, and pray. This practice is too general, either to diminish cheerfulness, or convey the idea of superior sanctity; while the effect of vocal music, rising at once from so many separate dwellings, is very impressive. — *Mrs. Grant.*

State Street, North Side from near James Street to Broadway

of the world, and could not cheer their exile by retracing its ways, its fashions, or its amusements. It is this domestic education, that unbroken series of home joys and tender remembrances, that render the natives of the north so faithful to their filial and fraternal duties, and so attached to a bleak and rugged region, excelled in genial warmth of climate, and fertility of soil, in every country to which the spirit of adventure leads them.

I was now restored to my niche at Aunt Schuyler's and not a little delighted with the importance which, in this eventful crisis, seemed to attach to her opinions. The times were too agitated to admit of her paying much attention to me: but I, who took the deepest interest in what was going on, and heard of nothing, abroad or at home, but Indians, and sieges, and campaigns, was doubly awake to all the conversation I heard at home.

The expedition proceeded under General Bradstreet, while my father, recommended to his attention by Madame, held some temporary employment about mustering the troops. My friend had now the satisfaction of seeing her plans succeed in different instances.

Philip, since known by the title of General Schuyler, whom I have repeatedly mentioned, had now, in pursuance of the mode she pointed out to him, attained to wealth and power; both which were rapidly increasing. His brother Cortlandt[1]

[1] These were the sons of Johannes Schuyler, Jr., and Cornelia Van Cortlandt, and the nephews of Madame Schuyler. General Philip,

(the handsome savage) who had, by her advice, gone into the army, was returned from Ireland, the commander of a company;[1] and married to a very pleasing and estimable woman, whose perpetual vivacity and good humor threw a ray of light over the habitual reserve of her husband; who was amiable in domestic life, though cold and distant in his manner. They settled near the general, and paid a degree of attention to Madame that showed the filial tie remained in full force.

The colonel, as he was then called, had built a house near Albany,[2] in the English taste, comparatively magnificent, where his family resided, and where he carried on the business of his department. Thirty miles or more above Albany, in the direction of the Flats, and near the far-famed Saratoga, which was to be the scene of his future triumph, he had another establishment.[3] It was here that the colonel's political and economical genius had full scope. He had always the com-

born 1733, died 18 November, 1804, aged 71, distinguished by his revolutionary services, which have been made the subject of two volumes by Benson J. Lossing.

[1] She was an Irish lady whose first name was Barbara. After the death of her husband and eldest son, she returned to Ireland with her younger children; and it is said, that some of her descendants bearing the name of Schuyler are yet (1901) living in the Emerald Isle.

[2] This house, still standing at the head of Schuyler Street, is said to have been built by General Bradstreet.

[3] The place is now known as Schuylerville. The land had been in the family nearly a century, when Burgoyne occupied the house, built on the site of the one burned by the French in 1745, for his headquarters both on his advance and retreat.

mand of a great number of those workmen who were employed in public buildings, etc. Those were always in constant pay; it being necessary to engage them in that manner, and were, from the change of seasons, the shutting of the ice, and other circumstances, months unemployed. All these seasons, when public business was interrupted, the workmen were employed in constructing squares of buildings in the nature of barracks, for the purpose of lodging artisans and laborers of all kinds. Having previously obtained a large tract of very fertile lands from the crown, on which he built a spacious and convenient house; he constructed those barracks at a distance, not only as a nursery for the arts which he meant to encourage, but as the materials of a future colony, which he meant to plant out around him. He had here a number of negroes well acquainted with felling of trees and managing saw-mills; of which he erected several. And while these were employed in carrying on a very advantageous trade of deals and lumber, which were floated down on rafts to New York, they were at the same time clearing the ground for the colony the colonel was preparing to establish.

This new establishment was an asylum for every one who wanted bread and a home: from the variety of employments regularly distributed, every artisan and laborer found here lodging and occupation: some hundreds of people, indeed, were employed at once. Those who were in winter

engaged at the saw-mills, were in summer equally busied at a large and productive fishery. The artisans got lodging and firing for two or three years, at first, besides being well paid for everything they did. Flax was raised, and dressed, and finally spun and made into linen there; and as artisans were very scarce in the country, every one sent linen to weave, flax to dress, etc., to the colonel's colony. He paid them liberally; and having always abundance of money in his hands, could afford to be the loser at first, to be amply repaid in the end. It is inconceivable what dexterity, address, and deep policy were exhibited in the management of this new settlement; the growth of which was repaid beyond belief. Every mechanic ended in being a farmer, that is a profitable tenant to the owner of the soil; and new recruits of artisans from the north of Ireland chiefly supplied their place, nourished with the golden dews which this sagacious projector could so easily command. The rapid increase and advantageous result of this establishment were astonishing. 'T is impossible for my imperfect recollection to do justice to the capacity displayed in these regulations. But I have thus endeavored to trace to its original source that wealth and power which became, afterwards, the means of supporting an aggression so formidable.

Chapter XVI

MADAME'S POPULARITY — EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS

IN the front of Madame's house was a portico, towards the street. To this she was supported, in fine evenings, when the whole town were enjoying themselves on their respective seats of one kind or other. To hers there were a few steps of ascent, on which we used humbly to seat ourselves; while a succession of "the elders of that city" paid their respects to Madame, and conversed with her by turns. Never was levee better attended. "Aunt Schuyler is come out," was a talismanic sentence that produced pleasure in every countenance, and set every one in motion who hoped to be well received: for, as I have formerly observed, aunt knew the value of time much too well to devote it to every one. We lived all this time next door to her, and were often of these evening parties.

The Indian war was now drawing to a close, after occasioning great disquiet, boundless expense, and some bloodshed. Even when we had the advantage which our tactics and artillery in some instances gave, it was a warfare of the most precarious and

perplexing kind. It was something like hunting in a forest at best; could you but have supposed the animals you pursued armed with missile weapons, and ever ready to start out of some unlooked for place. Our faithful Indian confederates, as far as I can recollect, were more useful to us on this occasion than all the dear bought apparatus, which we collected for the purpose of destroying an enemy too wise and too swift to permit us to come in sight of them; or, if determined to attack us, sufficiently dextrous to make us feel before we saw them. We said, however, that we conquered Pontiac, at which no doubt he smiled; for the truth of the matter was, the conduct of this war resembled a protracted game of chess. He was as little able to take our forts, without cannon, as we were able without the feet, the eyes, and the instinctive sagacity of Indians, to trace them to their retreats. After delighting ourselves for a long while with the manner in which we were to punish Pontiac's presumption, "*could we but once catch him*," all ended in our making a treaty, very honorable for him, and not very disadvantageous to ourselves. We gave both presents and promises, and Pontiac gave — permission to the mothers of those children who had been taken away from the frontier settlements to receive them back again, on condition of delivering up the Indian prisoners.

The joyful day when the congress was held for concluding peace I never shall forget. Another

memorable day is engraven in indelible characters upon my memory. Madame, being deeply interested in the projected exchange, brought about a scheme for having it take place at Albany, which was more central than any other place, and where her influence among the Mohawks could be of use in getting intelligence about the children, and sending messages to those who had adopted them, and who, by this time, were very unwilling to part with them. In the first place because they were growing very fond of them; and again, because they thought the children would not be so happy in our manner of life, which appeared to them both constrained and effeminate. This exchange had a large retrospect. For ten years back there had been, every now and then, while these Indians were in the French interest, ravages upon the frontiers of the different provinces. In many instances these children had been snatched away while their parents were working in the fields, or after they were killed. A certain day was appointed, on which all who had lost their children, or sought those of their relations, were to come to Albany in search of them; where, on that day, all Indians possessed of white children were to present them. Poor women, who had travelled some hundred miles from the back settlements of Pennsylvania and New England, appeared here, with anxious looks and aching hearts, not knowing whether their children were alive, or how exactly to identify them if they should meet them. I observed these appre-

hensive and tender mothers were, though poor people, all dressed with peculiar neatness and attention, each wishing the first impression her child should receive of her might be a favorable one. On a gentle slope near the fort, stood a row of temporary huts, built by retainers to the troops; the green before these buildings was the scene of these pathetic recognitions; which I did not fail to attend. The joy of even the happy mothers was overpowering, and found vent in tears; but not like the bitter tears of those who, after long travel, found not what they sought. It was affecting to see the deep and silent sorrow of the Indian women, and of the children, who knew no other mother, and clung fondly to their bosoms, from whence they were not torn without the most piercing shrieks; while their own fond mothers were distressed beyond measure at the shyness and aversion with which these long lost objects of their love received their caresses. I shall never forget the grotesque figures and wild looks of these young savages; nor the trembling haste with which their mothers arrayed them in the new clothes they had brought for them, as hoping that, with the Indian dress, they would throw off their habits and attachments. It was in short a scene impossible to describe, but most affecting to behold. Never was my good friend's considerate liberality and useful sympathy more fully exerted than on this occasion, which brought so many poor travellers from their distant homes on

this pilgrimage to the shrine of nature. How many traders did she persuade to take them gratis in their boats! How many did she feed and lodge! and in what various ways did she serve or make others serve them all. No one indeed knew how to refuse a request of Aunt Schuyler, who never made one for herself.

Chapter XVII

RETURN OF THE 55TH REGIMENT TO EUROPE —PRIVATES SENT TO PENSACOLA

THE 55th now left their calm abodes amidst their lakes and forests, with the joy of children breaking up from their school; little aware that they were bidding adieu to quiet, plenty and freedom, and utter strangers to the world, into which they were about to plunge. They all came down to Albany. Captain Mungo Campbell was charmed to find me so familiar with his Milton; while I was equally charmed to find him a favorite with Aunt Schuyler, which was with me the criterion of merit. Colonel Duncan, for such he was now, marched proudly at the head of his pupils, whom he had carried up raw youths, but brought back with all the manly and soldierly openness of manner and character that could be wished, and with minds greatly improved. Meanwhile Madame's counsels had so much influence on my father, that he began seriously to think of settling in America. To part with his beloved 55th was very trying; yet his prospects of advantage in remaining among a people by whom he was esteemed, and to whom he had really

become attached, were very flattering; for by the aid of aunt and the old inhabitants, and friendly Indians, who were at her powerful bidding, he could expect to get advantageously some lands which he, in common with other officers who served in America, was entitled to. He, having a right to apply for the allotted quantity wherever he found it vacant, that is, in odd unoccupied places, between different patents, which it required much local knowledge of the country to discover, had greatly the advantage of strangers; because he could get information of those secluded spots here and there that were truly valuable; whereas other officers belonging to regiments disbanded in the country, either did not find it convenient to go to the expense of taking out a patent and surveying the lands, and so sold their rights for a trifle to others; or else half a dozen went together, and made a choice, generally an injudicious one, of some large tract of ground, which would not have been so long unsolicited had it been of real value. My father bought the rights of two young officers who were in a hurry to go to Europe, and had not perhaps wherewithal to go through the necessary forms used to appropriate a particular spot, the expense of that process being considerable. Accordingly he became a consequential landholder, and had his half-pay to boot.

The 55th were now preparing to embark for that home which they regarded with enthusiasm; this extended to the lowest ranks, who were absolutely

home-sick. They had, too, from the highest to the lowest, been enabled, from their unexpensive mode of living, to lay up some money. Never was there a body of men more uncorrupted and more attached to each other. Military men contract a love of variety in their wandering manner of life, and always imagine they are to find some enjoyment in the next quarters that they have not had in this; so that the order for march is generally a joyful summons to the younger officers at least. To these novices, who, when they thought the world of variety, glory, and perferment was open before them, were ordered up into the depth of unexplored forests, to be kept stationary for years without even the amusement of a battle, it was sufficiently disappointing. Yet afterwards I have been told that, in all the changes to which this hapless regiment was subjected, they looked back on the years spent on the lakes as the happiest of their lives.

My father parted with them with extreme regret, but he had passed the Rubicon; that is to say, taken out his patent, and stay he must. He went however to New York with them, and here a very unexpected scene opened. Many of the soldiers who had saved little sums had deposited them in my father's hands, and, when he gave every one his own at New York, he had great pleasure in seeing their exultation, and the purchases they were making. When, all of a sudden, a thunderbolt burst among these poor fellows, in the shape of an order

to draft the greatest part of them to Pensacola: to renew regiments who, placed on a bar of burning sand, with a salt marsh before and a swamp behind were lingering out a wretched and precarious existence, daily cut short by disease in some new instance. Words are very inadequate to give an idea of the horror that pervaded this band of veterans. When this order was most unexpectedly read at the head of the regiment, it was worse to the most of them than a sentence of immediate death; they were going to a dismal and detested quarter, and they were going to become part of a regiment of no repute; whom they themselves had held in the utmost contempt when they had formerly served together. The officers were not a little affected by this cruel order, to part with the brave well disciplined men; who, by their singular good conduct, and by the habits of sharing with their officers in the chase, and in their agricultural amusements, fishing-parties, etc., had acquired a kindly nearness to them not usually subsisting between those who command and they who must implicitly obey. What ties were broken! what hopes were blasted by this fatal order! These sad exiles embarked for Pensacola at the same time that their comrades set out for Ireland. My father returned, sunk in the deepest sadness, which was increased by our place of abode; for we had removed to the forsaken fort, where there was no creature but ourselves and three or four soldiers who chose to stay in the country,

and for whom my father had procured their discharge.

I was in the meantime more intimate than ever at Aunt Schuyler's; attracted not only by her kindness, but my admiration for Mrs. Cuyler, and attachment for her lovely little girl. The husband of the former was now returned from his West India voyage, and they retired to a house of their own, meaning to succeed to that business which the mayor, now wealthy and infirm, was quitting. Cortlandt Schuyler, the general's brother, and his sprightly agreeable wife, were now, as well as the couple formerly mentioned, frequent visitors at aunt's, and made a very pleasing addition to her familiar circle. I began to be considered as almost a child of the family, and Madame took much pains in instructing me, hoping that I would continue attached to her, and knowing that my parents were much flattered by her kindness, and fully conscious of the advantages I derived from it. With her aid my father's plan of proceeding was fully digested. He was to survey and *locate* his lands (that was the phrase used for such transactions), and at leisure (as the price of lands was daily rising), to let them out on lease. He was to reserve a good farm for himself, but not to reside upon it till the lands around it were cultivated; and so many settlers gone up as would make the district in a degree civilized and populous; a change which was like to take place very rapidly, as there were daily emigra-

tions to that neighborhood, which was become a favorite rallying point, on account of a flourishing and singularly well conducted settlement which I have already mentioned, under the auspices of Colonel Schuyler in this quarter.

Chapter XVIII

PROPERTY AT CLARENDON — VISIONARY PLANS

MY father went up in summer with a retinue of Indians, and disbanded soldiers, etc., headed by a land-surveyor. In that country, men of this description formed an important and distinct profession. They were provided with an apparatus of measuring-chains, tents, and provisions. It was upon the whole an expensive expedition; but this was the less to be regretted as the object proved fully adequate. Never was a *location* more fertile or more valuable, nor the possessor of an estate more elated with his acquisition: a beautiful stream passed through the midst of the property; beyond its limits on one side rose a lofty eminence covered with tall cedar, which being included in no patent, would be a common good, and offered an inexhaustible supply of timber and firing after the lands should be entirely cleared. This sylvan scene appeared, even in its wild state, to possess singular advantages: it was dry lying land without the least particle of swamp, great part of it was covered with chestnuts, the sure indication of good wheat-land, and the rest with white oak, the never-failing fore-

runner of good Indian corn and pasture. The ground, at the time of the survey, was in a great measure covered with strawberries, the sure sign of fertility. And better and better still, there was, on a considerable stream which watered this region of benediction, a beaver-dam, that was visibly of at least fifty years standing. What particular addition our overflowing felicity was to derive from the neighborhood of these sagacious buildings, may not be easily conjectured. It was not their society, for they were much too wise to remain in our vicinity, nor yet their example, which, though a very good one, we were scarce wise enough to follow. Why then did we so much rejoice over the dwelling of these old settlers? Merely because their industry had saved us much trouble: for, in the course of their labors, they had cleared above thirty acres of excellent hay-land; work which we should take a long time to execute, and not perform near so well; the truth was, this industrious colony, by whose previous labor we were thus to profit, were already extirpated, to my unspeakable sorrow, who had been creating a *beaver* Utopia ever since I heard of the circumstance. The protection I was to afford them, the acquaintance I was to make with them, after conquering the first shyness, and the delight I was to have in seeing them work, after convincing them of their safety, occupied my whole attention, and helped to console me for the drafting of the 55th, which I had been ever since lamenting.

How buoyant is the fancy of childhood! I was mortified to the utmost to hear there were no beavers remaining; yet the charming, though simple, description my father gave us of this "vale of bliss," which the beavers had partly cleared, and the whole Township of Clarendon (so was the new laid out territory called), consoled me for all past disappointments. It is to be observed that the political and economical regulations of the beavers make their neighborhood very desirable to new settlers. They build houses and dams with unwearied industry, as every one that has heard of them must needs know; but their unconquerable attachment to a particular spot is not so well known; the consequence is, that they work more, and of course clear more land in some situations than in others. When they happen to pitch upon a stream that overflows often in spring, it is apt to carry away the dam, formed of large trees laid across the stream, which it has cost them unspeakable pains to cut down and bring there. Whenever these are destroyed they cut down more trees and construct another; and, as they live all winter on the tender twigs from the underwood and bark which they strip from poplar and alder, they soon clear these also from the vicinity. In the day-time they either mend their houses, lay up stores in them, or fish, sitting upon their dams made for that purpose. The night they employ in cutting down trees, which they always do so as to make them fall

towards the stream, or in dragging them to the dam. Meanwhile they have always sentinels placed near to give the alarm, in case of any intrusion. It is hard to say when these indefatigable animals refresh themselves with sleep. I have seen those that have been taken young and made very tame, so that they followed their owner about; even in these the instinct which prompts their nocturnal labors was apparent. Whenever all was quiet they began to work. Being discontented and restless, if confined, it was usual to leave them in the yard. They seemed in their civilized, or rather degraded state, to retain an idea that it was necessary to convey materials for building to their wonted habitation. The consequence was, that a single one would carry such quantities of wood to the back door, that you would find your way blocked up in the morning to a degree almost incredible.

Being very much inclined to be happy, and abundant in resources, the simple felicity which was at some future period to prevail among the amiable and innocent tenants we were to have at Clarendon, filled my whole mind. Before this flattering vision, all painful recollections, and even all the violent love which I had persuaded myself to feel for my native Britain, entirely vanished.

The only thing that disturbed me, was Aunt Schuyler's age, and the thoughts of outliving her, which sometimes obtruded among my day dreams of more than mortal happiness. I thought all this

could scarce admit of addition; yet a new source of joy was opened, when I found that we were actually going to live at the Flats. The spot, rendered sacred by the residence of aunt, where I should trace her steps wherever I moved, dwell under the shadow of her trees, and, in short, find her in everything I saw. We did not aspire to serious farming, reserving that effort for our own estate, of which we talked very magnificently, and indeed had some reason, it being as valuable as so much land could be; and from its situation in a part of the country which was hourly acquiring fresh inhabitants, its value daily increased, which consideration induced my father to refuse several offers for it; resolved either to people it with highland emigrants, or retain it in his own hands till he should get his price.

Sir Henry Moore, the last British governor of New York that I remember, came up this summer to see Albany, and the ornament of Albany — Aunt Schuyler; he brought Lady Moore and his daughter with him. They resided for some time at General Schuyler's, I call him so by anticipation; for sure I am, had any gifted seer foretold then what was to happen, he would have been ready to answer, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing." Sir Harry, like many of his predecessors, was a mere show governor, and old Cadwallader Colden, the lieutenant governor, continued to do the business, and enjoy the power

in its most essential branches, such as giving patents for lands, etc. Sir Harry, in the meantime, had never thought of business in his life; he was honorable as far as a man could be so, who always spent more than he had; he was, however, gay, good natured, and well bred, affable and courteous in a very high degree, and if the business of a governor was merely to keep the governed in good humor, no one was fitter for that office than he, the more so, as he had sense enough to know two things of great importance to be known: one was, that a person of tried wisdom and good experience like Colden, was fitter to transact the business of the province, than any dependant of his own: the other, that he was totally unfit to manage it himself. The government house was the scene of frequent festivities and weekly concerts, Sir Henry being very musical, and Lady Moore peculiarly fitted for doing the honors of a drawing-room or entertainment. They were too fashionable, and too much hurried to find time for particular friendships, and too good natured and well bred to make invidious distinctions, so that, without gaining very much either of esteem or affection, they pleased every one in the circle around them; and this general civility of theirs, in the storm which was about to rise, had its use.[1] In the beginning, before the tempest broke loose in all its fury, it

[1] See Appletons' "Cyclopaedia of American Biography," vol. IV., and Wilson's "History of New York," vol. II.

was like oil poured on agitated waters, which produces a temporary calm immediately round the ship. As yet the storm only muttered at a distance, but Madame was disturbed by anxious presages. In her case,

> "Old experience actually did attain
> To something like prophetic strain."

But it was not new to her to prophesy in vain. I, for my part, was charmed with these exalted visitors of aunt's, and not a little proud of their attention to her, not knowing that they showed pretty much the same attention to every one.

While I was dancing on air with the thoughts of going to live at the Flats, of the beauties of Clarendon, and many other delights which I had created to myself, an event took place that plunged us all in sorrow; it was the death of the lovely child Catalina, who was the object of much fondness to us all, for my parents, bating the allowance to be made for enthusiasm, were as fond of her as I was; Madame had set her heart very much on this engaging creature; she mustered up all her fortitude to support the parents of her departed favorite, but suffered much notwithstanding. Here began my acquaintance with sorrow. We went, however, to the Flats in autumn. Our family consisted of a negro girl, and a soldier, who had followed my father's fortunes from Scotland, and stuck to him through every change. We did not

mean to farm, but had merely the garden, orchard, and enclosure for hay, two cows, a horse for my father, and a colt, which, to my great delight, was given me as a present. Many sources of comfort and amusement were now cut off from Madame, her nephew and his lively and accomplished wife had left her, Dr. Ogilvie was removed to New York, and had a successor no way calculated to supply his place. This year she had lost her brother-in-law Cornelius Cuyler,[1] whose sound sense and intelligence made his society of consequence to her,

[1] This estimable character had for the space of forty years (which included very important and critical conjunctures) been chief magistrate of Albany, and its district. A situation calculated to demand the utmost integrity and impartiality, and to exercise all the powers of a mind, acute, vigilant, and comprehensive. The less he was amenable to the control and direction of his superiors, the more liable was he to the animadversions of his fellow citizens, had he in the least departed from that rectitude which made him the object of their confidence and veneration. He administered justice, not so much in conformity to written laws, as to that rule of equity within his own breast, the application of which was directed by sound sense, improved by experience. I by no means insinuate, that he either neglected or disobeyed those laws, by which, in all doubtful cases he was certainly guided; but that the uncorrupted state of public morals, and the entire confidence which his fellow citizens reposed in his probity, rendered appeals to the law, for the most part, superfluous. I have heard that the family of the Cuylers was originally a German one of high rank. Whether this can or cannot be ascertained, is of little consequence. The sterling worth of their immediate ancestor, and his long and faithful services to the public, reflect more honor on his descendants than any length of pedigree. — *Mrs. Grant.* [Cornelius Cuyler was an Albany merchant, some years alderman of the second ward, mayor of Albany, commissioner of Indian affairs, and held the office of magistrate some time, which long service in various capacities led Mrs. Grant to attribute to him forty years of chief magistracy.]

independent of the great esteem and affection she had for him. The army, among whom she always found persons of information and good breeding, in whose conversation she could take pleasure which might be truly called such, were gone. Nothing could compensate, in her opinion, for the privation of that enjoyment; she read, but then the people about her had so little taste for reading, that she had not her wonted pleasure in that, for want of some one with whom she could discuss the topics suggested by her studies. It was in this poverty of society such as she was accustomed to enjoy, that she took a fancy to converse much with me, to regret my want of education, and to take a particular interest in my employments and mental improvement. That I might more entirely profit by her attention, she requested my parents to let me pass the winter with her; this invitation they gladly complied with.

The winter at the Flats was sufficiently melancholy, and rendered less agreeable by some unpleasant neighbors we had. These were a family from New England, who had been preparing to occupy lands near those occupied by my father. They had been the summer before recommended to aunt's generous humanity, as honest people, who merely wanted a shelter in a room in her empty house, till they should build a temporary hut on those new lands which they were about to inhabit. When we came, the time permitted to them had long elapsed, but

my father, who was exceedingly humane, indulged them with a fortnight more after our arrival, on the pretence of the sickness of a child; and there they sat, and would not remove for the winter, unless coercion had been used for that purpose. We lived on the road side; there was at that time a perpetual emigration going on from the provinces of New England to our back settlements. Our acquaintance with the family who kept possession beside us, and with many of even the better sort, who came to bargain with my father about his lands, gave us more insight than we wished into the prevalent character of those people, whom we found conceited, litigious, and selfish beyond measure. My father was told that the only safe way to avoid being overreached by them in a bargain, was to give them a kind of tacit permission to sit down on his lands, and take his chance of settling with them when they were brought into some degree of cultivation; for if one did bargain with them, the custom was to have three years free for clearing, at the end of which, the rents or purchase money was paid. By that time, any person who had expended much labor on land, would rather pay a reasonable price or rent for it, than be removed.

In the progress of his intercourse with these very vulgar, insolent, and truly disagreeable people, my father began to disrelish the thoughts of going up to live among them. They flocked indeed so

fast, to every unoccupied spot, that their malignant and envious spirit, their hatred of subordination, and their indifference to the mother country, began to spread like a taint of infection.

These illiberal opinions, which produced manners equally illiberal, were particularly wounding to disbanded officers, and to the real patriots, who had consulted in former times the happiness of the country, by giving their zealous coöperation to the troops sent to protect it. These two classes of people began now to be branded as the slaves of arbitrary power, and all tendencies to elegance or refinement were despised as leading to aristocracy. The consequence of all this was, such an opposition of opinions, as led people of the former description to seek each other's society exclusively. Winter was the only time that distant friends met there, and to avoid the chagrin resulting from this distempered state of society, veterans settled in the country were too apt to devote themselves to shooting and fishing, taking refuge from languor in these solitary amusements.

We had one brave and royal neighbor, however, who saw us often, and was "every inch a gentleman;" this was Pedrom,[1] aunt's brother-in-law, in whom lived the spirit of the Schuylers, and who

[1] Pedrom's residence was on the Kromme kil, near the late residence of Robert Dunlop, opposite the cemetery. This crooked (*kromme*) stream, which had formerly a considerable flow, has, like all the currents from the neighboring hills, shrunk to a feeble brooklet, only noticeable in time of freshet.

was our next neighbor and cordial friend. He was now old, detached from the world, and too hard of hearing, to be an easy companion: yet he had much various information, and was endeared to us by similarity of principle.

Matters were beginning to be in this state the first winter I went to live with aunt. Her friends were much dispersed; all conversation was tainted with politics, Cromwellian politics too, which of all things, she disliked. Her nephew, Cortlandt Schuyler, who had been a great Nimrod ever since he could carry a gun, and who was a man of strict honor and nice feelings, took such a melancholy view of things, and so little relished that stamp act, which was the exclusive subject of all conversation, that he devoted himself more and more to the chase, and seemed entirely to renounce a society which he had never greatly loved. As I shall not refer to him again I shall only mention here, that this estimable person was taken away from the evil to come two years after, by a premature death, being killed by a fall from his horse in hunting. What sorrows were hid from his eyes by this timely escape from scenes, which would have been to him peculiarly wounding!

If Madame's comforts in society were diminished, her domestic satisfactions were not less so. By the time I came to live with her, Mariamat and Dianamat[1] were almost superannuated, and had lost, in

[1] Mat, or mater, mother or superior of the negroes.

a great measure, the restraining power they used to exercise over their respective offspring. Their woolly heads were snow white, and they were become so feeble, that they sat each in her great chair at the opposite side of the fire; their wonted jealousy was now embittered to rancor, and their love of tobacco greater than ever. They were arrived at that happy period of ease and indolence, which left them at full liberty to smoke and scold the whole day long; this they did with such unwearied perseverance, and in a manner so ludicrous, that to us young people they were a perpetual comedy.

Sorely now did aunt lament the promise she had kept so faithfully, never to sell any of the colonel's negroes. There was so little to do for fourteen persons, except the business they created for each other, and it was so impossible to keep them from too freely sharing the plenty of her liberal house, that idleness and abundance literally began to corrupt them.

All these privations and uneasinesses will in some measure account for such a person as Madame taking such pleasure in the society of an overgrown child. But then she was glad to escape from dark prospects and cross politics, to the amusement derived from the innocent cheerfulness, natural to that time of life. A passion for reading, and a very comprehensive memory too, had furnished my mind with more variety of knowledge, than fell to

the lot of those, who living in large families, and sharing the amusements of childhood, were not, like me, driven to that only resource. All this will help to account for a degree of confidence and favor, daily increasing, which ended in my being admitted to sleep in a little bed beside her, which never happened to any other. In the winter nights our conversations often encroached on the earlier hours of morning. The future appeared to her dubious and cheerless, which was one reason, I suppose, that her active mind turned solely on retrospection. She saw that I listened with delighted attention to the tales of other times, which no one could recount so well. These, too, were doubly interesting, as, like the sociable angel's conversation with our first father, they related to the origin and formation of all I saw around me; they afforded food for reflection, to which I was very early addicted, and hourly increased my veneration for her whom I already considered as my polar star. The great love I had for her first gave interest to her details; and again, the nature of these details increased my esteem for the narrator. Thus passed this winter of felicity, which so much enlarged my stock of ideas, that in looking back upon it, I thought I had lived three years in one.

Chapter XIX

RETURN TO THE FLATS—SUMMER AMUSEMENTS

SUMMER came, and with it visitors, as usual, to Madame from New York and other places; among whom, I remember, were her nieces Mrs. L. and Mrs. C. I went to the Flats, and was, as usual, kept very close to my needle-work; but though there was no variety to amuse me, summer slid by very fast. My mind was continually occupied with aunt, and all the passages of her life. My greatest pleasure was to read over again the books I had read to her, and recollect her observations upon them. I often got up and went out to the door to look at places where particular things had happened. She spent the winter's nights in retrospections of her past life; and I spent the summer days in retrospections of these winter nights. But these were not my only pleasures. The banks of the river and the opposite scenery delighted me; and, adopting all aunt's tastes and attachments, I made myself believe I was very fond of Pedrom and Susanna Muet, as the widow of Jeremiah was called. My attention to them excited their kindness; and the borrowed sentiment, on my part,

soon became a real one. These old friends were very amusing. But then I had numberless young friends, who shared my attention, and were in their own way very amusing too. These were the objects of my earliest cares in the morning, and my needless solicitude all day. I had marked down in a list, between thirty and forty nests of various kinds of birds. It was an extreme dry summer; and I saw the parent birds, whom I diligently watched, often panting with heat, and, as I thought, fatigued. After all I had heard and seen of aunt, I thought it incumbent on me to be good and kind to some being that needed my assistance. To my fellow-creatures my power did not extend; therefore I wisely resolved to adapt my mode of beneficence to the sphere of action assigned to me, and decided upon the judicious scheme of assisting all these birds to feed their young. My confederate Marian (our negro girl), entered heartily into this plan; and it was the business of the morning, before tasks commenced, to slaughter innumerable insects, and gather quantities of cherries and other fruit for that purpose. Portions of this provision we laid beside every nest, and then applauded ourselves for saving the poor birds' fatigue. This, from a pursuit, became a passion. Every spare moment was devoted to it, and every hour made new discoveries of the nature and habits of our winged friends, which we considered as amply recompensing our labors.

The most eager student of natural philosophy

could not be more attentive to those objects, or more intent on making discoveries. One sad discovery we made, that mortified us exceedingly. The mocking-bird is very scarce and very shy in this northern district. A pair came, however, to our inexpressible delight, and built a nest in a very high tree in our garden. Never was joy like ours. At the imminent risk of our necks we made shift to ascend to this lofty dwelling during the absence of the owners; birds we found none; but three eggs of a color so equivocal, that, deciding the point whether they were green or blue, furnished matter of debate for the rest of the day. To see these treasures was delightful, and to refrain from touching them impossible. One of the young we resolved to appropriate, contrary to our general humane procedure; and the next weighty affair to be discussed, was the form and size of the cage which was to contain this embryo warbler. The parents, however, arrived. On examining the premises, by some mysterious mode of their own, they discovered that their secret had been explored, and that profane hands had touched the objects of all their tenderness. Their plaintive cries we too well understood. That whole evening and all the next day they were busied in the orchard; while their loud lamentations, constantly reiterated, pierced us with remorse. We soon saw the garden nest forsaken: and a little further examination soon convinced us, that the violated eggs had been transported to another,

where, however, they were not hatched; the delicate instincts, which directed these creatures to form a new nest, and carry off their eggs, on finding they had been handled, did not, at the same time, inform them, that eggs carried away, and shaken by that motion during the process of incubation, cannot produce anything.

The great barn, which I formerly described, afforded scope for our observations of this nature; and here we remarked a phenomenon, that I am still at a loss to account for. In the highest part of that spacious and lofty roof, multitudes of swallows, of the martin species, made their nests. These were constructed of mud or clay as usual, and, in the ordinary course of things, lasted, with some repairs, from year to year. This summer, however, being unusually hot and dry, the nests, in great numbers, cracked and fell down on the floor, with the young ones in them. We often found them in this situation, but always found the birds in them alive and unhurt; and saw the old ones come to feed them on the floor, which they did with such eager confidence, that they often brushed so near as to touch us. Now we could no other way account for the nests always coming down with the birds unhurt in them, but by supposing that the swallows watched the fracture of the nests, and when they saw them about to fall, came round the descending fabric, and kept it in a kind of equilibrium. Of these birds we stood in such profound awe, that we

never profited by the accident which put them in our power; we would not indeed, for any consideration, have touched them, especially after the sad adventure of the mocking bird, which hung very heavy upon our consciences.

Autumn came, and aunt came at the appointed day, the anniversary of his death, to visit the tomb of her beloved consort. This ceremony always took place at that time. She concluded it with a visit to us, and an earnest request for my returning with her, and remaining the winter.

Chapter XX

MELANCHOLY PRESAGES—TURBULENCE OF THE PEOPLE

THE conversations between my father and aunt assumed a melancholy cast. Their hopes of a golden age in that country (now that the flames of war were entirely quenched) grew weaker. The repeal of the stamp act occasioned excessive joy, but produced little gratitude. The youth of the town, before that news arrived, had abandoned their wonted sports, and begun to amuse themselves with breaking the windows and destroying the furniture of two or three different people, who had, in succession, been suspected of being stamp-masters in embryo. My father grew fonder than ever of fishing and shooting, because birds and fish did not talk of tyranny or taxes. Sometimes we were refreshed by a visit from some of aunt's nephews, the sons of the mayor. They always left us in great good humor, for they spoke respectfully of our dear king, and dearer country. But this sunshine was transient; they were soon succeeded by Obadiah or Zephaniah, from Hampshire or Connecticut, who came in without knocking; sat down without invitation; and

lighted their pipe without ceremony; then talked of buying land; and, finally, began a discourse on politics, which would have done honor to Praise God Barebones, or any of the members of his parliament. What is very singular, is, that though the plain-spoken and manly natives of our settlement had a general dislike to the character of those litigious and loquacious pretenders, such are the inconsistencies into which people are led by party, that they insensibly adopted many of their notions. With Madame I was quite free from this plague. None of that chosen race ever entered her door. She valued time too much to devote it to a set of people whom she considered as greatly wanting in sincerity. I speak now of the Hampshire and Connecticut people. In towns and at sea-ports the old leaven had given way to that liberality which was produced by a better education, and an intercourse with strangers. Much as aunt's loyal and patriotic feelings were hurt by the new mode of talking which prevailed, her benevolence was not cooled, nor her mode of living changed.

I continued to grow in favor with aunt this winter; for the best possible reasons, I was the only one of the family that would sit still with her. The young people in the house were by no means congenial with her; and each had a love affair in hand fast ripening into matrimony, that took up all their thoughts. Mr. H. our chaplain, was plausible, but superficial, vain, and ambitious. He too was

busied in hatching a project of another kind. On pretence of study, he soon retired to his room after meals, dreading no doubt that aunt might be in possession of Ithuriel's spear, or to speak without a figure, might either fathom his shallowness or detect his project. One of these discoveries he knew would sink him in her opinion, and the other exclude him from her house. For my own part, I was always puzzling myself to consider, why I did not more love and reverence Mr. H., who I took it for granted must needs be good, wise, and learned; for I thought a clergyman was all but inspired. Thus thinking, I wondered why I did not feel for Mr. H. what I felt for aunt in some degree; but unfortunately Mr. H. was a true bred native of Connecticut, which perhaps helped more than any intuitive penetration to prevent any excess of veneration. Aunt and I read Burnet's memoirs and some biography this winter, and talked at least over much geography and natural history. Here indeed, I was in some degree obliged to Mr. H. I mean for a few lessons on the globe. He had too an edition of Shakespeare. I have been trying but in vain to recollect what aunt said of this. Not much certainly, but she was much pleased with the Essay on Man, etc. Yet I somehow understood that Shakespeare was an admired author, and was not a little mortified when I found myself unable to appreciate his merits. I suppose my taste had been vitiated by bombast tragedies I had read at Colonel

E's. I thought them grossly familiar, and very inferior to Cato, whom aunt had taught me to admire; in short I was ignorant, and because I could read Milton, did not know my own ignorance. I did not expect to meet nature in a play, and therefore did not recognize her. 'T is not to be conceived how I puzzled over Hamlet, or how his assumed madness and abuse of Ophelia confounded me. Othello's jealousy, and the manner in which he expressed it, were quite beyond my comprehension.

I mention these things as a warning to other young people not to admire by rote, but to wait the unfolding of their own taste, if they would derive real pleasure from the works of genius. I rather imagine I was afraid aunt would think I devoted too much time to what I then considered as a *trifling book*. For I remember reading Hamlet the third or fourth time, in a frosty night, by moonlight, in the back porch. This reiterated perusal was not in consequence of any great pleasure it afforded me; but I was studiously laboring to discover the excellence I thought it must needs contain; yet with more diligence than success. Madame was at this time, I imagine, foreseeing a storm, and trying to withdraw her mind as much as possible from earthly objects.

Forty years before this period, a sister of the deceased colonel had married a very worthy man of the name of Wendell.[1] He being a person of an

[1] Jacob Wendell, a half-brother of Aunt Schuyler, settled in Boston as a merchant, and attained to a high position in business and civil life.

active, enterprising disposition, and possessing more portable wealth than usually fell to the share of the natives there, was induced to join some great commercial company near Boston, and settled there. He was highly prosperous and much beloved, and for a while cultivated a constant commerce with the friends he left behind. When he died, however, his wife, who was a meek, benevolent woman, without distrust, and a stranger to business, was very ill-treated: her sons, who had been married in the country, died. Their connections secured the family property for their children. In the primitive days of New York, a marriage settlement was an unheard of thing. Far from her native home, having out-lived her friends, helpless and uncomplaining, this good woman, who had lived all her days in the midst of deserved affluence and affection, was now stripped by chicanery of all her rights, and sinking into poverty without a friend or comforter. Aunt, immediately upon hearing this, set on foot a negotiation to get Mrs. Wendell's affairs regulated, so that she might have the means of living with comfort in a country in which long residence had naturalized her; or that failing, to bring her home to reside with herself. Perhaps in the whole course of her life, she had not experienced so much of the depravity of human nature as this inquiry unfolded to her. The negotiation, however, cheered and busied her at a time when she greatly needed some exertion of mind to check

the current of thought produced by the rapid and astonishing change of manners and sentiments around her. But in our province there were two classes of people who absolutely seemed let loose by the demon of discord, for the destruction of public peace and private confidence. One of these was composed of lawyers, who multiplied so fast that one would think they rose like mushrooms from the earth. For many years one lawyer was sufficient for the whole settlement. But the swarm of these, which had made so sudden and portentous an appearance, had been encouraged to choose that profession, because a wide field was open for future contention, merely from the candor and simplicity of the last generation.

Not in the least distrusting each other, nor aware of the sudden rise of the value of lands, these primitive colonists got large grants from government, to encourage their efforts in the early stages of cultivation; these lands being first purchased, for some petty consideration, from the Indians, who alone knew the land marks of that illimitable forest.

The boundaries of such large grants, when afterwards confirmed by government, were distinguished by the terms used by the Indians, who pointed them out; and very extraordinary marks they were. For instance, one that I recollect. "We exchange with our brother Cornelius Rensselaer, for so many strouds, guns, etc., the lands beginning at the beaver creek, going on northward, to the great fallen plane

tree, where our tribe slept last summer; then eastward, to the three great cedars on the hillock; then westward, strait to the wild duck swamp; and strait on from the swamp to the turn in the beaver creek where the old dam was."[1]

Such are the boundaries seriously described in this manner, in one of the earliest patents. The only mode, then existing, of fixing those vague limits was to mark large trees which grew at the corners of the property, with the owner's name deeply cut, along with the date of the patent, etc., after blazing, that is to say, cutting deeply into the tree, for a plain space to hold this inscription.

In this primitive manner were all the estates in the province bounded. Towards the sea this did very well, as the patents, in a manner, bounded each other; and every one took care to prevent the encroachments of his neighbor. But in the interior people took great stretches of land here and there, where there were not patented lands adjoining; there being no continuity of fertile ground except on the banks of streams. The only security the public had against these trees being cut down, or others at a greater distance marked in their stead, was a law which made such attempts penal. This was a very nugatory threat; it being impossible to

[1] The boundless wilderness was thought to afford such an inexhaustible region for townships, domains, settlements, farms, etc., that boundaries were loosely described, whether for large or small tracts. See note, vol. I. p. 56.

prove such an offence. Crimes of this nature encroaching on the property of individuals, I believe, rarely happened: but to enlarge one's boundary, by taking in a little of King George's ground, to use a provincial phrase, was considered as no great harm; and, besides, many possessed extensive tracts of land unquestioned, merely on the strength of Indian grants unsanctioned by government. One in particular, the proudest man I ever knew, had a law-suit with the king, for more land than would form a German principality. Now that the inundation of litigious new settlers, from Massachusetts' bounds, had awakened the spirit of inquiry, to call it no worse, every day produced a fresh law-suit, and all of the same nature, about ascertaining boundaries. In one instance, where a gentleman was supposed to be unfairly possessed of a vast tract of fine land, a confederacy of British officers, I must confess, questioned his right;[1] applying beforehand for a grant of such lands as they could prove the possessor entitled to; and contributing among them a sum of money to carry on this great law-suit, which having been given against them in the province, they appealed to the board of trade and plantations at home. Here the uncertainty of the law

[1] After the conquest of Canada some British officers, wishing to settle in the country, applied for a patent of lands in Claverack, N. Y., belonging to Col. John Van Rensselaer, father of General Schuyler's wife. The lands had been in possession of the Van Rensselaers an hundred and thirty years, secured to them by purchase of the Indians, and by royal patents. The application was eventually denied.

was very glorious indeed; and hence, from the gainful prospect opening before them, swarms of petulant, half-educated young men, started one knew not whence. And as these great law-suits were matter of general concern, no one knowing whose turn might be next, all conversation begun to be infected with litigious cant; and everything seemed unstable and perplexed.

Chapter XXI

SETTLERS OF A NEW DESCRIPTION — MADAME'S CHAPLAIN

ANOTHER class of people contributed their share to destroy the quiet and order of the country. While the great army, that had now returned to Britain, had been stationed in America, the money they spent there, had, in a great measure, centred in New York, where many ephemeral adventurers began to flourish as merchants, who lived in a gay and even profuse style, and affected the language and manners of the army on which they depended. Elated with sudden prosperity, those people attempted every thing that could increase their gains; and, finally, at the commencement of the Spanish war, fitted out several privateers, which, being sent to cruise near the mouth of the gulf of Florida, captured several valuable prizes. Money so easily got was as lightly spent, and proved indeed ruinous to those who shared it; they being thus led to indulge in expensive habits, which continued after the means that supplied them were exhausted. At the departure of the army, trade languished among these new

North Pearl Street and the North Dutch Church about 1805

people; their British creditors grew clamorous; the primitive inhabitants looked cold upon them; and nothing remained for them but that self-banishment, which, in that country, was the usual consequence of extravagance and folly, a retreat to the woods. Yet, even in these primeval shades, there was no repose for the vain and the turbulent. It was truly amusing to see those cargoes of rusticated fine ladies and gentlemen going to their new abodes, all lassitude and chagrin; and very soon after, to hear of their attempts at finery, consequence, and preëminence, in the late invaded residence of bears and beavers. There, no pastoral tranquillity, no sylvan delights awaited them. In this forced retreat to the woods they failed not to carry with them those household gods whom they had worshiped in town; the pious Æneas was not more careful of his Penates, nor more desirous of establishing them in his new residence. These are the persons of desperate circumstances, expensive habits, and ambitious views; who, like the "tempest-loving raven," delight in changes, and anticipate, with guilty joy, the overturn of states in which they have nothing to lose, and have hopes of rising on the ruins of others. The lawyers, too, foresaw that the harvest they were now reaping from the new mode of inquiry into disputed titles, could not be of long duration. They did not lay a regular plan for the subversion of the existing order of things; but they infected the once plain and primitive conversation

of the people with law jargon, which spread like a disease, and was the more fatal to elegance, simplicity, and candor, as there were no rival branches of science, the cultivation of which might have divided people's attention with this dry contentious theme.

The spirit of litigation, which narrowed and heated every mind, was a great nuisance to Madame, who took care not to be much troubled with it in conversation, because she discountenanced it at her table, where, indeed, no petulant upstarts were received. She was, however, persecuted with daily references to her recollections with regard to the traditionary opinions relative to boundaries, etc. While she sought refuge in the peaceable precincts of the gospel, from the tumultuous contests of the law, which she always spoke of with dislike, she was little aware that a deserter from her own camp was about to join the enemy. Mr. H. our chaplain, became, about this time, very reserved and absent; law and politics were no favorite topics in our household, and these alone seemed much to interest our divine. Many thought aunt was imposed on by this young man, and took him to be what he was not; but this was by no means the case. She neither thought him a wit, a scholar, nor a saint; but merely a young man, who, to very good intentions and a blameless life, added the advantages of a better education than fell to the lot of laymen there; simplicity of manners, and some powers of

conversation, with a little dash of the coxcomb, rendered tolerable by great good nature.

Vanity, however, was the rock on which our chaplain split; he found himself, among the circle he frequented, the one-eyed king in the kingdom of the blind; and thought it a pity such talents should be lost in a profession where, in his view of the subject, bread and peace were all that was to be expected. The first intelligence I heard was, that Mr. H. on some pretence or other, often went to the neighboring town of Schenectady, now rising into consequence, and there openly renounced his profession, and took out a license as a practising lawyer. It is easy to conjecture how Madame must have considered this wanton renunciation of the service of the altar for a more gainful pursuit, aggravated by simulation at least; for this seeming open and artless character took all the benefit of her hospitality, and continued to be her inmate the whole time that he was secretly carrying on a plan he knew she would reprobate. She, however, behaved with great dignity on the occasion; supposing, no doubt, that the obligations she had conferred upon him, deprived her of a right to reproach or reflect upon him. She was never after heard to mention his name; and when others did, always shifted the conversation.

All these revolutions in manners and opinion helped to endear me to aunt, as a pupil of her own school; while my tenacious memory enabled me to

entertain her with the wealth of others' minds, rendered more amusing by the simplicity of my childish comments. Had I been capable of flattery, or rather had I been so deficient in natural delicacy, as to say what I really thought of this exalted character, the awe with which I regarded her would have deterred me from such presumption; but as I really loved and honored her, as virtue personified, and found my chief happiness in her society and conversation, she could not but be aware of this silent adulation, and she became indeed more and more desirous of having me with her. To my father, however, I was now become, in some degree, necessary, from causes somewhat similar. He, too, was sick of the reigning conversation; and being nervous, and rather inclined to melancholy, began to see things in the darkest light, and made the most of a rheumatism, in itself bad enough, to have a pretext for indulging the chagrin that preyed upon his mind, and avoiding his Connecticut persecutors, who attacked him everywhere but in bed. A fit of chagrin was generally succeeded by a fit of homesickness, and that by a paroxysm of devotion exalted to enthusiasm; during which all worldly concerns were to give way to those of futurity. Thus melancholy and thus devout I found my father; whose pure and upright spirit was corroded with the tricks and chicanery he was forced to observe in his new associates, with whom his singular probity and simplicity of character rendered him

very unfit to contend. My mother, active, cheerful, and constantly occupied with her domestic affairs, sought pleasure nowhere, and found content everywhere. I had begun to taste the luxury of intellectual pleasures with a very keen relish. Winter, always severe, but this year armed with tenfold vigor, checked my researches among birds and plants, which constituted my summer delights; and poetry was all that remained to me. While I was, "in some diviner mood," exulting in these scenes of inspiration, opened to me by the "humanizing muse," the terrible decree went forth, that I was to read no more "idle books or plays." This decree was merely the momentary result of a fit of sickness and dejection, and never meant to be seriously enforced. It produced, however, the effect of making me read so much divinity, that I fancied myself got quite "beyond the flaming bounds of space and time;" and thought I could never relish light reading more. In this solemn mood, my greatest relaxation was a visit now and then to aunt's sister-in-law, now entirely bedridden, but still possessing great powers of conversation, which were called forth by the flattering attention of a child to one whom the world had forsaken. I loved indeed play, strictly such, thoughtless, childish play, and next to that, calm reflection and discussion. The world was too busy and too artful for me; I found myself most at home with those who had not entered, or those who had left it.

My father's illness was much aggravated by the conflict which began to arise in his mind regarding his proposed removal to his lands, which were already surrounded by a new population, consisting of these fashionable emigrants from the gay world at New York, whom I have been describing, and a set of fierce republicans, if anything sneaking and drawling may be so called, whom litigious contention had banished from their native province, and who seemed let loose, like Samson's foxes, to carry mischief and conflagration wherever they went. Among this motley crew there was no regular place of worship, nor any likely prospect that there should, for their religions had as many shades of difference as the leaves of autumn; and every man of substance who arrived, was preacher and magistrate to his own little colony. To hear their people talk, one would think time had run back to the days of the levellers. The settlers from New York, however, struggled hard for superiority, but they were not equal in chicane to their adversaries, whose power lay in their cunning. It was particularly hard for people who acknowledged no superior, who had a thorough knowledge of law and scripture, ready to wrest to every selfish purpose, it was particularly hard, I say, for such all-sufficient personages to hold their land from such people as my father and others, of "King George's red coats," as they elegantly styled them. But they were fertile in expedients. From the original establish-

ment of these provinces, the Connecticut river had been accounted the boundary, to the east, of the province of New York, dividing it from the adjoining one; this division was specified in old patents, and confirmed by analogy. All at once, however, our new tenants at will made a discovery, or rather had a revelation, purporting, that there was a twenty mile line, as they called it, which in old times had been carried thus far beyond the Connecticut river, into the bounds of what had ever been esteemed the province of New York. It had become extremely fashionable to question the limits of individual property, but for so bold a stroke at a whole province, people were not prepared. The consequence of establishing this point was, that thus the grants made by the province of New York, of lands not their own, could not be valid; and thus the property, which had cost the owners so much to establish and survey, reverted to the other province, and was no longer theirs. This was so far beyond all imagination, that though there appeared not the smallest likelihood of its succeeding, as the plea must in the end be carried to Britain, people stood aghast, and saw no safety in living among those who were capable of making such daring strides over all established usage, and ready, on all occasions, to confederate where any advantage was in view, though ever engaged in litigious contentions with each other in their original home. This astonishing plea, during its dependence, af-

forded these dangerous neighbors a pretext to continue their usurped possession till it should be decided to which province the lands really belonged. They even carried their insolence so far, that when a particular friend of my father's, a worthy, upright man, named Munro,[1] who possessed a large tract of land adjoining to his; when this good man, who had established a settlement, saw-mills, etc., came to fix some tenants of his on his lands, a body of these incendiaries came out, armed, to oppose them, trusting to their superior numbers and the peaceable disposition of our friend. Now, the fatal twenty mile line ran exactly through the middle of my father's property. Had not the revolution followed so soon, there was no doubt of this claim being rejected in Britain; but in the meantime it served as a pretext for daily encroachment and insolent bravadoes. Much of my father's disorder was owing to the great conflict of his mind. To give up every prospect of consequence and afflu-

[1] John Munro, who for several years was very troublesome to the New Hampshire settlers, was a Scotchman, a New York justice of the peace, and resided in Shaftsbury, within a few rods of the New York line. After the year 1772, the threats of the Green Mountain boys appear to have kept him quiet; but on the approach of Burgoyne in 1777 he joined the British, and his personal property in Vermont was confiscated. He had been the agent of Duane, and from a desponding letter which he wrote to the latter in 1786, it appears that he was on his return to Canada from England, where he had been prosecuting his claims on the British government for his services and losses as a loyalist, without much success, and was returning to his family, penniless, and friendless, and appealed to his former friend and employer, for sympathy and aid. See "Hiland Hill's Early History of Vermont."

ence, and return to Britain, leaving his property afloat among these ungovernable people (to say no worse of them), was very hard. Yet to live among them, and by legal coercion force his due out of their hands, was no pleasing prospect. His good angel, it would seem in the sequel, whispered to him to return. Though, in human prudence, it appeared a fatal measure to leave so valuable a property in such hands, he thought, that he would stay two or three years; and then, when others had vanquished his antagonists, and driven them off the lands, which they, in the meantime, were busily clearing, he should return with a host of friends and kinsmen and form a chosen society of his own. He however waited to see what change for the better another twelvemonth might produce. Madame, who was consulted on his plans, did not greatly relish this; he, at length, half promised to leave me with her, till he should return from this expedition.

Returning for a short time to town in spring I found aunt's house much enlivened by a very agreeable visitor; this was Miss W., daughter to the Honorable Mr. W., of the council.[1] Her elder

[1] Archibald Kennedy, captain in the royal navy, married, first, Catharine, only child of Col. Peter Schuyler of New Jersey, by whom he received a large fortune; and, secondly, Anne, daughter of John Watts, member of the King's Council. The mother of Miss Watts was a Van Cortlandt, and related to Aunt Schuyler. Kennedy in the Revolutionary War saved his large estate, returned to England, and inherited the earldom of Cassilis. The sister of Anne Watts married

sister was afterwards Countess of Cassilis, and she herself was long afterwards married to the only native of the continent, I believe, who ever succeeded to the title of baronet. She possessed much beauty, and understanding, and vivacity. Her playful humor exhilarated the whole household. I regarded her with admiration and delight; and her fanciful excursions afforded great amusement to aunt, and were like a gleam of sunshine amidst the gloom occasioned by the spirit of contention which was let loose among all manner of people.

The repeal of the stamp act having excited new hopes, my father found all his expectations of comfort and prosperity renewed by this temporary calm, and the proposed return to Britain was deferred for another year. Aunt, to our great joy, as we scarce hoped she would again make so distant a visit, came out to the Flats with her fair visitor, who was about to return to New York. This lady, after going through many of the hardships to which persecuted loyalists were afterwards exposed, with her husband, who lost an immense property in the service of government, is now with her family settled in Upper Canada, where Sir J. Johnson has obtained a large grant of lands as a partial retribution for his great losses and faithful service.

Aunt again requested and again obtained permission for me to pass some time with her; and

John Johnson, who on the death of his father, Sir William Johnson, Bart., succeeded to the title. Sir John died in Montreal in 1830.

golden dreams of felicity at Clarendon, again began to possess my imagination. I returned however soon to the Flats, where my presence became more important, as my father became less eager in pursuit of field sports.

Chapter XXII

MODE OF CONVEYING TIMBER IN RAFTS DOWN THE RIVER

I BROUGHT out some volumes of Shakespeare with me, and, remembering the prohibition of reading plays promulgated the former winter, was much at a loss how to proceed. I thought rightly that it was owing to a temporary fit of spleen. But then I knew my father was, like all military men, tenacious of his authority, and would possibly continue it merely because he had once said so. I recollected that he said he would have no plays brought to the house; and that I read them unchecked at Madame's, who was my model in all things. It so happened that the river had been higher than usual that spring, and, in consequence, exhibited a succession of very amusing scenes. The settlers, whose increase above towards Stillwater had been for three years past incredibly great, set up saw-mills on every stream, for the purpose of turning to account the fine timber which they cleared in great quantities off the new lands. The planks they drew in sledges to the side of the great river; and when the season arrived that swelled the

View of Albany from Van Rensselaer Island

stream to its greatest height, a whole neighborhood assembled, and made their joint stock into a large raft, which was floated down the river with a man or two on it, who with long poles were always ready to steer it clear of those islands or shallows which might impede its course. There is something serenely majestic in the easy progress of those large bodies on the full stream of this copious river. Sometimes one sees a whole family transported on this simple conveyance; the mother calmly spinning, the children sporting about her, and the father fishing on one end, and watching its safety at the same time. These rafts were taken down to Albany, and put on board vessels there, for conveyance to New York; sometimes, however, it happened that, as they proceeded very slowly, dry weather came on by the time they reached the Flats, and it became impossible to carry them further; in that case they were deposited in great triangular piles opposite our door. One of these, which was larger than ordinary, I selected for a reading closet. There I safely lodged my Shakespeare; and there in my play hours I went to read it undisturbed, with the advantage of fresh air, a cool shade, and a full view of the road on one side, and a beautiful river on the other. While I enjoyed undisturbed privacy, I had the prohibition full in my mind, but thought I should keep to the spirit of it by only reading the historical plays, comforting myself that they were true.

These I read over and over with pleasure ever new; it was quite in my way, for I was familiarly acquainted with the English history; now, indeed, I began to relish Shakespeare, and to be astonished at my former blindness to his beauties. The contention of the rival roses occupied all my thoughts, and broke my rest. "Wind-changing Warwick" did not change oftener than I, but at length my compassion for holy Henry, and hatred to Richard, fixed me a Lancastrian. I began to wonder how any body could exist without reading Shakespeare, and at length resolved, at all risks, to make my father a sharer in my new found felicity. Of the nature of taste I had not the least idea; so far otherwise, that I was continually revolving benevolent plans to distribute some of the poetry I most delighted in among the Bezalees and Habakkuks, of the twenty mile line. I thought this would make them happy as myself, and that when they once felt the charm of "musical delight," the harsh language of contention would cease, and legal quibbling give way before the spirit of harmony. How often did I repeat Thompson's description of the golden age, concluding,

> "For music held the whole in perfect peace."

At home, however, I was in some degree successful. My father did begin to take some interest in the roses, and I was happy, yet kept both my secret and my closet, and made more and more advances

in the study of these "wood notes wild." *As you like it*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* enchanted me; and I thought the comfort of my closet so great, that I dreaded nothing so much as a flood, that should occasion its being once more set in motion. I was one day deeply engaged in compassionating Othello, sitting on a plank, added on the outside of the pile for strengthening it, when happening to lift my eyes, I saw a long serpent on the same board, at my elbow, in a threatening attitude, with its head lifted up. Othello and I ran off together with all imaginable speed; and as that particular kind of snake seldom approaches any person, unless the abode of its young is invaded, I began to fear I had been studying Shakespeare in a nest of serpents. Our faithful servant examined the place at my request. Under the very board on which I sat, when terrified by this unwished associate, was found a nest with seven eggs. After being most thankful for my escape, the next thing was to admire the patience and good humor of the mother of this family, who permitted such a being as myself so long to share her haunt with impunity. Indeed, the rural pleasures of this country were always liable to those drawbacks; and this place was peculiarly infested with the familiar garter-snake, because the ruins of the burnt house afforded shelter and safety to these reptiles.

Chapter XXIII

THE SWAMP—PATRICK COONIE

THIS adventure made me cautious of sitting out of doors, yet I daily braved a danger of the same nature, in the woods behind the house, which were my favorite haunts, aud where I frequently saw snakes, yet was never pursued or annoyed by them. In this wood, half a mile from the house, was a swamp, which afforded a scene so totally unlike any thing else, that a description of it may amuse those who have never seen nature in that primitive state.

This swamp, then, was in the midst of a pine wood, and was surrounded on two sides by little hills, some of which were covered with cedar, and others with the silver fir, very picturesque, and finely varied with shrubs, and every gradation of green. The swamp sunk into a hollow, like a large basin, exactly circular; round half of it, was a border of maple, the other half was edged with poplar.[1] No creature ever entered this place in

[1] From the southern border of this swamp issued a small brook called the Vleykil, which emptied into the Kramkil, the southern boundary of the old Schuyler farm. From the northern boundary of the swamp issued another Vleykil which emptied into a creek called the Steenbrookkil forming the northern bounds of the farm. The

summer, its extreme softness kept it sacred from every human foot, for no one could go, without the risk of being swallowed up; different aquatic plants grew with great luxuriance in this quagmire, particularly bulrushes, and several beautiful species of the iris, and the alder and willow; much of it, however, was open, and in different places the water seemed to form stagnant pools; in many places large trees had fallen of old, which were now covered with moss, and afforded a home to numberless wild animals. In the midst of this aquatic retreat, were two small islands of inconceivable beauty, that rose high above the rest, like the oasis of the deserts, and were dry and safe though unapproachable. On one of these, I remember, grew three apple trees, an occurrence not rare here; for a squirrel, for instance, happens to drop the seeds of an apple in a spot at once sheltered and fertile; at a lucky season, they grow and bear, though with less vigor and beauty than those which are cultivated. That beautiful fruit, the wild plum, was also abundant on these little sanctuaries, as they might be called, for, conscious of impunity, every creature that flies the pursuit of man, gambolled in safety here, and would allow one to gaze at them from the brink of this natural fortress. One would think a congress of birds and animals had assembled here; never was a spot

swamp was drained long since, and is now occupied in part by nurseries, flower gardens, country mansions, and a railroad track.

more animated and cheerful. There was nothing like it in the great forests; creatures here, aware of their general enemy, man, had chosen it as their last retreat. The black, the large silver grey, the little striped, and nimble flying squirrel, were all at home here, and all visible in a thousand fantastic attitudes. Pheasants and woodpeckers in countless numbers, displayed their glowing plumage, and the songsters of the forest, equally conscious of their immunity, made the marsh resound with their blended music, while the fox, here a small auburn colored creature, the martin, and racoons occasionally appeared and vanished through the foliage. Often, on pretence of bringing home the cows in the morning (when in their own leisurely way they were coming themselves), I used to go, accompanied by my faithful Marian, to admire this swamp, at once a menagerie and aviary, and might truly say with Burns,

"My heart rejoic'd in nature's joys."

Not content, however, with the contemplation of animated nature, I began to entertain a fancy, which almost grew into a passion, for explaining

"Every herb that sips the dew."

The ordinary plants of that country differ very much from those most frequent here; and this thirst for herbalizing, for I must dignify my humble researches with the name of botanical ones, was a pleasing occupation. I made some progress in dis-

covering the names and natures of these plants, I mean their properties; but unfortunately they were only Indian or Dutch names. This kind of knowledge, in that degree, is easily acquired there, because every one possesses it in some measure. Nothing surprised me so much, when I came to Britain, as to see young people so incurious about nature.

The woods behind our dwelling had been thinned to procure firing, and were more open and accessible than such places generally are. Walking one fine summer's evening, with my usual attendant, a little further into the wood than usual, but far from any known inhabitant, I heard peals of laughter, not joyous only, but triumphant, issue from the bottom, as it seemed, of a large pine. Silence succeeded, and we looked at each other with a mixture of fear and wonder, for it grew darkish. At last we made a whispered agreement to glide nearer among the bushes, and explore the source of all this merriment. Twilight, solemn everywhere, is awful in these forests; our awe was presently increased by the appearance of a light, that glimmered and disappeared by turns. Loud laughter was again reiterated, and at length a voice cried, "How pretty he is!" while another answered in softer accents, "See how the dear creature runs!" We crept on, cheered by these sounds, and saw a handsome, good-natured looking man, in a ragged provincial uniform, sitting on a stump of a tree. Opposite, on the ground, sat a pretty little brunette woman, neatly though meanly

clad, with sparkling black eyes, and a countenance all vivacity and delight. A very little, very fair boy, with his mother's brilliant black eyes contrasting his flaxen hair and soft infantine complexion, went with tottering steps, that showed this was his first essay, from one to the other, and loud laughter gratulated his safe arrival in the arms of either parent. We had now pretty clearly ascertained the family, the next thing was to discover the house; this point was more difficult to establish; at last, we found it was barely a place to sleep in, partly excavated from the ground, and partly covered with a slight roof of bark and branches: never was poverty so complete or so cheerful. In that country, every white person had inferiors, and therefore being merely white, claimed a degree of respect, and being very rich, or very fine, entitled you to very little more. Simplicity would be a charming thing, if one could strain it from grossness, but that, I believe is no easy operation. We now, with much consideration and civility, presented ourselves; I thought the cows would afford a happy opening for conversation. "Don't be afraid of noise, we are driving our three cows home; have you any cows?" "Och no, my dare child, not one, young miss," said the soldier. "O, but then mamma will give milk to the child, for we have plenty and no child." "O dear pretty miss, don't mind that at all, at all." "Come," said the mistress of the hovel, "we have got fine butter-milk here, from Stephen's, come in and take

a drink." I civilly declined this invitation, being wholly intent on the child, who appeared to me like a smiling love, and at once seized on my affection. Patrick Coonie, for such was the name of our new neighbor, gave us his history in a very few words; he had married Kate in Pennsylvania, who, young as she looked, had three children, from ten to fourteen, or thereabouts; he had some trade which had not thriven, he listed in the provincials, spent what he had on his family; hired again, served another campaign, came down penniless, and here they had come for a temporary shelter, to get work among their neighbors; the excavation existed before, Patrick happily discovered it, and added the ingenious roof which now covered it.[1] I asked for their other children; they were in some mean service. I was all anxiety for Patrick: so was not he; the lilies of the field did not look gayer, or more thoughtless of to-morrow, and Kate seemed equally unconcerned.

Hastily were the cows driven home that night, and to prevent reproaches for delay, I flew to communicate my discovery. Eager to say how ill off we often were for an occasional hand, to assist with our jobs, and how well we could spare a certain neglected log-house on our premises, etc. This was treated as very chimerical at first, but when Patrick's

[1] If it will gratify any one's curiosity to know where the site of the humble cot of Patrick Coonie was located, it is pointed out as in the now populous village of West Troy, and in the immediate vicinity of the residence of the late wealthy manufacturer James Roy.

family had undergone a survey, and Kate's accomplishments of spinning, etc., were taken into consideration, to my unspeakable joy, the family were accommodated as I wished, and their several talents made known to our neighbors, who kept them in constant business. Kate spun and sung like a lark, little Paddy was mostly with us, for I taught every one in the house to be fond of him.

I was at the utmost loss for something to cherish and caress, when this most amusing creature, who inherited all the gaiety and good temper of his parents, came in my way, as the first of possible playthings. Patrick was, of all beings, the most handy and obliging; he could do everything, but then he could drink too, and the extreme cheapness of liquor was a great snare to poor creatures addicted to it; Patrick, however, had long lucid intervals, and I had the joy of seeing them comparatively happy. To this was added, that of seeing my father recover his spirits, and renew his usual sports, and moreover, I was permitted to return to Aunt Schuyler's. I did not fail to entertain her with the history of my discovery, and its consequences, and my tale was not told in vain. Aunt weighed and balanced all things in her mind, and drew some good out of everything.

White servants, whom very few people had, were very expensive here; but there was a mode of meliorating things. Poor people who came adventurers from other countries, and found a settlement

a slower process than they were aware of, had got into a mode of apprenticing their children. No risk attended this in Albany; custom is all-powerful; and lenity to servants was so much the custom, that to ill-use a defenceless creature in your power was reckoned infamous, and was indeed unheard of. Aunt recommended the young Coonies, who were fine well-looking children, for apprentices to some of the best families in town, where they were well bred and well-treated, and we all contributed decent clothing for them to go home in. I deeply felt this obligation, and little thought how soon I was to be deprived of all the happiness I owed to the friendship of my dear benefactress. This accession occupied and pleased me exceedingly; my attachment to the little boy grew hourly, and I indulged it to a degree I certainly would not have done, if I had not set him down for one of the future inhabitants of Clarendon; that region of fancied felicity, where I was building log-houses in the air perpetually, and filling them with an imaginary population, innocent and intelligent beyond comparison. These visions, however, were soon destined to give way to sad realities. The greatest immediate tribulation I was liable to, was Patrick's coming home now and then gay beyond his wonted gaiety; which grieved me both on Kate's account and that of little Paddy: but in the fertile plains of Clarendon, remedies were to be found for every passing evil; and I had not the least doubt of having influence enough to pre-

vent the admission of spirituous liquors into that "region of calm delights." Such were the dreams from which I was awakened (on returning from a long visit to aunt) by my father's avowing his fixed intention to return home.

A very worthy Argyleshire friend of his, in the meantime, came and paid him a visit of a month; which month was occupied in the most endearing recollections of Lochawside, and the hills of Morven. When I returned, I heard of nothing but the Alpine scenes of Scotland, of which I had not the smallest recollection; but which I loved with borrowed enthusiasm: so well that they at times balanced with Clarendon. My next source of comfort was, that I was to return to the land of light and freedom, and mingle, as I flattered myself I should, with such as those whom I had admired in their immortal works. Determined to be happy, with the sanguine eagerness of youth, the very opposite materials served for constructing another ideal fabric.

Chapter XXIV

MRS. SCHUYLER'S VIEW OF THE CONTINENTAL POLITICS

AUNT was extremely sorry when the final determination was announced. She had now her good sister-in-law, Mrs. Wendell, with her, and seemed much to enjoy the society of that meek, pious woman, who was as happy as any thing earthly could make her. As to public affairs their aspect did not please her; and therefore she endeavored, as far as possible, to withdraw her attention from them. She was too well acquainted with the complicated nature of human affairs, to give a rash judgment on the political disputes then in agitation. She saw indeed reason for apprehension whatever way she turned. She knew the prejudices and self-opinion fast spreading through the country too well, to expect quiet submission, and could see nothing on all hands but a choice of evils. Were the provinces to set up for themselves, she thought they had not cohesion nor subordination enough among them to form, or to submit to any salutary plan of government. On the other hand she saw no good effect likely to result from a reluctant

dependence on a distant people, whom they already began to hate, though hitherto nursed and protected by them. She clearly foresaw that no mode of taxation could be invented to which they would easily submit; and that the defence of the continent from enemies, and keeping the necessary military force to protect the weak and awe the turbulent, would be a perpetual drain of men and money to Great Britain, still increasing with the increased population. In short, she held all the specious plans that were talked over very cheap; while her affection for Britain made her shudder at the most distant idea of a separation; yet not as supposing such a step very hurtful to this country, which would be thus freed of a very costly incumbrance. But the dread of future anarchy, the horrors of civil war, and the dereliction of principle which generally results from tumultuary conflicts, were the spectres with which she was haunted.

Having now once for all given (to the best of my recollection) a faithful sketch of aunt's opinions on this intricate subject, I shall not recur to them, nor by any means attempt to enter into any detail of the dark days that were approaching. First, because I feel unspeakable pain in looking back upon occurrences that I know too well, though I was not there to witness; in which the friends of my early youth were greatly involved, and had much indeed to endure, on both sides. Next, because there is little satisfaction in narrating transactions where there is

FORT FREDERICK, STATE STREET, ALBANY, ABOUT 1765

no room to praise either side. That waste of personal courage and British blood and treasure, which were squandered to no purpose on one side in that ill-conducted war, and the insolence and cruelty which tarnished the triumph of the other, form no pleasing subject of retrospection: while the unsuccessful and often unrewarded loyalty of the sufferers for government, cannot be recollected without the most wounding regret. The years of Madame, after I parted with her, were involved in a cloud raised by the conflicts of contending arms, which I vainly endeavored to penetrate. My account of her must therefore, in a great measure, terminate with this sad year. My father taking in spring decided measures for leaving America, intrusted his lands to the care of his friend John Munro, Esq., then residing near Clarendon, and chief magistrate of that newly peopled district; a very worthy friend and countryman of his own, who was then in high triumph, on account of a fancied conquest over the supporters of the twenty mile line; and thought, when that point was fully established, there would be no further obstruction to their realizing their property to great advantage, or colonizing it from Scotland, if such should be their wish. Aunt leaned hard to the latter expedient, but my father could not think of leaving me behind to await the chance of his return; and I had been talked into a wish for revisiting the land of my nativity.

I left my domestic favorites with great pain, but

took care to introduce them to aunt, and implored her, with all the pathos I was mistress of, to take an interest in them when I was gone; which she very good naturedly promised to do. Another very kind thing she did. Once a year she spent a day or two at General Schuyler's, I call him by his later acquired title, to distinguish him from the number of his namesakes I have had occasion to mention. She now so timed her visit (though in dreadful weather) that I might accompany her, and take my last farewell of my young companions there: yet I could not bring myself to think it a final one. The terrible words, *no more*, never passed my lips. I had too buoyant a spirit to encounter a voluntary heart-ache by looking on the dark side of anything, and always figured myself returning, and joyfully received by the friends with whom I was parting.

Chapter XXV

DESCRIPTION OF THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE ON HUDSON'S RIVER

SOON after this I witnessed, for the last time, the sublime spectacle of the ice breaking up on the river; an object that fills and elevates the mind with ideas of power, and grandeur, and, indeed, magnificence; before which all the triumphs of human art sink into contemptuous insignificance. This noble object of animated greatness, for such it seemed, I never missed: its approach being announced, like a loud and long peal of thunder, the whole population of Albany were down at the river side in a moment; and if it happened, as was often the case, in the morning, there could not be a more grotesque assemblage. No one who had a night-cap on waited to put it off; as for waiting for one's cloak, or gloves, it was a thing out of the question; you caught the thing next you, that could wrap round you, and run. In the way you saw every door left open, and pails, baskets, etc., without number, set down in the street. It was a perfect saturnalia. People never dreamt of being obeyed by their slaves, till the ice was past. The houses

were left quite empty: the meanest slave, the youngest child, all were to be found on the shore. Such as could walk, ran; and they that could not, were carried by those whose duty it would have been to stay and attend them. When arrived at the *show place*, unlike the audience collected to witness any spectacle of human invention, the multitude with their eyes all bent one way, stood immovable, and silent as death, till the tumult ceased, and the mighty commotion was passed by; then every one tried to give vent to the vast conceptions with which his mind had been distended. Every child, and every negro, was sure to say, "Is not this like the day of judgment?" and what they said every one else thought. Now to describe this is impossible; but I mean to account, in some degree, for it. The ice, which had been all winter very thick, instead of diminishing, as might be expected in spring, still increased, as the sunshine came, and the days lengthened. Much snow fell in February; which, melted by the heat of the sun, was stagnant, for a day, on the surface of the ice; and then by the night frosts, which were still severe, was added, as a new accession to the thickness of it, above the former surface. This was so often repeated, that in some years the ice gained two feet in thickness, after the heat of the sun became such, as one would have expected should have entirely dissolved it. So conscious were the natives of the safety this accumulation of ice afforded, that the sledges con-

tinued to drive on the ice, when the trees were budding, and everything looked like spring; nay, when there was so much melted on the surface that the horses were knee deep in water, while travelling on it; and portentous cracks, on every side, announced the approaching rupture. This could scarce have been produced by the mere influence of the sun, till midsummer. It was the swelling of the waters under the ice, increased by rivulets, enlarged by melted snows, that produced this catastrophe; for such the awful concussion made it appear. The prelude to the general bursting of this mighty mass, was a fracture, lengthways, in the middle of the stream, produced by the effort of the imprisoned waters, now increased too much to be contained within their wonted bounds. Conceive a solid mass, from six to eight feet thick, bursting for many miles in one continued rupture, produced by a force inconceivably great, and, in a manner, inexpressibly sudden. Thunder is no adequate image of this awful explosion, which roused all the sleepers, within reach of the sound, as completely as the final convulsion of nature, and the solemn peal of the awakening trumpet, might be supposed to do. The stream in summer was confined by a pebbly strand, overhung with high and steep banks, crowned with lofty trees, which were considered as a sacred barrier against the encroachments of this annual visitation. Never dryads dwelt in more security than those of the vine clad elms, that ex-

tended their ample branches over this mighty stream. Their tangled nets laid bare by the impetuous torrents, formed caverns ever fresh and fragrant; where the most delicate plants flourished, unvisited by scorching suns, or snipping blasts; and nothing could be more singular than the variety of plants and birds that were sheltered in these intricate safe recesses. But when the bursting of the crystal surface set loose the many waters that had rushed down, swollen with the annual tribute of dissolving snow, the islands and low lands were all flooded in an instant; and the lofty banks, from which you were wont to overlook the stream, were now entirely filled by an impetuous torrent, bearing down, with incredible and tumultuous rage, immense shoals of ice; which, breaking every instant by the concussion of others, jammed together in some places, in others erecting themselves in gigantic heights for an instant in the air, and seemed to combat with their fellow giants crowding on in all directions, and falling together with an inconceivable crash, formed a terrible moving picture, animated and various beyond conception; for it was not only the cerulean ice, whose broken edges combating with the stream, refracted light into a thousand rainbows, that charmed your attention, lofty pines, large pieces of the bank torn off by the ice with all their early green and tender foliage, were drove on like travelling islands, amid this battle of breakers, for such it seemed. I am absurdly at-

tempting to paint a scene, under which the powers of language sink. Suffice it, that this year its solemnity was increased by an unusual quantity of snow, which the last hard winter had accumulated, and the dissolution of which now threatened an inundation.

Solemn indeed it was to me, as the memento of my approaching journey, which was to take place whenever the ice broke, which is here a kind of epoch. The parting with all that I loved at the Flats was such an affliction, as it is even yet a renewal of sorrows to recollect. I loved the very barn and the swamp I have described so much that I could not see them for the last time without a pang. As for the island and the bank of the river, I know not how I should have parted with them, if I had thought the parting final; the good kind neighbors, and my faithful and most affectionate Marian, to whom of all others this separation was most wounding, grieved me not a little. I was always sanguine in the extreme, and would hope against hope; but Marian, who was older, and had more common sense, knew too well how little likelihood there was of my ever returning. Often with streaming eyes and bursting sobs she begged to know if the soul of a person dying in America could find its way over the vast ocean to join that of those who rose to the abodes of future bliss from Europe: her hope of a reunion being now entirely referred to that in a better world. There was no truth I

found it so difficult to impress upon her mind as the possibility of spirits being instantaneously transported from one distant place to another; a doctrine which seemed to her very comfortable. Her agony at the final parting I do not like to think of. When I used to obtain permission to pass a little time in town, I was transported with the thoughts of the enjoyments that awaited me in the society of my patroness, and the young friends I most loved.

Chapter XXVI

DEPARTURE FROM ALBANY — ORIGIN OF THE STATE OF VERMONT

AFTER quitting the Flats we were to stay for some days at Madame's, till we should make a circular visit, and take leave. Having lulled my disappointment with regard to Clarendon,[1] and filled all my dreams with images of Clydesdale and Tweedale, and every other vale or dale that were the haunts of the pastoral muse in Scotland, I grew pretty well reconciled to my approaching journey; thinking I should meet piety and literature in every cottage, and poetry and music in every recess, among the sublime scenery of my native mountains.

[1] Duncan MacVicar was a staff-officer of the 55th Scotch Highlanders of the rank of lieutenant. As such officer he was entitled to 2,000 acres of land, and by the purchases which Mrs. Grant speaks of, became the proprietor of 4,000 more, all of which he located in a body, partly in the town of Shaftsbury and partly in what is now White Creek, N. Y., the twenty-mile line running exactly through the centre of it. This property he called a township, and gave it the name of Clarendon, and anticipated, as Mrs. Grant says, great enjoyment of a baronial estate. Becoming disgusted with the surroundings of his property, unable to obtain a suitable tenantry, and alarmed at the spread of republicanism and disloyalty, he embarked in the summer of 1770, with his daughter, then about fifteen years old, for his native Scotland. See Hiland "Hall's History of Vermont," p. 80, note. Mrs. Annie Laggan Dewar, a member of Mrs. Grant's family, writes from Dunfermline, Scotland, under date of 20 Sept., 1901: "I am

At any rate, I was sure I should hear the larks sing, and see the early primrose deck the woods, and daisies enamel the meadows. On all which privileges I had been taught to set the due value, yet I wondered very much how it was that I could enjoy nothing with such gay visions opening before me; my heart, I supposed, was honester than my imagination, for it refused to take pleasure in anything; which was a state of mind so new to me that I could not understand it. Everywhere I was caressed, and none of these caresses gave me pleasure; at length the sad day came that I was to take the last farewell of my first best friend, who had often in vain urged my parents to leave me till they should decide whether to stay or return. About this they did not hesitate; nor, though they had, could I have divested myself of the desire now waked in my mind, of seeing once more my native land, which I merely loved upon trust, not having the faintest recollection of it.

Madame embraced me tenderly with many tears, at parting; and I felt a kind of prelusive anguish, as if I had anticipated the sorrows that awaited; I do not mean now the painful vicissitudes of after life, but merely the cruel disappointment that I felt in finding the scenery and its inhabitants so different from the Elysian vales and Arcadian swains, that I had imagined.

unable to tell you much of my great-grandfather MacVicar: he held a commission in the 77th Fort under Col. Archibald Montgomerie, afterwards Earl of Eglinton, and I imagine he was a Captain. Later he was transferred to the 55th regiment, and retired on half pay in 1765."

When we came away, by an odd coincidence, aunt's nephew Peter was just about to be married to a very fine young creature, whom his relations did not, for some reason that I do not remember, think suitable; while, at the very same time, her niece, Miss W. had captivated the son of a rich but avaricious man, who would not consent to his marrying her, unless aunt gave a fortune with her; which, being an unusual demand, she did not choose to comply with. I was the proud and happy confidant of both these lovers; and before we left New York we heard that each had married without waiting for the withheld consent. And thus for once Madame was left without a *protégé*, but still she had her sister W. and soon acquired a new set of children, the orphan sons of her nephew Cortlandt Schuyler, who continued under her care for the remainder of her life.[1]

My voyage down the river, which was by contrary winds protracted to a whole week, would have been very pleasant, could anything have pleased me. I was at least soothed by the extreme beauty of many scenes on the banks of this fine stream, which I was fated never more to behold.

Nothing could exceed the soft, grateful verdure that met the eye on every side as we approached New York: it was in the beginning of May, the

[1] Peter Schuyler, fourth of the name, married his cousin, Gertrude Lansing, and Miss W. married John Johnson. The widow and children of Cortlandt Schuyler until they returned to Ireland lived much of the time in the house with Aunt Schuyler on State Street, Albany.

great orchards which rose on every slope were all in bloom, and the woods of poplar beyond them had their sprouting foliage tinged with a lighter shade of the freshest green. Staten Island rose gradual from the sea in which it seemed to float, and was so covered with innumerable fruit trees in full blossom, that it looked like some enchanted forest. I shall not attempt to describe a place so well known as New York, but merely content myself with saying that I was charmed with the air of easy gaiety, and social kindness, that seemed to prevail everywhere among the people, and the cheerful, animated appearance of the place altogether. Here I fed the painful longings of my mind, which already began to turn impatiently towards Madame, by conversing with young people whom I had met at her house, on their summer excursions. These were most desirous to please and amuse me; and, though I knew little of good breeding, I had good nature enough to try to seem pleased, but, in fact, I enjoyed nothing. Though I saw there was much to enjoy had my mind been turned as usual to social delight, fatigued with the kindness of others and my own simulation, I tried to forget my sorrows in sleep; but night, that was wont to bring peace and silence in her train, had no such companions here. The spirit of discord had broke loose. The fermentation was begun that had not yet ended. And at midnight, bands of intoxicated electors, who were then choosing a

member for the assembly, came thundering to the doors, demanding a vote for their favored candidate. An hour after another party equally vociferous, and not more sober, alarmed us, by insisting on our giving our votes for their favorite competitor. This was mere play; but before we embarked, there was a kind of prelusive skirmish, that strongly marked the spirit of the times. These new patriots had taken it in their heads that Lieut. Gov. Colden sent home intelligence of their proceedings, or in some other way betrayed them, as they thought, to government. In one of these fits of excess and fury, which are so often the result of popular elections, they went to his house, drew out his coach, and set fire to it. This was the night before we embarked, after a week's stay in New York.

My little story being no longer blended with the memoirs of my benefactress, I shall not trouble the reader with the account of our melancholy and perilous voyage. Here, too, with regret I must close the account of what I knew of Aunt Schuyler. I heard very little of her till the breaking out of that disastrous war, which every one, whatever side they may have taken at the time, must look back on with disgust and horror.

To tell the history of aunt during the years that her life was prolonged to witness scenes abhorrent to her feelings, and her principles, would be a painful task indeed; though I were better informed than I am, or wish to be, of the transactions of those

perturbed times. Of her private history I only know, that, on the accidental death, formerly mentioned, of her nephew Capt. Cortlandt Schuyler, she took home his two eldest sons, and kept them with her till her own death, which happened 28 August, 1782. I know too, that like the Roman

A Facsimile of Aunt Schuyler's Signature, from her Will.

Atticus, she kept free from the violence and bigotry of party, and like him too, kindly and liberally assisted those of each side, who, as the tide of success ran different ways, were considered as unfortunate. On this subject I do not wish to enlarge, but shall merely observe, that all the colonel's relations were on the republican side, while every one of her own nephews[1] adhered to the royal cause, to their very great loss and detriment; though some of them have now found a home in Upper Canada, where, if they are alienated from their native province, they have at least the consolation

[1] When the war of independence commenced there were three, and possibly five, nephews of her deceased husband, Stephen, Philip, and Peter Schuyler, Peter Lansing and Barent Staats, of whom Philip S. was a colonel in the State line. Madame's nephews were Philip and Stephen Schuyler, the one a major-general, the other a colonel under the Congress; Philip, Abraham, and Cornelius Cuyler, of whom Philip was loyal to his country, while his two brothers were royalists.

of meeting many other deserving people, whom the fury of party had driven there for refuge.[1]

Though unwilling to obtrude upon my reader any further particulars, irrelevant to the main story I have endeavored to detail, he may perhaps be desirous to know how the township of Clarendon was at length disposed of. My father's friend, Captain Munro, was engaged for himself and his

[1] Since writing the above, the author of this narrative has heard many particulars of the later years of her good friend, by which it appears, that to the last her loyalty and public spirit burned with a clear and steady flame. She was by that time too venerable as well as respectable to be insulted for her principles; and her opinions were always delivered in a manner firm and calm, like her own mind, which was too well regulated to admit the rancor of party, and too dignified to stoop to disguise of any kind. She died full of years, and honored by all who could or could not appreciate her worth; for not to esteem Aunt Schuyler was to forfeit all pretensions to estimation. — *Mrs. Grant.*

The American Lady survived her brothers and sister, and those of her deceased husband; indeed, she was for many years the sole survivor in the third generation of Philip (Pieterse) Schuyler's descendants. Her estate, derived from her father, from her brother Philip, who was killed by the French at Saratoga in 1745, and from her husband, was more considerable than Mrs. Grant supposed. By her will, dated February 21, 1762, she gave it to her ten nephews and nieces, children of her brother John and of her sister Mrs. Cuyler, to each one-tenth. Her affections were loyal to her family, and she did not discriminate because of political differences. She had leased the Flats to a nephew of her late husband, a son of Pedrom, Stephen Schuyler, who rebuilt the house on the foundations of the one destroyed by fire; and it was while on a visit to the new-old place, she died, August 28, 1782, in the eighty-third year of her age. She was buried in the private cemetery between the graves of her husband and her brother John. It is greatly to be regretted that Mrs. Schuyler's last resting-place is unmarked. *Vide* note on p. 9, Vol. II.

military friends, in a litigation, or I should rather say, the provinces of New York and Connecticut continued to dispute the right to the boundary within the twenty mile line, till a dispute still more serious gave spirit to the new settlers from Connecticut, to rise in arms, and expel the unfortunate loyalists from that district, which was bounded on one side by the Green mountains, since distinguished, like Rome in its infancy, as a place of refuge to all the lawless and uncontrollable spirits who had banished themselves from general society.

It was a great mortification to speculative romance and vanity, for me to consider that the very spot, which I had been used fondly to contemplate as the future abode of peace, innocence, and all the social virtues, that this very spot should be singled out from all others, as a refuge for the vagabonds and banditti of the continent. They were, however, distinguished by a kind of desperate bravery, and unconquerable obstinacy. They, at one time, set the states and the mother country equally at defiance, and set up for an independence of their own; on this occasion they were so troublesome, and the others so tame, that the last mentioned were fain to purchase their nominal submission by a most disgraceful concession. There was a kind of provision made for all the British subjects who possessed property in the alienated provinces, provided that they had not borne arms against the Americans; these were permitted to sell their lands, though not

for their full value, but at a limited price. My father came precisely under this description; but the Green mountain boys, as the irregular inhabitants of the disputed boundaries were then called, conscious that all the lands they had forcibly usurped were liable to this kind of claim, set up the standard of independence. They indeed positively refused to confederate with the rest, or consent to the proposed peace, unless the robbery they had committed should be sanctioned by a law, giving them a full right to retain, unquestioned, this violent acquisition.

It is doubtful, of three parties, who were most to blame on this occasion. The depredators, who, in defiance of even natural equity, seized and erected this little petulant state. The mean concession of the other provinces, who, after permitting this one to set their authority at defiance, soothed them into submission by a gift of what was not theirs to bestow; or the tame acquiescence of the then ministry, in an arrangement which deprived faithful subjects, who were at the same time war-worn veterans, of the reward assigned them for their services.

Proud of the resemblance which their origin bore to that of ancient Rome, they latinized the common appellation of their territory, and made wholesome laws for its regulation. Thus began the petty state of Vermont, and thus ends the *history of an heiress.*

Chapter XXVII

PROSPERITY OF ALBANY—GENERAL REFLECTIONS

I HOPE my readers will share the satisfaction I feel, in contemplating, at this distance, the growing prosperity of Albany, which is, I am told, greatly increased in size and consequence, far superior, indeed, to any inland town on the continent, so important from its centrical situation, that it has been proposed as the seat of congress, which, should the party attached to Britain ever gain the ascendancy over the southern states, would very probably be the case; the morality, simple manners, and consistent opinions of the inhabitants, still bearing evident traces of that integrity and simplicity which once distinguished them. The reflections which must result from the knowledge of these circumstances are so obvious, that it is needless to point them out.

A reader that has patience to proceed thus far, in a narration too careless and desultory for the grave, and too heavy and perplexed for the gay, too minute for the busy, and too serious for the idle; such a reader must have been led on by an interest in the virtues of the leading character, and will be sufficiently awake to their remaining effects.

BUILDINGS IN PART ERECTED ON THE SITE OF VANDERHUYDEN PALACE

Very different, however, must be the reflections that arise from a more general view of the present state of our ancient colonies.

> "O for that warning voice, which he who saw
> Th' Apocalypse, heard cry, That a voice, like
> The deep and dreadful organ-pipe of Heaven,"

would speak terror to those whose delight is in change and agitation; to those who wantonly light up the torch of discord, which many waters will not extinguish. Even when peace succeeds to the breathless fury of such a contest, it comes too late to restore the virtues, the hopes, the affections that have perished in it. The gangrene of the land is not healed, and the prophets vainly cry peace! peace! where there is no peace.

However upright the intentions may be of the first leaders of popular insurrection, it may be truly said of them, in the end, instruments of cruelty are in their habitations: nay, must be, for when they have proceeded a certain length, conciliation or lenity would be cruelty to their followers, who are gone too far, to return to the place from which they set out. Rectitude, hitherto upheld by laws, by custom, and by fear, now walks alone, in unaccustomed paths, and like a tottering infant, falls at the first assault, or first obstacle it meets; but falls to rise no more. Let any one who has mixed much with mankind, say, what would be the consequence if restraint were withdrawn, and impunity offered to

all whose probity is not fixed on the basis of real piety, or supported by singular fortitude, and that sound sense which, discerning remote consequences, preserves integrity as armor of proof against the worst that can happen.

True it is, that amidst these convulsions of the moral world, exigencies bring out some characters that sweep across the gloom like meteors in a tempestuous night, which would not have been distinguished in the sunshine of prosperity. It is in the swell of the turbulent ocean that the mightiest living handy-works of the author of nature are to be met with. Great minds no doubt are called out by exigencies, and put forth all their powers. Though Hercules slew the Hydra and cleansed the Augæan stable, all but poets and heroes must have regretted that any such monsters existed. Seriously beside the rancor, the treachery, and the dereliction of every generous sentiment and upright motive, which are the rank production of the blood manured field of civil discord, after the froth and feculence of its cauldron have boiled over, still the deleterious dregs remain. Truth is the first victim to fear and policy; when matters arrive at that crisis, every one finds a separate interest; mutual confidence, which cannot outlive sincerity, dies next, and all the kindred virtues drop in succession. It becomes a man's interest that his brothers and his father should join the opposite party, that some may be applauded for steadiness or enriched by confisca-

tions; to such temptations the mind, fermenting with party hatred, yields with less resistance than could be imagined by those who have never witnessed such scenes of horror darkened by duplicity. After so deep a plunge in depravity, how difficult, how near to impossible is a return to the paths of rectitude! This is but a single instance of the manner in which moral feeling is undermined in both parties. But as our nature, destined to suffer and to mourn, and to have the heart made better by affliction, finds adversity a less dangerous trial than prosperity, especially where it is great and sudden, in all civil conflicts the triumphant party may, with moral truth, be said to be the greatest sufferers. Intoxicated as they often are with power and affluence, purchased with the blood and tears of their friends and countrymen, the hard task remains to them of chaining up and reducing to submission the many headed monster, whom they have been forced to let loose and gorge with the spoils of the vanquished. Then, too, comes on the difficulty of dividing power where no one has a right, and every one a claim; of ruling those whom they have taught to despise authority; and of reviving that sentiment of patriotism, and that love of glory, which faction and self-interest have extinguished.

When the white and red roses were the symbols of faction in England, and when the contest between Baliol and Bruce made way for invasion and tyranny

in Scotland, the destruction of armies and of cities, public executions, plunder and confiscations, were the least evils that they occasioned. The annihilation of public virtue and private confidence; the exasperation of hereditary hatred; the corrupting the milk of human kindness, and breaking asunder every sacred tie by which man and man are held together; all these dreadful results of civil discord are the means of visiting the sins of civil war on the third and fourth generation of those who have kindled it. Yet the extinction of charity and kindness in dissensions like these, is not to be compared to that which is the consequence of an entire subversion of the accustomed form of government. Attachment to a monarch or line of royalty, aims only at a single object, and is at worst loyalty and fidelity misplaced; yet war once begun on such a motive, loosens the bands of society, and opens to the ambitious and the rapacious the way to power and plunder. Still, however, the laws, the customs, and the frame of government stand where they did. When the contest is decided, and the successful competitor established, if the monarch possesses ability and courts popularity, he, or at any rate his immediate successor, may rule happily, and reconcile those who were the enemies, not of his place, but of his person. The mighty image of sovereign power may change its "head of gold" for one of silver; but still it stands firm on its basis, supported by all those whom it protects. But when thrown

from its pedestal by an entire subversion of government, the wreck is far more fatal and the traces indelible. Those who on each side support the heirs claiming a disputed crown, mean equally to be faithful and loyal to their rightful sovereign; and are thus, though in opposition to each other, actuated by the same sentiment. But when the spirit of extermination walks forth over prostrate thrones and altars, ages cannot efface the traces of its progress. A contest for sovereignty is a whirlwind, that rages fiercely while it continues, and deforms the face of external nature. New houses, however, replace those it has demolished; trees grow up in the place of those destroyed; the landscape laughs, the birds sing, and everything returns to its accustomed course. But a total subversion of a long established government is like an earthquake, that not only overturns the works of man, but changes the wonted course and operation of the very elements; makes a gulf in the midst of a fertile plain, casts a mountain into a lake, and in fine produces such devastation as it is not in the power of man to remedy. Indeed it is too obvious that, even in our own country, that fire which produced the destruction of the monarchy, still glows among the ashes of extinguished factions; but that portion of the community who carried with them across the Atlantic, the repugnance to submission which grew out of an indefinite love of liberty, might be compared to the Persian Magi. Like them, when forced to fly from their native country,

they carried with them a portion of the hallowed fire, which continued to be the object of their secret worship. Those who look upon the revolution, of which this spirit was the prime mover, as tending to advance the general happiness, no doubt consider these opinions as a rich inheritance, productive of the best effects. Many wise and worthy persons have thought and still continue to think so. There is as yet no room for decision, the experiment not being completed. Their mode of government, anomalous and hitherto inefficient, has not yet acquired the firmness of cohesion, or the decisive tone of authority.

The birth of this great empire is a phenomenon in the history of mankind. There is nothing like it in reality or fable, but the birth of Minerva, who proceeded full armed and full grown out of the head of the thunderer. Population, arts, sciences, and laws, extension of territory, and establishment of power, have been gradual and progressive in other countries, where the current of dominion went on increasing as it flowed, by conquests or other acquisitions, which it swallowed like rivulets in its course: but here it burst forth like a torrent, spreading itself at once into an expanse, vast as their own superior lake, before the eyes of the passive generation which witnessed its birth. Yet it is wonderful how little talent or intellectual preëminence of any kind has appeared in this new-born world, which seems already old in worldly craft, and whose children are

indeed "wiser in their generation than the children of light." Self-interest, eagerly grasping at pecuniary advantages, seems to be the ruling principle of this great continent.

Love of country, that amiable and noble sentiment, which by turns exalts and softens the human mind, nourishes enthusiasm, and inspires alike the hero and the sage, to defend and adorn the sacred land of their nativity, is a principle which hardly exists there. An American loves his country, or prefers it rather, because its rivers are wide and deep, and abound in fish; because he has the forests to retire to, if the god of gainful commerce should prove unpropitious on the shore. He loves it because if his negro is disrespectful, or disobedient, he can sell him and buy another; while if he himself is disobedient to the laws of his country, or disrespectful to the magistracy appointed to enforce them, that shadow of authority, without power to do good, or prevent evil, must possess its soul in patience.

We love our country because we honor our ancestors; because it is endeared to us not only by early habit, but by attachments to the spots hallowed by their piety, their heroism, their genius, or their public spirit. We honor it as the scene of noble deeds, the nurse of sages, bards, and heroes. The very aspect and features of this blest asylum of liberty, science, and religion, warm our hearts, and animate our imaginations. Enthusiasm kindles at

the thoughts of what we have been, and what we are. It is the last retreat, the citadel, in which all that is worth living for is concentrated. Among the other ties which were broken, by the detachment of America from us, that fine ligament, which binds us to the tombs of our ancestors (and seems to convey to us the spirit and the affections we derive from them), was dissolved: with it perished all generous emulation. Fame,

> "That spur which the clear mind doth raise
> To live laborious nights and painful days,"

has no votaries among the students of Poor Richard's almanac, the great *Pharos* of the states. The land of their ancestors, party hostility has taught them to regard with scorn and hatred. That in which they live calls up no images of past glory or excellence. Neither hopeful nor desirous of that after-existence, which has been most coveted by those who do things worth recording, they not only live, but thrive; and that is quite enough. A man no longer says of himself with exultation, "I belong to the land where Milton sung the song of seraphims, and Newton traced the paths of light; where Alfred established his throne in wisdom, and where the palms and laurels of renown shade the tombs of the mighty and the excellent." Thus dissevered from recollections so dear, and so ennobling, what ties are substituted in their places? Can he regard with tender and reverential feelings,

a land that has not only been deprived of its best ornaments, but become a receptacle of the outcasts of society from every nation in Europe? Is there a person whose dubious or turbulent character has made him unwelcome or suspected in society, he goes to America, where he knows no one, and is of no one known; and where he can with safety assume any character. All that tremble with the consciousness of undetected crimes, or smart from the consequence of unchecked follies; fraudulent bankrupts, unsuccessful adventurers, restless projectors, or seditious agitators, this great Limbus Patrum has room for them all; and to it they fly in the day of their calamity. With such a heterogeneous mixture a transplanted Briton of the original stock, a true old American, may live in charity, but can never assimilate. Who can, with the cordiality due to that sacred appellation, "my country," apply it to that land of Hivites and Girgashites, where one cannot travel ten miles, in a stretch, without meeting detachments of different nations, torn from their native soil and first affections, and living aliens in a strange land, where no one seems to form part of an attached, connected whole.

To those enlarged minds, who have got far beyond the petty consideration of country and kindred, to embrace the whole human race, a land, whose population is like Joseph's coat, of many colors, must be a peculiarly suitable abode. For

in the endless variety of the patchwork, of which society is composed, a liberal philosophic mind might meet with the specimens of all those tongues and nations which he comprehends in the wide circle of his enlarged philanthropy.

Chapter XXVIII

FURTHER REFLECTIONS — GENERAL HAMILTON

THAT some of the leaders of the hostile party in America acted upon liberal and patriotic views can not be doubted. There were many, indeed, of whom the public good was the leading principle; and to these the cause was a noble one: yet even these little foresaw the result. Had they known what a cold, selfish character, what a dereliction of religious principle, what furious factions, and wild unsettled notions of government, were to be the consequences of this utter alienation from the parent state, they would have shrunk back from the prospect. Those fine minds who, nurtured in the love of science and of elegance, looked back to the land of their forefathers for models of excellence, and drank inspiration from the production of the British muse, could not but feel this rapture as "a wrench from all we love, from all we *are*." They, too, might wish, when time had ripened their growing empire, to assert that independence which, when mature in strength and knowledge, we claim even of the parents we love and honor. But to snatch it with a rude and bloody grasp, outraged the feelings of those gentler

children of the common parent. Mildness of manners, refinement of mind, and all the softer virtues that spring up in the cultivated paths of social life, nurtured by generous affections, were undoubtedly to be found on the side of the unhappy loyalists; whatever superiority in vigor and intrepidity might be claimed by their persecutors. Certainly, however necessary the ruling powers might find it to carry their system of exile into execution, it has occasioned to the country an irreparable privation.

When the revocation of the Edict of Nantz gave the scattering blow to the protestants of France, they carried with them their arts, their frugal regular habits, and that portable mine of wealth which is the portion of patient industry. The chasm produced in France by the departure of so much humble virtue, and so many useful arts, has never been filled.

What the loss of the Huguenots was to commerce and manufactures in France, that of the loyalists was to religion, literature, and *amenity*, in America. The silken threads were drawn out of the mixed web of society, which has ever since been comparatively coarse and homely. The dawning light of elegant science was quenched in universal dulness. No ray has broken through the general gloom except the phosphoric lightnings of her cold blooded philosopher, the deistical Franklin, the legitimate father of the American "age of calculation." So well have "the children of his *soul*" profited by

the frugal lessons of this apostle of Plutus, that we see a new empire blest in its infancy with all the saving virtues which are the usual portion of cautious and feeble age; and we behold it with the same complacent surprise which fills our minds at the sight of a young miser.

Forgive me, shade of the accomplished Hamilton[1] while all that is lovely in virtue, all that is honorable in valor, and all that is admirable in talent, conspire to lament the early setting of that western star; and to deck the tomb of worth and genius with wreaths of immortal bloom:

> "Thee Columbia long shall weep;
> Ne'er again thy kindness see;"

fain would I add,

> "Long her strains in sorrows steep,
> Strains of immortality."— *Gray.*

but alas!

> "They have no poet, and they die." — *Pope.*

His character was a bright exception; yet, after all, an exception that only confirms the rule. What must be the state of that country where worth, talent, and the disinterested exercise of every faculty of a vigorous and exalted mind, were in vain devoted to the public good? Where, indeed, they

[1] General Alexander Hamilton, killed in a duel, into which he was forced by Col. Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, at New York, in 1804. — *Mrs. Grant.*

only marked out their possessor for a victim to the shrine of faction? Alas! that a compliance with the laws of false honor (the only blemish of a stainless life), should be so dearly expiated! Yet the deep sense expressed by all parties of this general loss, seems to promise a happier day at some future period, when this chaos of jarring elements shall be reduced by some pervading and governing mind into a settled form.

But much must be done, and suffered, before this change can take place. There never can be much improvement till there is union and subordination; till those strong local attachments are formed, which are the basis of patriotism, and the bonds of social attachment. But, while such a wide field is open to the spirit of adventure; and, while the facility of removal encourages that restless and ungovernable spirit, there is little hope of any material change. There is in America a double principle of fermentation, which continues to impede the growth of the arts and sciences, and of those gentler virtues of social life, which were blasted by the breath of popular fury. On the sea-side there is a perpetual importation of lawless and restless persons, who have no other path to the notoriety they covet, but that which leads through party violence; and of want of that local attachment, I have been speaking of, there can be no stronger proof, than the passion for emigration so frequent in America.

The West Side of Pearl Street from Maiden Lane North

Among those who are neither beloved in the vicinity of their place of abode, nor kept stationary by any gainful pursuit, it is incredible how light a matter will afford a pretext for removal!

Here is one great motive, for good conduct and decorous manners, obliterated. The good opinion of his neighbors is of little consequence to him, who can scarce be said to have any. If a man keeps free of those crimes which a regard to the public safety compels the magistrate to punish, he finds shelter in every forest from the scorn and dislike incurred by petty trespasses on society. There, all who are unwilling to submit to the restraints of law and religion, may live unchallenged, at a distance from the public exercise of either. There all whom want has made desperate, whether it be the want of abilities, of character, or the means to live, are sure to take shelter. This habit of removing furnishes, however, a palliation for some evils, for the facility with which they change residence becomes the means of ridding the community of members too turbulent or too indolent to be quiet or useful. It is a kind of voluntary exile, where those whom government want power and efficiency to banish, very obligingly banish themselves; thus preventing the explosions which might be occasioned by their continuing mingled in the general mass.

It is owing to this salutary discharge of peccant humors that matters go on so quietly as they do, under a government which is neither feared nor

loved, by the community it rules. These removals are incredibly frequent; for the same family, flying as it were before the face of legal authority and civilization, are often known to remove farther and farther back into the woods, every fifth or sixth year, as the population begins to draw nearer. By this secession from society, a partial reformation is in some cases effected. A person incapable of regular industry and compliance with its established customs will certainly do least harm, when forced to depend on his personal exertions. When a man places himself in the situation of Robinson Crusoe, with the difference of a wife and children for that solitary hero's cats and parrots, he must of necessity make exertions like his, or perish. He becomes not a regular husbandman, but a hunter, with whom agriculture is but a secondary consideration. His Indian corn and potatoes, which constitute the main part of his crop, are, in due time, hoed by his wife and daughters; while the axe and the gun are the only implements he willingly handles.

Fraud and avarice are the vices of society, and do not thrive in the shade of the forests. The hunter, like the sailor, has little thought of coveting or amassing. He does not forge, nor cheat, nor steal, as such an unprincipled person must have done in the world, where, instead of wild beasts, he must have preyed upon his fellows, and he does not drink much, because liquor is not attainable. But he becomes coarse, savage, and totally negligent

of all the forms and decencies of life. He grows wild and unsocial. To him a neighbor is an encroacher. He has learnt to do without one; and he knows not how to yield to him in any point of mutual accommodation. He cares neither to give or take assistance, and finds all the society he wants in his own family. Selfish, from the over-indulged love of ease and liberty, he sees in a new comer merely an abridgement of his range, and an interloper in that sport on which he would much rather depend for subsistence than on the habits of regular industry. What can more flatter an imagination warm with native benevolence, and animated by romantic enthusiasm, than the image of insulated self-dependant families, growing up in those primeval retreats, remote from the corruptions of the world, and dwelling amidst the prodigality of nature. Nothing however can be more anti-Arcadian. There no crook is seen, no pipe is heard, no lamb bleats, for the best possible reason, because there are no sheep. No pastoral strains awake the sleeping echoes, doomed to sleep on till the bull-frog, the wolf, and the quackawary [1] begin their nightly concert. Seriously, it is not a place that can, in any instance, constitute happiness. When listless indolence or lawless turbulence fly to shades the most tranquil, or scenes the most beautiful, they degrade nature instead of improving or enjoying

[1] Quackawary is the Indian name of a bird, which flies about in the night, making a noise similar to the sound of its name. — *Mrs. Grant.*

her charms. Active diligence, a sense of our duty to the source of all good, and kindly affections towards our fellow-creatures, with a degree of self-command and mental improvement, can alone produce the gentle manners that ensure rural peace, or enable us, with intelligence and gratitude, to "rejoice in nature's joys."

Chapter XXIX

SKETCH OF THE SETTLEMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA

FAIN would I turn from this gloomy and uncertain prospect, so disappointing to philanthropy, and so subversive of all the flattering hopes and sanguine predictions of the poets and philosophers, who were wont to look forward to a new Atlantis,

> "Famed for arts and laws derived from Jove."

in this western world. But I cannot quit the fond retrospect of what once was in one favored spot, without indulging a distant hope of what may emerge from this dark, disordered state.

The melancholy Cowley, the ingenius bishop of Cloyne, and many others, alike eminent for virtue and for genius, looked forward to this region of liberty as a soil, where peace, science, and religion could have room to take root and flourish unmolested. In those primeval solitudes, enriched by the choicest bounties of nature, they might (as these benevolent speculators thought) extend their shelter to tribes no longer savage, rejoicing in the light of evangelic truth, and exalting science. Little

did these amiable projectors know how much is to be done before the human mind, debased by habitual vice, and cramped by artificial manners in the old world, can wash out its stains and resume its simplicity in a new; nor did they know through how many gradual stages of culture the untutored intellect of savage tribes must pass before they become capable of comprehending those truths which to us habit has rendered obvious, or which at any rate we have talked of so familiarly, that we think we comprehend them. These projectors of felicity were not so ignorant of human nature, as to expect change of place could produce an instantaneous change of character; but they hoped to realize an Utopia, where justice should be administered on the purest principles; from which venality should be banished, and where mankind should, through the paths of truth and uprightness, arrive at the highest attainable happiness in a state not meant for perfection. They "talked the style of gods," making very little account of "chance and sufferance." Their speculations of the result remind me of what is recorded in some ancient writer, of a project for building a magnificent temple to Diana in some one of the Grecian states. A reward was offered to him who should erect, at the public cost, with most taste and ingenuity, a structure which should do honor both to the goddess and her worshippers. Several candidates appeared. The first that spoke was a self-satisfied young man, who, in

a long florid harangue, described the pillars, the porticoes, and the proportions of this intended building, seeming all the while more intent on the display of his elocution, than on the subject of his discourse. When he had finished, a plain, elderly man came from behind him, and leaning forwards, said in a deep hollow voice, "All that he has said I will do."

William Penn was the man, born to give "a local habitation and a name," to all that had hitherto only floated in the day dreams of poets and philosophers.

To qualify him for the legislator of a new born sect, with all the innocence and all the helplessness of infancy, many circumstances concurred, that could scarce ever be supposed to happen at once to the same person; born to fortune and distinction, with a mind powerful and cultivated, he knew, experimentally, all the advantages to be derived from wealth or knowledge, and could not be said ignorantly to despise them. He had, in his early days, walked far enough into the paths of folly and dissipation, to know human character in all its varieties, and to say experimentally — all is vanity. With a vigorous mind, an ardent imagination, and a heart glowing with the warmest benevolence, he appears to have been driven, by a repulsive abhorrence of the abuse of knowledge, of pleasure, and preëminence, which he had witnessed, into the opposite extreme; into a sect, the very first principles of which, clip the wings of fancy, extinguish am-

bition, and bring every struggle for superiority, the result of uncommon powers of mind, down to the dead level of tame equality; a fact, that reminds one of the exclusion of poets from Plato's fancied republic, by stripping off all the many-colored garbs with which learning and imagination have invested the forms of ideal excellence, and reducing them to a few simple realities, arrayed as soberly as their votaries.

This sect, which brings mankind to a resemblance of Thomson's Laplanders,

> "Who little pleasure know, and feel no pain,"

might be supposed the last to captivate, nay, to absorb, such a mind as I have been describing. Yet so it was: even in the midst of all this cold humility, dominion was to be found. That rule, which of all others, is most gratifying to a mind conscious of its own power, and directing it to the purposes of benevolence, the voluntary subjection of mind, the homage which a sect pays to its leader, is justly accounted the most gratifying species of power; and to this lurking ambition everything is rendered subservient by those, who have once known this native and inherent superiority. This man, who had wasted his inheritance, alienated his relations, and estranged his friends, who had forsaken the religion of his ancestors, and in a great measure the customs of his country, whom some charged with folly, and others with madness, was,

nevertheless, destined to plan with consummate wisdom, and execute with indefatigable activity and immovable firmness, a scheme of government, such as has been the wish, at least, of every enlarged and benevolent mind (from Plato, downwards), which has indulged speculations of the kind. The glory of realizing, in some degree, all these fair visions was, however, reserved for William Penn alone.

Imagination delights to dwell on the tranquil abodes of plenty, content, and equanimity, that so quickly "rose like an exhalation," in the domains of this pacific legislator. That he should expect to protect the quiet abodes of his peaceful and industrious followers, merely with a fence of olive (as one may call his gentle institutions), is wonderful; and the more so, when we consider him to have lived in the world, and known too well, by his own experience, of what discordant elements it is composed. A mind so powerful and comprehensive as his, could not but know, that the wealth which quiet and blameless industry insensibly accumulates, proves merely a lure to attract the armed spoiler to the defenceless dwellings of those, who do not think it a duty to protect themselves.

> "But when divine ambition swell'd his mind,
> Ambition truly great, of virtue's deeds,"

he could no otherwise execute his plan of utility, than by the agency of a people who were bound together by a principle, at once adhesive and ex-

clusive, and who were too calm and self-subdued, too benignant and just to create enemies to themselves among their neighbors. There could be no motive but the thirst of rapine, for disturbing a community so inoffensive; and the founder, no doubt, flattered himself that the parent country would not fail to extend to them that protection, which their useful lives and helpless state both needed and deserved.

Never, surely, were institutions better calculated for nursing the infancy of a sylvan colony, from which the noisy pleasures, and more bustling varieties of life, were necessarily excluded. The serene and dispassionate state, to which it seems the chief aim of this sect to bring the human mind, is precisely what is requisite to reconcile it to the privations that must be encountered, during the early stages of the progression of society, which, necessarily excluded from the pleasures of refinement, should be guarded from its pains.

Where nations, in the course of time become civilized, the process is so gradual from one race to another, that no violent effort is required to break through settled habits, and acquire new tastes and inclinations, fitted to what might be almost styled a new mode of existence. But when colonies are first settled, in a country so entirely primitive as that to which William Penn led his followers, there is a kind of retrograde movement of the mind, requisite to reconcile people to the new duties and new views that open to them, and

to make the total privation of wonted objects, modes, and amusements, tolerable.

Perfect simplicity of taste and manners, and entire indifference to much of what the world calls pleasure, were necessary to make life tolerable to the first settlers in a trackless wilderness. These habits of thinking and living, so difficult to acquire, and so painful when forced upon the mind by inevitable necessity, the Quakers brought with them, and left, without regret, a world from which they were already excluded by that austere simplicity which peculiarly fitted them for their new situation. A kindred simplicity, and a similar ignorance of artificial refinements and high seasoned pleasures, produced the same effect in qualifying the first settlers at Albany to support the privations, and endure the inconveniences of their noviciate in the forests of the new world. But to return to William Penn; the fair fabric he had erected, though it speedily fulfilled the utmost promise of hope, contained within itself the principle of dissolution, and, from the very nature of the beings which composed it, must have decayed, though the revolutionary shock had not so soon shaken its foundations. Sobriety and prudence lead naturally to wealth, and wealth to authority, which soon strikes at the root of the short lived principle of equality. A single instance may occur here and there, but who can ever suppose nature running so contrary to her bias that all the opulent members of a community

should acquire or inherit wealth for the mere purpose of giving it away? Where there are no elegant arts to be encouraged, no elegant pleasures to be procured, where ingenuity is not to be rewarded, or talent admired or exercised, what is wealth but a cumbrous load, sinking the owner deeper and deeper into grossness and dullness, having no incitement to exercise the only faculties permitted him to use, and few objects to relieve in a community from which vice and poverty are equally excluded by their industry, and their wholesome rule of expulsion. We all know that there is not in society a more useless and disgusting character than what is formed by the possession of great wealth without elegance or refinement, without, indeed, that liberality which can only result from a certain degree of cultivation. What then would a community be, entirely formed of such persons, or, supposing such a community to exist, how long would they adhere to the simple manners of their founder, with such a source of corruption mingled with their very existence? Detachment from pleasure and from vanity, frugal and simple habits, and a habitual close adherence to some particular trade or employment, are circumstances that have a sure tendency to enrich the individuals who practise them. This in the end is "to give humility a coach and six," that is, to destroy the very principle of adhesion which binds and continues the sect.

Highly estimable as a sect, these people were re-

spectable and amiable in their collective capacity as a colony. But then it was an institution so constructed, that, without a miracle, its virtues must have expired with its minority. I do not here speak of the necessity of its being governed and protected by those of different opinions, but merely of wealth stagnating without its proper application. Of this humane community it is but just to say, that they were the only Europeans in the new world who always treated the Indians with probity like their own, and with kindness calculated to do honor to the faith they professed. I speak of them now in their collective capacity. They too are the only people that, in a temperate, judicious (and, I trust, successful), manner, have endeavored, and still endeavor to convert the Indians to Christianity; for them too was reserved the honorable distinction of being the only body who sacrificed interest to humanity, by voluntarily giving freedom to those slaves whom they held in easy bondage. That a government so constituted could not, in the nature of things, long exist, is to be regretted; that it produced so much good to others and so much comfort and prosperity to its subjects while it did exist, is an honorable testimony of the worth and wisdom of its benevolent founder.

Chapter XXX

PROSPECTS BRIGHTENING IN AMERICA

HOWEVER discouraging the prospect of society on this great continent may at present appear, there is every reason to hope time, and the ordinary course of events, may bring about a desirable change; but in the present state of things, no government seems less calculated to promote the happiness of its subjects, or to ensure permanence to itself, than that feeble and unstable system which is only calculated for a community comprising more virtue, and more union than such a heterogeneous mixture can be supposed to have attained. States, like individuals, purchase wisdom by suffering, and they have probably much to endure before they assume a fixed, determined form.

Without partiality it may be safely averred, that notwithstanding the severity of the climate, and other unfavorable circumstances, the provinces of British America are the abode of more present safety and happiness, and contain situations more favorable to future establishments, than any within the limits of the United States.

To state all the grounds upon which this opinion is founded, might lead me into discussions, narra-

North Pearl Street from State Street to Maiden Lane

tives, and description which might swell into a volume, more interesting than the preceding one. But being at present neither able or inclined to do justice to the subject, I shall only briefly observe first, with regard to the government, it is one to which the governed are fondly attached, and which like religion becomes endeared to its votaries, by the sufferings they have endured for their adherence to it. It is consonant to their earliest prejudices, and sanctioned by hereditary attachment. The climate is indeed severe, but it is steady and regular, the skies in the interior are clear, the air pure. The summer, with all the heat of warm climates to cherish the productions of the earth, is not subject to the drought that in such climates scorches and destroys them. Abundant woods furnish shelter and fuel, to mitigate the severity of winter; and streams rapid and copious flow in all directions to refresh the plants and cool the air, during their short but ardent summer.

The country, barren, at the sea-side, does not afford an inducement for those extensive settlements which have a tendency to become merely commercial from their situation. It becomes more fertile as it recedes further from the sea. Thus holding out an inducement to pursue nature into her favorite retreats, where on the banks of mighty waters, calculated to promote all the purposes of social traffic among the inhabitants, the richest soil, the happiest climate, and the most complete detachment

from the world, promises a safe asylum to those who carry the arts and the literature of Europe, hereafter to grace and enlighten scenes where agriculture has already made rapid advances.

In the dawning light which already begins to rise in these remote abodes, much may be discovered of what promises a brighter day. Excepting the remnant of the old Canadians, who are a very inoffensive people, patient and cheerful, attached to monarchy, and much assimilated to our modes of thinking and living, these provinces are peopled, for the most part, with inhabitants possessed of true British hearts and principles. Veterans who have shed their blood, and spent their best days in the service of the parent country, and royalists who have fled here for a refuge, after devoting their property to the support of their honor and loyalty; who adhere together and form a society graced by that knowledge, and those manners, which rendered them respectable in their original state, with all the experience gained from adversity; and that elevation of sentiment which results from the consciousness of having suffered in a good cause. Here, too, are clusters of emigrants, who have fled, unacquainted with the refinements, and uncontaminated by the old world, to seek for that bread and peace, which the progress of luxury and the change of manners denied them at home. Here they come in kindly confederation, resolved to cherish in those kindred groups, which have left with social sorrow their

native mountains, the customs and traditions, the language and the love of their ancestors, and to find comfort in that religion, which has been ever their support and their shield, for all that they have left behind.[1]

It is by tribes of individuals intimately connected with each other by some common tie, that a country is most advantageously settled; to which the obvious superiority in point of principle and union that distinguishes British America from the United States, is chiefly owing. Our provinces afford no room for wild speculations either of the commercial or political kind; regular, moderate trade, promising little beyond a comfortable subsistence, and agriculture, requiring much industry and settled habits, are the only paths open to adventurers; and the chief inducement to emigration is the possibility of an attached society of friends and kindred, finding room to dwell together, and meeting, in the depth of these fertile wilds, with similar associations. Hence solitary and desperate adventurers, the vain, the turbulent, and the ambitious, shun these regulated abodes of quiet industry, for scenes more adapted to their genius.

I shall now conclude my recollections, which circumstances have often rendered very painful; but

[1] It is needless to enlarge on a subject, to which Lord Selkirk has done such ample justice, who wanted nothing but a little experience and a little aid, to make the best practical comments on his own judicious observations. — *Mrs. Grant.*

will not take upon me to enlarge on those hopes that stretch a dubious wing into temporal futurity, in search of a brighter day, and a better order of things. Content if I have preserved some records of a valuable life; thrown some glimmering light upon the progress of society in that peculiar state, which it was my fate to witness and to share, and afforded some hours of harmless amusement to those lovers of nature and of truth, who can patiently trace their progress through a tale devoid alike of regular arrangement, surprising variety, and artificial embellishment.

The reader, who has patiently gone on to the conclusion of these desultory memoirs, will perhaps regret parting with that singular association of people, the Mohawk tribes, without knowing where the few that remain have taken up their abode. It is but doing justice to this distinguished race to say, that, though diminished, they were not subdued; though voluntary exiles, not degraded. Their courage and fidelity were to the last exerted in the most trying exigencies. True to their alliance with that nation with whom they had ever lived in friendship, and faithful to that respectable family, who had formed at once the cement and the medium by which that alliance was confirmed, and through which assurances of attachment and assistance had been transmitted, all that remained of this powerful nation followed Sir John Johnson (the son of their revered

Sir William) into Upper Canada, where they now find a home around the place of his residence. One old man alone, having no living tie remaining, would not forsake the tombs of his ancestors, and remains like "a watchman on the lonely hill;" or rather like a sad memento of an extinguished nation.

APPENDIX

MRS. ANNE GRANT'S LETTERS TO DR. JOSEPH GREEN COGSWELL, 1819–1821

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND MRS. GRANT IN 1834

COMMUNICATIONS FROM MRS. GRANT TO MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER, 1837–1838

LETTERS TO MRS. GRANT FROM ROBERT SOUTHEY AND OTHERS, 1811–1834

"THE INDIAN WIDOW," AND LINES ADDRESSED TO AN AMERICAN LADY BY MRS. GRANT

A LIST OF MRS. GRANT'S WRITINGS

APPENDIX

LETTERS TO DR. JOSEPH GREEN COGSWELL[1]

AMENDELL HOUSE, Dec. 12, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR, — I must begin by assuring you that very soon after the receipt of your letter from Leipsic I bestowed all my tediousness upon you in a long and minute epistle, and though I were as tedious as a queenlike Dogberry, I made your honor very welcome. You may believe, I regret exceedingly that what I took so much pains to write should never have reached you. But there is no intellectual treasure lost, for I remember merely that it was a gossiping letter, containing all the little occurrences of the town, which I thought would be as acceptable to you as any wit or wisdom of mine, if I had such to bestow. I was much amused in the meantime with your letter, and all the lazy luxury and rural lounges of your Leipsic friends. I should exempt the ladies from this charge, who seem to have been like the little busy bee in the children's hymn. I cannot now recollect or arrange all that I told you in my former letter, but go on to say how much we were amused by a visit from young John Lowell and a good-natured heavy friend of his, Porter by name, as unlike himself as possible. I might tell you too of the pains I took to amuse them, and par-

[1] Joseph Green Cogswell (1786–1871) spent two years with George Ticknor at Göttingen University, and later the two young New Englanders were guests of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. Becoming the friend and companion of Halleck and Irving, he was appointed with them a Trustee of the Astor Library, later becoming its Superintendent, and purchasing the books in Europe. Dr. Cogswell had met Goethe, Humboldt, Byron, Béranger, and almost all of the brilliant Edinburgh literary circle of Mrs. Grant's era, having spent the winter of 1818–19 there. He was perhaps the greatest favorite among her many American friends and correspondents.

ticularly how I did go down to Stirling with them, including in the party a very admirable English clergyman who was here upon a tour through Scotland, Ryland by name; also Miss Steven and Miss North, to both of whom Stirling was new. How fine the weather was, how smooth the motion of the steamboat, and how beautiful, grand, and classical the scenery, I shall not attempt to say. Nor yet — for that would prove difficult — how much my fellow-travellers — your countrymen — were particularly delighted. Of the hospitality of good old friends to so large a party I could not say enough. Suffice that, after three days of much enjoyment, both lively and serene, we proceeded homewards, Mr. Ryland westward, and the Bostonians to Loch Katrine, all parting with much mutual regret. A period follows of which I have a very confused recollection from the rapid succession of strangers, with letters of introduction, to whom I felt obliged, as best I could, to do the honors of Edinburgh. They were persons whom it was a pleasure to see and serve, but came in such quick succession that they have not kept the place they deserved in my memory. Mrs. Fletcher had gone with her family to visit her relations in Yorkshire. Every one else that strangers care for was out of town, by which means I stood alone to do these duties of hospitality. In August Mrs. F., with her daughters, went to London. My son was pressed to spend his holidays with our friends the Ruckers, and Angus Fletcher being to go up at the same time, they went together. Mrs. Fletcher's journey proved very interesting, from her present intercourse with persons whom to name is to praise, — Joanna Baillie, Lady Byron, Thomas Campbell, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Fry, and numberless names of less renown, the rest unknown to fame. John [Mrs. Grant's son] was very fortunate in the kindness of his friends. Not content with showing him all that could amuse or improve him, they went purposely to Oxford, staying two days to show it to him, and carried him on a tour they were making to the Isle of Wight. He staid six or seven weeks. Meantime, we too had an enjoyment. I must go back to tell you Miss North, a little before this time, went reluctantly to London; that Miss Futher, a very fine girl, and her brothers, two handsome, modest, and well informed young man, were among our summer guests — that they wished her to return, but she implored and

obtained a respite for another year — that they carried her with them all over the Highlands for a fortnight, which delighted them not a little, and confirmed her Scottish mania; also that Moore [Mrs. Grant's daughter], taking a fancy to spend a little time in the sheltering retreats of beautiful Dunkeld, we proceeded there early in August, and though pressed by many Highland friends to stay with them, and within a day's journey of Laggan, I took lodgings in the pretty little town of Dunkeld. I received a letter from the Duchess of Athol, then at Blair, giving free access to all her walks and gardens in that delightful spot. The clergy of the place (there are two) are both learned and most agreeable men, and made to us the most pleasant neighbors imaginable. We were overwhelmed with kindness by the gentry in the vicinity, and certainly before the cordiality of Highland kindness that of others sinks into mere civility. Seeing we would not come, they sent us everything you could think of — among the rest a pretty little pony for Moore to ride as long as pleased her, of which she made great use. The only thing like an event that occurred to us was my meeting with Prince Leopold, which took place in consequence of a visit I paid to the Izetts of Kinnaird. Mrs. Izett, a very amiable woman, with a highly cultivated mind, was the particular friend of the late Mrs. Brunton, to whom her published letters are chiefly addressed. Staying a few very pleasant days with her, half-way betwixt Dunkeld and Blair, we heard the Prince, who had dined the day before with the Duke, was to pass through the Kinnaird grounds on his way to Lord Breadalbane's. Resolved on getting a complete view of him, we went down to the River Tummel, where he must needs cross. He left his horses to be fed in the village, and crossed with the intention to walk on, attended by only three or four gentlemen. He met us, and spoke to us. I was formally introduced to him, conversed with him a little, and might have prolonged that pleasure had I not been doubtful of encroaching on his politeness. I was charmed with his appearance. Yet his singular fate — the sudden elevation and more sudden depression of "this husband of a year, this father of a day" — pressed so heavily on my mind, that I spoke to him with a hesitation that the sense of superior rank would never have produced. Do you remember Colonel Stuart? Now I think of it, he was not in Edinburgh in your day.

He was the Prince's cicerone in his native Breadalbane, and a very fit one, for a truer or braver Highlander breathes not. Three weeks, three little weeks, I spent in Athol, and then removed to Dumblane, on account of its medicinal waters, recommended to Moore. This abode too I liked exceedingly — the old Cathedral, the solemn walks, the good Bishop Leighton's memory and his library, had all charms for me; but the greatest charm was that leisure and perfect freedom to which in general I am so much a stranger, and living for the time merely with and for my dear girls. We lived a great deal within that fortnight, and sadly reluctant was I to leave, though a call of duty as well as of friendship summoned me at the time, and I left Isabella and Moore to enjoy the quiet and the waters a week longer. I found my sick friend better, and then went to spend three happy weeks at Jordanhill, with that dear family whose firm and tender attachment has been the cordial of my life for forty years past, and whose excellent children inherit their parents' feelings towards me and mine. Three other weeks passed here, I need not say how pleasantly. I was then obliged to return home, having to meet a gentleman who had placed a daughter with me, Ildeton by name. I should have staid on the way with the Hon. Mrs. Erskine at Amendell, whom you must remember. She remembers you perfectly. We had agreed to pass the week of the musical festival, which we both wished to avoid, in this retreat, but it could not be. What I dreaded took place. I was obliged to go to the festival, and to see a balloon fly over the Calton Hill, etc. The consequence was that I caught a violent cold, attended with other unpleasant symptoms. I was seriously ill, and kept the house six weeks. I began to go out a very little, and was really much better, when Mrs. Erskine prevailed on me, very easily indeed, to accompany her, with one other lady. Here I am so very well, so perfectly quiet, spending my time so much to my wish, and in such congenial society. Hearing too such good accounts of Moore, that I dread next week, when I must fly this abode of pensive peace to mingle with the crowd, and be at cross purposes about various engagements. Now, after all this egotism, it is time to speak of other people. We have Miss Stanger, very much improved, and Miss Ildeton, from England; Miss Steven, much come out and handsome, and a fine,

good girl; Miss Crochs from the West Country. Miss Edward and Mr. Crawford fell out violently, — he went to London, and she to old friends near Leith, who brought her up. They wished to seclude her among them from a fear that she would, doubtless, marry Captain Macdonald. I understand she is about to leave them, and think it is likely she will marry the Captain after all. Do you remember the Captain's pretty sister, Jacobina? She is lately married to a very ill-looking and very silly Yorkshire baronet, under age, — some years younger than herself, but possessed of twelve thousand a year. Her sister is gone up with her. A marriage has just taken place which gives the utmost concern to the friends of both parties. It is that of the thrice beautiful Miss Maclean with a very idle and shallow young man, Clark, a younger brother of Clark of Comrie, totally unprovided, and without any feasible prospect. They say the glory of carrying her off privately was the chief motive. I was thunderstruck at hearing this to-day, having imagined that she was on the way to India with Lady Loudon or Hastings. You hardly know so much of young Lady Thomas Cochran as would make you sorry for her death, which happened a month ago, after the birth of a child. You remember the Stotts. Their son is gone to Oxford this season, and they are very sensibly gone too — to watch over him. Do you remember Mr. Frederic Grant? He is just married to a very lovely and accomplished girl of his own name, who was a while our very pleasant inmate. They are gone, accompanied by her sister, to spend a year on the Continent. You may possibly meet them in Paris; pray be on the lookout for them. How much I should admire the taste of Augustus [Thorndike] if it led him to fall in love with her! He will see few so elegant, none more amiable or accomplished. I heard of a loss with much regret to-day, though not with more concern than the news of Miss Maclean's marriage. It is the death of that of an excellent and much loved person, Mrs. Col. Gerrard, the daughter of Rev. Mr. Allison, and the mother of five children. It took place in Lausanne, where she went in full health, and caught this fatal typhus fever. I thank you for translating to me in idea the great sublime of nature, which carried you "Beyond the visible Diurnal sphere," while the Alps in all their lofty grandeur and snowy purity lay before you. I have much curiosity about Bo-

hemia. Why did you not tell me more of my long admired and much approved Tyrolese? I would tell you much of Edinburgh, and all the architectural wonders that have been wrought in your absence, but I have a strong hope that you will see it again, and wish you to be agreeably surprised. Mr. Arthur, a gentleman of family with a strong taste for literature, is with his family at Tours. His wife is a sister of Mrs. Gillies, and was a visitor of mine. Will you deliver my compliments to her? I know some other people at Tours, but forget at this moment who they are. Crawford is coarse, but not malicious. I take it that Miss Edward, who has a great relish for the pleasure of giving pain, took particular pains to make him jealous of you. He said to me that you were full of nonsensical German romance, and I do not think he said more to any one. All reporters, whether in or out of the House of Commons, are given to exaggerate. I say nothing of the acts of Radicals — you will find them all in the papers — only that I view them with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, and not in the least in fear. I am glad Augustus goes home. My good wishes follow him. I wish they could overtake him with the effect of making him do justice to a very good heart and respectable understanding. Write from Paris, and believe me, with sincere good will and much regard,

Yours, ANNE GRANT.

P. S. — Answered instantly upon receipt. Mrs. Erskine sends her compliments to you, and wishes much that you were here again with us.

101, PRINCES STREET, [EDINBURGH] 24th May, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR, — I received your letter with very great pleasure, for I do love to be remembered, and were I writing of you instead of addressing yourself to you, I should describe the sort of persons by whom I most desire to be remembered. But you are so tenderly cherished by friends whose praise is fame, that my mite of approbation would scarce be noticed amidst the abundance of these testimonies of affection, sweetened with encomiums (more sincere than most such), that you receive from others. Now, I purposely delayed writing that I might not send fear or sorrow over the sea. Yet I have begun very meritoriously in the pangs of a rheumatic toothache, but this is merely pain, which you know some philoso-

phers considered as no evil. So do not I. But you know too well when we have felt the extremity of mental agony how lightly mere bodily pain appears in comparison. But now to my narration. Soon after I received your letter I was seized with an influenza, which has for some weeks past been epidemical in town. Isabella had it before, in her meek, quiet way saying very little about it. Nor should I have said much had it not come in a questionable hour, with so violent and continual a cough, that I had not an interval of quiet. This lasted three weeks. I am thankful to say I am now quite well. But a much greater alarm awaited me. Moore, my dear Moore, whose sound and powerful mind has been so long and severely tried with illness, was recovering very fast and preparing her dress to go out, when she was seized so very severely with this influenza that we were terrified for the result. It came in the shape of fever, and has reduced her very much, but, thank God, she is now decidedly recovering, though still confined to bed, and her medical attendant thinks that this will be the means of curing her tedious rheumatism. I have been the fuller in these details to account for my silence. I do not like to practise on the feelings of my absent friends, and therefore seldom acquaint them with any crisis of this nature till it determines one way or other. Before I close this list of calamities I must call forth your sympathy for one in which your countryman has been involved, — not being so selfish as to demand it all for Scottish suffering. The all-accomplished Mr. Livingston, like many other distinguished characters, prides himself most on that in which he excels least; namely, horsemanship, which he seems (or did seem) to class with the moral virtues. He came to us one night in a state of visible perturbation. We thought something terrible had happened, and so it proved. For a little horse, a most treacherous, deceitful animal, had run off with him for some miles. Preserving his balance without being thrown off and arriving safe in town, appeared to him such an exploit as to deserve an ovation at least. Meantime he had evidently come to tell us lest we should have heard it reported to his disadvantage, and was most anxious to show us it was from no defect in his skill that this happened. In less than a fortnight, as he was riding past the post office, his horse fell with him and broke his arm at the elbow in the most pain-

ful and shattering way imaginable. You can conceive nothing more distressing, and he has not even the consolation of looking like a hero of a duel, with his arm in a scarf. He is forced to hold it perpendicularly down, and will have no use of his arm for many months. I am quite seriously vexed for him. He is not in visiting condition, you may suppose. I heard to-day that the accident happened by his throwing himself in a fright from the horse. Though he does not visit in general he comes often here, and we are at pains to amuse him. Miss Edmund has left us for some time to stay with old friends at the seaside. Of literary news I have little. Dr. Brunton has published a short, modest, and very well written memoir of his admirable wife, with a fragment of a tale beautifully executed, as far as it goes, which she left unfinished, and some partial extracts of a journal in which her vigorous mind and sound discernment are very obvious. Campbell's Specimens of English Poetry, with short critical notices, appeared, I think, before you left us. The little of himself that intervenes between these specimens is exquisite. I read them over and over with ever new delight, and when I cease reading a sensation remains on my mind that makes me think of what Milton says:

> "The Angel ended, but in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Still thought him speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

So much refinement without fastidiousness, such perfect delicacy and truth of taste, and moreover so much truth and wisdom conveyed in language of classical purity and unequalled sweetness. People growl at there being so little of these precious strictures. Would they drink champagne out of tumblers? The Blackwood has lost all shame. The last number is perfectly vindictive against the Whig observances in the bitterest satire and the keenest ridicule. There is, for instance, an Alphabet on the plan of A. was an archer and shot at a frog, etc., in which each name has some undesirable attribute. There are such complaints as might remind one of "Cocytus named for lamentation loud." They meantime sell four thousand numbers and laugh at censure. The Rev. Mr. Morehead has undertaken Constable's Magazine, the Crafty man having as usual quarrelled with his Editors and dismissed them.

Wordsworth has published a Peter Bell, enough to make the gravest laugh, the worthiest weep; it is so absurd, and the worthless waste of an amiable man's talents is so lamentable. It is a kind of sequel to the Lyrical Ballads. The White Doe was below zero, and this is below the White Doe. Some wag anticipated without seeing it, and published a very comical Peter Bell of his own, assuring his readers that this was the real Simon pure, and that any appearing after, must be a counterfeit. There is also a very witty Examiner published in ridicule of Leigh Hunt's, as written by himself. The Edinburgh Review has come out two days ago, duller than I have ever known it, containing, however, very just praise of Campbell and quite sufficiently laudatory of Samuel Rogers, whose poems I like better than I thought I should. All the other articles are medical, surgical or Broughamical. That is, it is loaded with a long bitter defence of Brougham about the schools, defending him from the strictures in the Quarterly. The hostility between these rival powers grows daily warmer. I compare them to two champions in the lists, while Blackwood and Constable appear in their respective magazines as the attendant squires of these doughty knights. Walter Scott called the other day to take leave, saying he could not go away without shaking hands with me, but was afraid so much had he been shaken that I would scarcely know him, but mistake him for a Potato Bogle! Pity an image so thoroughly Scotch, and so untranslatable, should be lost on you![1] It is time now to do what a well-bred person would have done at first, *i.e.*, advert to your letter. I was aware that your voyage would be neither short nor pleasant. I am charmed with your intelligent peasant that loved his own ugly country so well. Such countries are always best loved by such of the natives as are capable of loving anything. You know better than I can tell you what an added demonstration this affords of the benevolent wisdom that governs all. But you cannot know so well as I could tell you, how many endearing virtues often flourish best in barren soils. But having been already "as tedious as a King," I do not feel

[1] A dozen years later Sir Walter made use of the same expression when Washington Irving called on the illustrious author then in London, on his way to Italy, in the vain hope of restoring his shattered health. *Vide* "Bryant and his Friends," p. 163, New York, 1886.

inclined to bestow much more of my tediousness upon your worship. I might have addressed you in terms sentimental or metaphysical considering where this will find you. But you will meet so much of both these commodities where you are, that it is needless to send over the sea what you have in abundance, and I wish merely to amuse you. You are far too well governed, I trust, in all that is right, to seek advice from me, and I have no ambition to be considered a fine letter writer, so you must accept a little harmless gossip. Lady Buchan has been dead about a week, to his Lordship's undissembled joy, and he has already asked and been refused by a young lady, but will learn to be satisfied with some more humble choice. The Fletchers are very well and inquire of you very tenderly. The young ones talk of a short tour to the Continent. I beg to be kindly remembered to Augustus [Thorndike], for whom I retain no small kindness, though I am provoked at his not doing more justice to himself. He is the prey of self-distrust, while others with neither his goodness of heart nor abilities, being themselves forward by mere dint of self-opinion and confident address. I am glad that you will return less Germanized than formerly. Herman is a very honest and willing and laborious drudge in the mine of science. But his taste is bad and his notions crude and unformed. His religion is very sentimental, mystic, and approaching to Deistical. And good that doubleth has a little trimming of French tinsel of which he is himself insensible. Then he will talk — ye gods, how he will talk! — and after all his talk is "rendered heavily, heavily" by the enthusiastic German philosopher Sir William Hamilton, who spoke much and very kindly of you. Now that this paper is done, I think of things I should have told you. Let me hear how you get on. All this family send affectionate remembrances to you.

I am, with sincere regard, very much yours,

ANNE GRANT.

Never was May so mild, so showery and so flowery as this.

MOUNT ANNAN, 22 August, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR, — You have escaped from me while my hands were stretched out in all directions to seize upon you. It grieved me not a little, in the first place, that I was forced to leave Edin-

burgh while you were there. Then I flattered myself with having enough of antiquated attraction to keep you a day at Moffat on your way up. Then being engaged to make a visit to General Direm's at Mount Annan, I went with the intention of returning to bonny Moffat when I should hear that you were in Edinburgh, that I might meet you. John wrote to me that you were leaving Edinburgh on the ensuing Friday. I was bustling about my preparations for departure. My friends, understanding my motive, persuaded me that by leaving them at the time, I should pass you on the road. I wrote to Isabella at their request to direct you and your companion, if such you had, to come here on your way to Mount Annan, just overlooking the town of Annan, through which you must necessarily pass. Not content with authorizing this invitation, the General, who is an excellent person, sent a note himself to the inn where the coach stops, inviting you. We meanwhile thought every person less than six feet high who came up the avenue must needs be you. After all, need I add words to convince you of your importance in my eyes, or of the excess of disappointment when informed by a letter from Isabella this evening, saying you had been hastily called to London, and if I wished to give you the last remaining proof of my tenderness, I must write to you there immediately. This, you see, I am doing with all my might, though the man is hurrying to the post office, and though this fine house of Mount Annan, which abounds in pleasant people and good things, does not after all afford a tolerable pen. Judge how eloquent I should be if I had a very good one. In this inspiring place, where the Cumberland mountains are in full sight of my window, and where every town and stream speak of the "Bold Buccleuch" and Willy of Kinmont, of belted knights and desperate forays, I cannot so much as walk among these beautiful shades by moonlight for fear of meeting one of the Wardens of the English Border. When will so many associations and so many dignified spectres meet you on the other side of the Atlantic? The most you have to look at is the angry spirit of some old sachem who died of new rum or the smallpox, given him by his white friends. For Washington and Patrick Henry must be at east a hundred years dead before they can

> "Revisit thus the glimpses of the moon,
> Making night hideous."

For a ghost to appear impressive must be as long dead before he is awful, as a Catholic saint before he is canonized.

You are perhaps shocked at all this levity in a farewell letter, but pray observe, I do not consider it such. You cannot do less after all my solicitude than write to me from London. Answer you I shall, though

"Broad seas between us roll and roar."

And see you I will, having already a "second sight" of you landing at Greenock. I dare say, however, you may take a fancy to see your new western world first. In that case you will meet Mr. Preston, and be sure you tell him that in consideration of all the good I have heard of him since he went westward, I forgive his breach of promise to me. This kind message will at once prove my constancy, my clemency, and my high esteem for even imperfect virtue, for, had his been perfect, he would have kept his word. I will not say how sorry I shall be not to see you more, or allow myself to think the separation final. I thought (what did I not think?) of the many letters I was to send by you to my many American friends, but you see that cannot be. Remember me, however, tenderly to Mrs. Jackson, whom I highly esteem, and fondly to Sarah Lowell, whom I truly love, centering in her and her brother the regard now exalted into veneration, which I felt for the departed worthies of their family. If you see Mr. Bigelow, pray tell him that I did not receive his long letter of last year, though I acknowledged it in a hurry by mistake. Augustus [Thorndike] has been too long in France to care about old friends or early recollections, else I should send him my kind regards. Present them, however, to Mr. Ticknor.[1]

[1] The following extract from a letter addressed to a Transatlantic correspondent, also alludes to Mr. George Ticknor of Boston, and several other friends and visitors from the new world: "The American character has been much raised among our literary people here, by a constellation of persons of brilliant talents and polished manners, by whom we were dazzled and delighted last winter. A Mr. Preston of Virginia (South Carolina) and his friend from Carolina, whose name I cannot spell, for it is French (Hugh S. Legarè), Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Cogswell were the most distinguished representatives of your new world. A handsome and high bred Mr. Ralston, from Philadelphia, whose mind seemed equal to his other attractions, left also a very favorable impression of Transatlantic accomplishments. These

THE EAST SIDE OF MARKET STREET, NOW BROADWAY, FROM MAIDEN LANE SOUTH

The Post calls. Pray write from London, and believe, wherever you go, you will be followed by the affectionate good wishes of, dear sir,

Yours most cordially, ANNE GRANT.

101 PRINCES STREET, April 14, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR, — You cannot suppose me to have forgotten you, though perhaps I have been too long in telling you so. Your affectionate and most valued letter on the eve of departure from the old world filled me with regret at your departure and concern for your health. That seemed too good an excuse for your not coming to Moffat. You cannot imagine how we all luxuriated in the simple, pastoral, and mild tranquillity of our most desirable abode there. I wished you to have a picture of that green dale of many pure streams with its sheltering mountains, and the friends who so often spoke and thought of you there, to sooth your imagination where you could only see meeting seas and skies. I thank you for the affectionate expression of your regard, because I know it to be perfectly sincere. So Hamlet says to Horatio: "Why should the poor be flattered?" Amidst very many and very deep afflictions the consolation has been vouchsafed to me of dwelling in comfort with the excellent of the earth, and breathing in such an atmosphere of the warmest friendship and purest virtue that I must have been something more "Than fables e'er have feigned or been conceived" not to profit by such an association. I was certainly very anxious to know of your health after your arrival, and did hear good accounts of you, but I cannot remember how. Indeed my recollections have been a good deal confused in consequence of an accident which endangered my life, and has confined me to the house in a very helpless state all winter. I am really tired of answering inquiries about this same fall, and most unwilling to sink into the habits too frequent among invalids of my age and sex — that of making myself and my personal calamities the subject of wearisome details. I have been obliged to tell the sad story of the fall and its conse-

were all very agreeable persons, Mr. Ticknor pre-eminently so, and I can assure you ample justice was done to their merits here."

quences so frequently that I revolt at the repetition of it, but from our mutual friends, the Sewells, you can hear all the painful particulars. The enjoyment of last summer and autumn, the tranquil freedom and domestic comforts of Moffat, and the succeeding delights of the Southern Border more vivid and more varied required a counterbalance, and they have found it.

I do not exactly recollect whether you traced the classic streams of the Tweed, the Jed, and the Teviot in the same direction that I did when paying a visit to an old friend in September last. Yet from your ardent curiosity about things worth seeing, I think you must have gone there were it but to see the fine skeleton of Melrose Abbey, beautiful in decay and commemorated in all its pristine dignity in "The Monastery," which I take it for granted you have read, and which I value much more than most readers do, because it contains an accurate and pleasing sketch of a mode of life hitherto nondescript, yet very interesting. That the church vassals were indeed the only vassals in those troublous times who quietly enjoyed the fruits in the stormy bounds of the restless Borders, such a peaceful and comparatively free community is as refreshing to the mind that contemplates it as a green oasis must have been in the wastes of Arabia Deserta. Glendearg did not live merely in my imagination, for before quitting the fair region of shadowy recollections I spent two or three days at the house of a gentleman who lives a mile from the Abbey, and by the individual ford where the white hind mounted behind the mule of the bewildered priest. On the other side of the Tweed opposite is a very narrow glen, terrific for the common people from the noise of winds and falling waters heard fitfully through its narrow winding bounds. The common people call it the fairy glen. It has indeed no other. It ascends slowly through Lord Somerville's grounds till it reaches the boundary hills and wild moorlands, at which termination are still remaining the ruins of a small fortalice. My friends and I tried this romantic and gloomy recess as far as we could go without a carriage, but the path to the ruin is only fit for mules or foot passengers. We went, however, further than we ought, for it was so late that we made out our way with difficulty, and this under thick shades by the gleams of a clouded moon. We returned very weary and very charitably disposed toward the credulous

peasantry, considering too that the musical contests of rival owls were at the same time making night hideous. The Magician of the Border has always originals in view, which is one reason that his pictures seem always about to walk out of their frames.

I had great pleasure in my visit to this famous Minstrel, not only from the cordiality of my reception, but from seeing him look so much better than I hoped, for his health had been very indifferent before, but seems now quite restored. That happy pair (then happy), John Lockhart and his wife, were there, — indeed her father could not live without Sophie, and is almost equally fond of her husband. Poets and Prophets were said to have been, neither indeed can exist, without an inspiration. We talked of that most outrageous affair about the atrocious Queen which raged like a pestilence, and was spread both by the deceivers and the deceived. He said that of these fits of national excitement there had been various instances, though none so extravagant as the present. He added that these fits had always a crisis, and were generally succeeded by a great revulsion of opinion, attended by shame and remorse. I was glad to have his sanction of my own opinion, and the end has justified his prediction. People here who from the mere spirit of party (never a moral spirit had supported the canonization of Saint Caroline) are now so much ashamed that I could not be so cruel as to remind them of their folly or worse. Indeed the party begin to look very foolish and crestfallen. They had one short triumph of malignity lately occasioned by the fatal duel which poor John Scot brought upon himself by his most unwarranted and outrageous attack upon John Lockhart. John went up to London in consequence of Scot's telling his friend there that he was willing and ready to give him satisfaction. When Lockhart very unexpectedly made his appearance in London John Scot shrunk from the contest in a manner which in the fashionable world was considered evasive, as poor Scot could not take credit for having avoided the combat from a religious scruple. He began to feel most bitterly the obloquy that must follow a most gross and unprovoked insult followed by an evasion from either making a due acknowledgment or having recourse to the usual resource for wounded honor. In a fit of desperation he flew to John Lockhart's friend and dragged him out by moonlight to find means of recover-

ing the honor he was considered to have lost. Chrystie fired purposely past him, but by some fatal misapprehension he, Scot, continued the combat, and fell. When the news arrived here Lockhart fainted upon hearing it, and was with difficulty recovered. When the party saw he was so sensitive upon the occasion, they spared no artifice to put his feelings and those of his family to torture. But no more of this ungracious theme. Offences must come, but woe to those by whom they come. And one has some shame of the woe in resisting them.

At this moment an universal shade of woe hangs over Edinburgh from a very different cause. Dr. Gregory is gone, lamented by all, and has left no adequate successor. I mourn for him not merely as a person I always admired and revered, but as a noble specimen of genius and unblemished virtue, cast in a most peculiar mould. . . . What an ancestry he had to look back had not his own individual greatness been sufficient. On his Father's side a race of Sages and Saints, eminent for science and beloved for goodness. He was the fifth distinguished Gregory of his line — I mean in the paths of science. That ancestor who was the favored friend of Sir Isaac Newton had three sons who, at the same time, held the three mathematical chairs of Oxford, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen. Dr. Gregory's mother was a daughter of Lord Forbes, the eldest Scotch Baron. On that side nobles and heroes graced the line to which he gave additional lustre. He was not a man to die rich, but added to the inheritance of such a name his family will have what will support them. Very rich he might have been.

You mentioned in your letter the possibility, or more, of your being here in the Spring, and perhaps this letter may miss you. It is sent by a very amiable person, the Rev. Matthias Bruen,[1] whom you would like very much if you knew him, and who has contributed, with others you know, to leave a most favorable impression

[1] A clergyman who for many years was in charge of the Bleecker Street Presbyterian Church, New York. His widow survived until the last decade of the nineteenth century, and a short time before her death Mrs. Bruen sent her granddaughter, now the wife of Admiral Beaumont, R.N., for a certain small box, and taking from it a sheaf of silvered hair, presented it to her friend Mrs. Pruyn of Albany. Mrs. Grant had cut it off and given it to Mrs. Bruen more than half a century previous. A part of it is among my most valued relics.

of the American character among us. I assure you it never stood so high as it does at present. Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Preston, and yourself are tenderly remembered and often inquired after, especially by the whole of the Clan Fletcher. Indeed among all our friends the Sketch Book has greatly increased this prepossession. It is universally read and admired beyond measure. In short, I think we are all very much inclined at present, like good old people as we are, to dote on our grand-children in the western world. Now, if they had any such sympathy as that Milton tells us of, Eve's shadow in the Lake which came forward to meet her with answering looks of love, all would be well. But while you are all seduced from your first and best love by the godless gaieties and the dreaming and sceptical metaphysics of Germany, we hope in vain to attract you. There is a very fine young man here now whom I and every one else admires very much — a Mr. Middleton from South Carolina, very cultivated, with pleasing manners, but I fear, like all from the Southern states, no true Anti-Gallican.

If you came here now you would be astonished at the extension and improvement of Edinburgh since you saw it. The Fletchers [1] are well, and frequent in their inquiries for you. Now you must write immediately, and tell me a great deal about Mr. Ticknor, to whom I will address a few lines by Mr. Bruen, if he does not go till the mail-coach departs to-morrow. In any event I will write to him soon. You will be sorry to hear that my poor Moore has lost during the winter all that she gained in summer. But I hope this season will do much for her. She shall not be another winter in this climate, if God graciously pleases to spare her to me. All the rest are well, and I look forward with humble hope to a complete recovery, though still a prisoner of hope. Accept the cordial good wishes of the whole family, also of all the Fletchers, and

[1] Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Eliza Fletcher (1770–1858) were the two most distinguished literary ladies of Edinburgh, who received visits from almost all strangers of note. Both were fine conversationalists. Mrs. Grant, an extreme Tory, rejoiced in a wide Tory coterie, and Mrs. Fletcher, an equally staunch Whig, was surrounded by a large Whig circle, but, notwithstanding their differing politics, they were most cordial and sincere friends. The latter was a lovable lady, who seems, according to her portraits at fifteen and eighty, to prove that there is a beauty for every age. Her surviving child, the widow of Sir John Richardson, the Arctic explorer, edited her mother's autobiography. 8vo, London, 1874.

others whom I cannot enumerate. Offer the same to Mr. Ticknor, and believe me, with esteem and affection,

Yours truly, ANNE GRANT.

101 PRINCES STREET, June 24, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR, — When my mind is easier, I will endeavor to write you an entertaining letter, not depending on the exertion of my own powers, but from having the means of telling you much of a tribe and people, both which I give you credit for remembering very kindly. At present my communications must be very limited, even confined to that domestic circle by which as by some magic spell my thoughts have been for some time circumscribed. I cannot tell you of moving accidents of flood and field, like poor Othello, nor yet of those strange people who each other eat, though I could tell you of several who seemed much inclined to do so, and of many singular characters which came in my way last summer. I must allow that, however singular in other respects, their heads do grow above their shoulders, and very extraordinary heads some of them are. Certainly I could make an amusing letter of the transactions of last summer if I were not obliged to furnish a very sombre one from the events succeeding these pleasant scenes and people which memory delights to cherish. When then after my most quiet and enjoyable residence at sweet pastoral Moffat, where I wish much you had seen me, and where I cultivated an intimacy with Dr. Ryerson, a wonderful evergreen sage, who flourished nearly fifty years as first physician in the great court of not good Catherine and that of her mad grandson of Russia. I have rarely met at any time with a person of such a sound and lively intellect — well bred, well informed, and most particularly judicious in laying among his humble friends in Dumfries the fruits of his own industry, and the munificence of his Imperial mistress. I wish I could tell you of a fortnight I spent at Gen. Direm's, at his beautiful seat at Mount Annan, which overlooks the Solway Firth, and where I met some much valued companions of my early days, meanwhile feeling that my dear Moore was getting better ; and that my no less dear Isabella and she were very much enjoying the calm delights of Moffat gave me spirit to relish every circumstance contributing to enjoyment. In the beginning of September I came down a month

before they returned to show Edinburgh to a very pleasing guest from Ireland, who here made a pilgrimage from Harrowgate to see me. After giving ten days to her I went to Roxburgh, where for years past I promised to visit an old friend at Jedburgh and where I passed a fortnight in wakening dreams and reveries in that land of recollections where the Tweed and Teviot flow through the greenest pastoral vales sung by the sweetest of pastoral, really pastoral poets. While the dark heaths, the battlefields of old, renowned in Scottish classics and heroic ballads, as well as the fine remains of castles and abbeys, preserve the memory of sages, saints, and patriot, heroes that live in every truly Scottish breast. But I cannot wait to describe my pilgrimage through this land of memorials or how high my national spirit soared when I came to the spot consecrated of old and rising in renewed celebrity —

> "Where Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
> And Eldon slopes to the plain."

I did indeed think the scene very sad and fair, and required all the fraternal cordiality with which I was received at Abbotsford to revive my spirits. I never saw the Great Magician look so well, and regretted that I deferred my visit till my return homewards, when my time was very limited.

. . . . . .

You will probably have heard of John Wilson's violent struggle for the chair of moral philosophy and of his ultimate success.[1] Sir William Hamilton was the unsuccessful candidate, though very well qualified and abounding in friends, but the Scotchman had loaded poor John with so many slanderous accusations that proved

[1] Mrs. Grant contributed to "Christopher North's" success by writing a strong letter in his behalf, dwelling particularly on his excellent private character, which had been attacked. It was to the Professor that our author was indebted for the title of "Queen of the Blue-Stockings." Scott on one occasion said, "She was so very cerulean," and Lockhart described her as "a shrewd and sly observer." Alluding to one of the series of Scott's novels that appeared about this period (1822), Mrs. Grant wrote to a friend, "I had a letter informing me that 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' in England, is accounted a failure. Honest John Bull has not seen such a failure on his side of the Tweed since Shakespeare's time."

unfounded, that he was elected to clear his character, and mortify his enemies. His class is large, and his lectures said to be very elegant. Sir William next winter takes the historical chair. Perhaps I do not express it right. Prof. Seresby is prosecuting Blackwood for accusing him of ignorance in the Hebrew tongue, and Lord Archibald Hamilton, the Corypheus of the Scotch Whigs, prosecutes the Beacon for saying that he and his brother, the Duke, deserted their part at Hamilton last year for fear of the very Radicals whom their croaking had encouraged. As they actually did run away the trial is likely to be a merry one, at least his Lordship, like Falstaff, will be the cause of wit in others. The Beacon is a paper offered to the Scotchmen, abounding in coarse humor. It is the Scotch John Bull. Who are right and wrong in this contest I pretend not to say, yet I think I can apprehend pretty clearly who are witty and who dull. Twenty years ago the triumphs of intellect were all on the side of the Whigs. They said, "We are the People, and Wisdom shall die with us." Many of these meteors have been quenched in the darkness of the grave, and the few survivors are grown worldly, dry and dull enough. The light troops of imagination seem all engaged on the other side, and the rising brood of young Tories sparkle with no common effulgence. The King's promised visit, if it takes place, will increase the number of deserters from the ancient faith. They will be stigmatized as Rats, but will find comfort in supposing that their adversaries look as small as mice on that occasion. Tom Hamilton, Sir William's brother, who is the O'Doherty of Blackwood, was, to the wonder of all beholders, married. His wife was a Miss Campbell, elegant in person and manners, highly cultivated, and possessed of a considerable fortune, of which the standard bearer had great need. Gillies, to whose political fame you can be no stranger, has gone with his family, by way of doing something original, to Germany. The Fletchers are away for a year's residence to Yorkshire, on account of some old Aunt they have there. I grieve to say that James Wilson, who certainly has more real genius than any man in Edinburgh, has been for a twelvemonth past with his sisters in Italy, on account of his health. They went to take care of him, but he is coming home very little if any-

thing better. Tell Mr. Jay,[1] with my compliments, that Miss Glassel,[2] that was, who lived with me for some years and is now Lady John Campbell, has a son who will some time be Duke of Argyll. All that shire was in a blaze with bonfires and illuminations on the occasion. You will receive this from Mr. Greenwood, whom we all consider a very pleasing specimen of Transatlantic manners and abilities. I have made in my present state of mind no small effort for your amusement. Pray do as much for mine. You know how many of your fellow-citizens are to me most interesting. Adieu, dear sir. Accept the kind regards of all here, as well as those of

Yours very truly, ANNE GRANT.

[1] Peter Augustus Jay, eldest son of Governor John Jay. He was a prominent member of the New York Bar, a gentleman of many accomplishments, and exceedingly active in the social affairs of the city during the first third of the nineteenth century. As a young man, Mr. Jay accompanied his father as Secretary, when he was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James, by Washington, in 1794.

[2] Miss Glassel, who spent several years with Mrs. Grant, and later married Lord John Campbell, was the mother of the eighth Duke of Argyll, who expressed to the editor of this volume, both in conversation and correspondence, much admiration for the literary ability of the author of "The American Lady."

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND MRS. GRANT

MRS. HAMILTON TO MRS. GRANT

NEW YORK, June 13, 1834.

DEAR MADAM,—The kindness with which you have recollected all your early associations with my family, and the interest with which your genius has created in the name of Schuyler, have prompted me to address you this note. You will perhaps derive pleasure from learning the state of our family. My brother Philip resides in this city, in easy opulence, enjoying the respect of the community with which our hereditary disease, the gout, does not permit him often to mingle. He has two sons, one a confirmed bachelor, the other secretly engaged to marry with one of my granddaughters. Philip, the son of my brother John, lives at the family seat of Saratoga, and is happily married to a beautiful woman. They have eight daughters and a son. My brother Rensselaer resides not far from him on the upper waters of the Hudson. My only surviving sister married Mr. Cochran and lives at Oswego, where also resides a daughter of my sister Angelica.[1] The home of her brother Philip

[1] Among a sheaf of Mrs. Grant's unpublished correspondence, I find the following letter, dated New York, August 19th, 1811, signed "Angelica Church, born Schuyler," and addressed, "Mrs. Grant, authoress of the Memoirs of an American Lady, Edinburgh." As it has no postmark, it was probably sent by private hand. Mrs. Church writes: "I have read with so much pleasure the Memoirs of my aunt, whose virtues and manners you have so faithfully delineated, that I feel myself impressed with a fervid desire to recall myself to your remembrance. But whether you recollect or not, Miss A. Schuyler, the eldest daughter of Colonel, afterwards General Schuyler, she remembers with endeared recollections the first time she saw you, in company with her governess, Mrs. Ross, at the old home on the Flats. She then felt the emanations of your genius, and naturally contrasted your conversation with that of the good, but unintelligent, young persons

Church is at Angelica, in the Geneseo County, where he has been a Judge and has around him extensive possessions, a charming wife, and many children.

At the age of seventy-six I am still in the enjoyment of perfect health, seeing my sons established in life and in prosperous circumstances. Of these my third son, John,[1] has recently published the first volume of the biography of his father, of which I beg to present you a copy. Although it relates to subjects chiefly of American interest, yet you will, I hope, find many things to amuse you, showing the moral and intellectual development of a mind always exerted to promote the honor of his country and the happiness of his fellow-creatures, but of a character perhaps too frank and independent for a Democratic people. The subsequent volumes will embrace topics of high national interest and display traits of character which will make even Scotland, so fertile in genius and virtue, proud to enumerate him among her descendants. The work you will see requires every indulgence. I may hope if it comes before the Reviewers it may not receive too severe a criticism.

of her narrow circle. A letter from my nephew, Mr. Van Rensselaer, to his father, mentions your kind inquiries after all my family; let this also, dear Madam, excuse me for wishing to know whatever relates to you and yours. As I pass many hours at Laggan, and always visit it with renewed delight, your sorrows are my sorrows, your friends and occupations are mine, and the "Letters from the Mountains" exalt and fill the mind. But they make me sadly regret that during my long residence in London I did not know that Miss MacVickar was Mrs. Grant, and on the same island with myself, or I should have braved the bad roads over the rude mountains to have conversed with the acquaintance of my youth, and have met with her in the performance of those serious duties she so feelingly describes. If ever you do me the favor to write, pray tell me sincerely if you recalled me. There has been a most terrible flood in your former *Castle Building* Estate, Clarendon, but what gives me a peculiar interest in Clarendon, it is made classic by your enchanting pen. Adieu, dear Madam, whatever taste I have found pleasure in your writings, I have still more in the contemplation and example of your excellence, and with many recollections of times long past, I am, etc., etc.

[1] John Church (1792–1882) was Hamilton's *fourth* son, his seniors being Philip, Alexander, and James A. A second Philip was born the year after the eldest son was killed in a duel on the same spot, at Weehawken, where Burr shot his father three years later. In calling John the *third* son, Mrs. Hamilton presumably referred to the living, with all of whom the writer was acquainted.

I have received from Mrs. Douglas Cruger many interesting incidents concerning you to which I have listened with my heart. Indeed, at our age we can only enjoy life by cultivating our affections, and in no mode can we receive more lively pleasure than by continuing with a christian confidence in the future — the recollections of the days of our hopes.

With sentiments of great respect and regard, I remain, dear Madam,

Faithfully yours, ELIZABETH HAMILTON.[1]

P. S. — Mr. O. Rich, agent for American books, Red Lion Square, London, has received instructions to deliver the volume to your order.

EDINBURGH, COATES CRESCENT, 18 November, 1834.

DEAR MADAM, — It is not easy to say how much I was delighted with the kind feeling which dictated your most welcome and gratifying letter. So many grateful and affectionate recollections of

[1] Born but two years after Mrs. Grant, the friend of her early days, she survived her for sixteen years. When, as a youth, the writer visited the widow of the illustrious Hamilton, she was residing with a daughter in the city of Washington, and was then in her ninety-seventh year. The venerable lady was much affected at meeting with the godson of the companion of her childhood, speaking of Mrs. Grant and the Memoir of "Aunt Schuyler," with the warmest interest. "It is eighty-six years since Anne MacVicar and Elizabeth Schuyler parted as girls of thirteen and eleven," said Mrs. Hamilton. Another of her remarks that has been cherished in her visitor's memory for almost half a century, was made after he had kissed her dainty little hand in bidding her a final farewell: "It may interest you, my dear young friend, to remember that Washington's lips frequently pressed the same hand that yours have pressed." Writing to Miss Harriet Douglas in January, 1833, before her marriage, Mrs. Grant remarks: "There is a lady in New York who was my playmate in childhood, whom you may chance to meet in society, Mrs. Hamilton, the widow of the distinguished General Hamilton, better known to me as 'Betsy Schuyler.' There were three sisters: Angelica, elegant and dignified, whom I used to look up to with great awe as a fine lady, and such in after life she proved. I had a letter from her twenty years since, introducing one of her countrymen. Then there was Betsy, good natured and unpretending; and Margaret, very pretty, and a kind of wicked wit. I have a sort of pleasure in referring to this gossip of early days. I never forget one of those once familiarly known to me, and would not like to be forgotten by them."

your family have accompanied me through life that to think that at this advanced period I still continue to excite any interest like that which I feel for those to whom I have owed much of life's best comforts and enjoyments, soothes the decline of a life in which the severest sufferings were mingled with the purest enjoyments indulged to mortals. What has been said of the French emigrants by way of reproach, that they forgot nothing, may be truly said of me. That they learnt nothing, I hope is less applicable. I hope the wholesome chastening of affliction has not been lost on me. I remember most accurately all the little intercourse I ever had with your sisters — first at a little school in Albany, where, I suppose, we were all placed more to keep us quiet than for any other purpose — then I remember your kindness in calling on us on your way to and from Saratoga when we lived at the Flats. I remember as it were yesterday the awe and admiration with which I looked to your sister Angelica's early air of elegance and dignity when she first returned from New York. We returned to Europe in the sixty-eight, just when the clouds that presaged the Revolution, which proved in the end so happy for both countries, were gathering thick. I went out from Aunt Schuyler's to take a final leave of you all and an old friend, Mrs. Ross, who had the charge of you and of whose fate since I never could hear. To my unpractised eye your house appeared supereminently fine and spacious. The little brother you had then I hope still survives. I heard with much interest of your marriage with that highly distinguished individual who I find has left with you sons worthy of their Father, whose merits and prosperity are the greatest to you of all earthly consolations. It gives me great pleasure to hear that you desire consolation from still higher sources, and that your exemplary life is mentioned with applause by all I ever heard speak of you.

I once had a letter from Mrs. Church introducing her nephew, who was here for a good while, and have seen a little of the other young Rensselaer during their short stay here, and once of Mrs. Church, then residing in Paris, who came to see me; thus my frequent inquiries after you all still kept present to my mind the early years of happiness and improvement, for both which I am chiefly indebted to your excellent Aunt Schuyler, whom I was

wont fondly to call mine. She admitted me at a childish age into a companionship very unusual in such a disparity of years, and her cordial kindness in treating me above my years produced in my mind a solidity of thought and a habit of reflection not usual in the early spring of life, which may have been an advantage to an active mind at home. I saw nothing but uprightness and piety. By the bye, I saw in a Transatlantic publication a mistake about my Father's occupation, not of the smallest consequence further than it recalls to my mind a stirring period in which he was concerned. He was a subaltern officer in the 55th, and a kind of favorite with your Father, at whose desire he was appointed Muster Master to the troops raised in New England and New York at the time of the Indian war, which broke out after the general peace. I am exceedingly glad to hear that you have a brother living in affluence and general esteem so near you. The gout which detracts from his enjoyments had, I thought, been quite a European disease. The rheumatism, I supposed, simply supplied its place with you. I am glad to hear of his son's proposed marriage. It would be a pity the direct male line should not be continued. I can easily suppose the family seat at Saratoga by this time improved into a princely residence. I see Mr. Church has piously perpetuated his mother's name in the place of his residence. Your nephew seems likely to rear a large supply of beauty to enrich my early residence. I spent most of my sixth year at Oswego when it was merely a fort, and the first thing that attracted my regard was a cow, the only existing one on that side of Johnson Hall. My surprise and admiration is continually renewed by the accounts I hear of rapid population and splendid improvements in that boundless forest that I remember. Your countrymen have indeed made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Your wide extending populations and towns that rise like exhalations excite no little wonder, not to say envy, here. A hardy and adventurous population not tied down to fond localities and associations seem so made to promote the task of spreading knowledge and population over so ample a portion of the globe, refinement will follow too soon for peace or exertion. At present it might prove only a stumbling-block in the way of the vigor and dexterity that surmounts so many difficulties with a speed that appears to us unendible, limited as we are by the

THE WEST SIDE OF MARKET STREET, NOW BROADWAY, FROM NEAR MAIDEN LANE

boundaries of our comparatively little island. Many of us look eagerly forward to sharing your privileges of immeasurable space and unbounded freedom. I hardly suppose the Fathers of the Revolution contemplated anything like equality such as seems the object of general aspiration with you, and in which our lower class begin very fast to emulate yours. Such certainly were not the views of Generals Washington and Hamilton, and it does not appear that any of their successors have been braver or wiser.

There is one family of your alliance that I cannot trace — that of Courtlandt Schuyler. He was a captain in our army, and married a good little Irishwoman. When I came away our good Aunt, who like the Popes, indulged much in hospitality, had taken the eldest boy, the little Courtlandt, a child of five, to domesticate with her. I met in England our favorite niece Mrs. Low in the undesirable state of an exiled loyalist with no liberal substitute for all she had lost and left behind. I met also one of Aunt's nephews, the son of a favorite sister, Cornelius Cuyler, who at a very early age, full of exuberant spirits and boyish playfulness, was sent as an ensign into my Father's regiment — I mean the same regiment. He made me a sort of plaything, but the pleasure of teasing me soon ceased. He went to England, with his regiment still, sooner than myself. At least fifty years ago, when I was on a visit in Hertfordshire, he heard and came a good distance to see me and bring me and my daughter to visit him at his newly purchased estate at St. John's Hill. He had a very pleasing wife, Grant by name, two fine youths entering upon manhood, and a pretty daughter, who just married the rector of Wellwyn, where Young died, and where the "Night Thoughts" were born. The Church and Rectory were very near the house, and I was much urged by my besetting sin to remain alone and indulge myself in some thoughts near his tomb and Lady Betty's, but having long lived under a strict regimen of self-denial I contented myself with admiring Lady Betty's needlework on the altarpiece. A large vine and full clusters were wrought upon fawn-colored satin. Beneath it a few sheep seemed sheltered. The texts inscribed were: "I am the true vine, and ye are the branches," "My sheep hear my voice," etc. General, now Sir, Cornelius Cuyler had been engrossed in a successful pursuit of ambition, had long

been chief commander in the West, and was in short like the first Thane of Cawdor, a prosperous gentleman. But it did not appear that Albany, with its attractions and endearments, lived nearly so fresh in his memory as it did in mine. He was become a grave, rich, worldly man, and took little delight in my lively reminiscences. His sons, I think, are in the army. People in this country, even of distinction, are so much at a loss what to do with their sons. One of the most enviable advantages you possess over us is that you have ample room and scope enough to establish your sons in your own boundless country, while the tenderest Mothers wait anxiously for the power of sending their sons to encounter all the dangers of those fatal climates, from which so few return. Years elapsed during which I could not see without shrinking the name of that country where my beautiful, my brave, perished in the bloom of his years and of his virtues. Of my daughters I will only say that with every external advantage of form, with more than common capacities, and all that a mother could hope or pray for, they were prematurely ripened for the tomb. They indeed gave their Mother grief but when they died. Yet do not call me Mara. I did feel bitterly when all these faded in succession, but I was enabled to bear these strokes silently and consider that their constitutional fragility and great delicacy of mind fitted them so ill for the rough world they might have to encounter, as removed from the evil to come, and safely sheltered in that peaceful harbor towards which their earliest aspirations were directed. If the sympathies and kindness of the worthy and excellent could alleviate, and they did soften the sense of these privations, all that my fellow beings could do they did. I have known many whom it was an honor as well as a pleasure to know. Now my son and his wife do all that is possible to cheer my decline, and I am, I hope, truly thankful for what remains.

I should sooner have acknowledged the great favor of yours, but have waited till last week for the arrival of the Memoirs which your son has undertaken the pious task of arranging and thus doing honor both to himself and to the parent whose memory reflects so much lustre on his descendants. I immediately wrote with directions to deliver the volume to a friend of mine in London. Happening about that time to go to a distant part of the country where I staid three

months, I found it had come to Edinburgh in my absence, and I am now engaged in reading it with more interest than many others could, from the assistance I derive from my recollection of what caused so much suffering and produced so much to us as well as to you. I will not affect any modesty about style; for I think the best authors and the best conversation have in this respect made me a tolerable judge. To me the book seems to possess every advantage that many perspicuous and unaffected languages can, and quite free of that finery which I consider my old friends to have borrowed from the French, our new friends. Have the goodness, dear Madam, to transmit my best acknowledgments, and to believe that I am, with much gratitude for your kind letter,

Dear Madam, yours with respect and esteem,

ANNE GRANT.

LETTERS TO MRS. DOUGLAS CRUGER OF NEW YORK

EDINBURGH, 9th February, 1837.

MY DEAR HARRIET, — Your compliments are not acceptable to a spirit in much need of all the consolation that real and well-tried friendship can give. I have read your letter at last, with some attention, which I could not do when it arrived, my whole mind being occupied with my son's full cup of fear about his dear wife's protracted illness. She has had the influenza, which rages here like a plague, and has already cost many valuable lives, though I hope hers (the subject of many prayers) is now out of danger.

Your cousin Miss Abercromby, called on me lately with some message from Lady Abercromby, and without intending (for she is a sweet artless creature), won my heart. She seemed gratified by the acquaintance, and said she would come often to see me if agreeable. Both in her instance, and in that of a younger one who came here, I was struck with the frugal simplicity of dress which is now become fashionable even among distinguished young ladies. Two years ago, a young girl of ten or twelve was in dress just a facsimile of her mother; now, the simplest straw-bonnet, in the cottage form, shades the fairest face, and the homely gray tartan the figure is mantled in, gives you the idea of a pretty rustic at best. But all that disguise breaks off when the young lady appears in full dress, as Miss Abercromby did at a late Highland ball, where she was allowed to be the fairest of the fair.

I am glad to find you so captivated with the character of my Aunt Schuyler. You cannot form to yourself a better model of female excellence. I have, in one sense, outlived her too long; that is, I have outlived those who, at the time the book was written, remembered her, and bore testimony to the fidelity of the picture. An odd circumstance occurred when I was in London in 1808, about the period of the publication of the book. You know

how partial I had ever been to the North American Indians, over whose injuries and oppressions I still mourn. My respect for the pure and peaceable doctrines and spotless lives of the Quakers was much heightened by their just and upright dealings with the Indians. William Penn was a legislator quite to my taste, admiring, as I did, the wisdom and humanity of his ordinances. It had not occurred to me, or rather I had not heard it, but it seems the Governor of Pennsylvania, the last William Penn,[1] had come over to England to seek rest from the storms of the Revolution. He was about fifty years old, with the genuine dress and air of a Quaker, yet, with this gravity, he placed his affections on Lady Juliana Fermor, daughter of the Earl of Pomfret, a young lady who, on account of her beauty and talents, was considered the ornament of the British Court. This ambitious flame was encouraged by the lady's mother, and finally by herself. It was settled, as usual in such cases, that the boys should be Quakers, and the girls of the National Church. One of the daughters, who proved afterwards a distinguished personage, was married to the Hon. William Stuart, Primate of Ireland. She took some pains to cultivate my acquaintance, as did several others of the same very agreeable family. I was rather surprised at all this kindness, until it occurred to me that some of it might be owing to a partiality for the topics in my American book. Speaking of Quakers, I have often thought it something odd, that though we are so ready to acknowledge the merit of these people, — their self-command and placid manners, — none of us would much approve of having a son a member of that amiable fraternity.

I am very glad for your own sake as well as theirs, you take so kindly to those youths whom their father left to you as a kind of legacy. The more our best affections are called forth, the happier we are. These are the treasures of the heart, and may prove invaluable. I remember, on coming first to this country from America, I used to tell people, with a kind of triumph, of the certainty of always finding children in that country about a Dutch house. Whether they were their own or not, they seemed to be

[1] John (not William) Penn, who was born in London, 14 July, 1729, and died in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, 9 February, 1795. His beautiful country-seat, "Lansdowne," is now a part of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

an article quite indispensable: whatever enlarges the circles of our affections must add to our enjoyments. . . .

I have over-written myself, and merely add every affection for Mr. Cruger and Mrs. Hasell, from

Yours, very truly, ANNE GRANT.

EDINBURGH, 9th April, 1838.

MY DEAR HARRIET, — I am beginning to make a feeble attempt to write after recovering from a rather dangerous illness. I was tempted to make this a kind of valedictory letter, but having an impression on my mind that this long protracted life may yet continue while I can be of any use to my fellow-creatures, I will not address you for the last time. I was very much gratified to find my shadow[1] so kindly welcomed by my American friends, partly on my son's account, who was eager about forwarding it, but more particularly on that of Mr. Watson Gordon, who is by no means a mere artist, but a gentleman of refined taste, and quiet, unambitious character. I owe something to the picture for procuring me the pleasure of his acquaintance. He wrought *cum amore*, and was no doubt pleased that his powers should be distinguished beyond the mighty waters of the West.

I am going to ask some questions of you, but before I begin, must entreat you to send my benediction to Mr. Preston,[2] who has done honor to himself, and given me great pleasure by advocating the cause of those noble creatures, the deeply injured Indians. Your country people used to offend me very much by the apathy with which they listened to all I could say of these "Stoics of the Woods." Often I said to myself, —

> "Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
> But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

[1] The portrait appears as a frontispiece to this volume, for which it has been reproduced for the first time. Another of Sir John's pictures, painted for Mrs. Grant, is that of her young poet friend William Wilson, now in the possession of his son, General Wilson, of New York.

[2] William C. Preston (1794–1860) of South Carolina, who became intimate with Mrs. Grant during several years' residence in Edinburgh in early life. Many letters were afterwards exchanged between them.

One of my sweetest recollections of my venerated Aunt Schuyler is, that she always spoke with sympathy and kindness of the Indians, thoroughly understood and justly appreciated their character. . . .

Tell that charming writer Mrs. Jameson[1] that I (being a little prudish) took great offence at seeing so much beautiful praise lavished on the beauties of Charles the Second's Court, whom I considered no better than they should be. But, afterwards, her stricture on Shakespeare's female characters delighted me. She invested them with all the properties that I had long studied and admired, without a hope of meeting with any one that would understand, far less explain, my feelings. Pray thank her for me for melting the frost of age about my heart, and restoring to me the delights of loving and admiring excellence. I can never do her any good, but she did a great deal to me: thank her for me, I earnestly entreat you.

With a confused head and chilled fingers, you must make allowance for something more than my usual incoherence. I understand well who the daughter-in-law of the late Lord Chancellor Erskine was, to whom you referred. She was a Colden, of an old Scottish family long resident in New York. Who has not heard of Cadwallader Colden, the clear-sighted oracle of all the successive governors of that Province? Lady Erskine called on me frequently when she was in Edinburgh. She was accounted a person of singular mildness and prudence; she was beautiful, and continued to be so for a longer period than is usually allotted to the fair Americans, who are chiefly a kind of spring flower. I must now give you in charge to tell Mr. Stephens,[2] the traveller in the Holy Land, with how much pleasure my son and I read his travels, or whatever else he calls them. We thought him quite original and unpretending, and liked very much his respectful and proper mode of expressing himself on sacred subjects; not pre-

[1] Mrs. Anne Jameson (1797–1860), author of "The Beauties of the Court of Charles II," "Legends of the Madonna," and many other works on art, was then on a visit to the United States.

[2] John L. Stephens (1805–1852), who wrote many interesting books of travel, chief among them being his popular volumes on Central America and Yucatan, perhaps the most important contributions yet made by any one writer on the subject of American Antiquities.

tending to be "wiser than what is written," as the poor pretenders to philosophy invariably do, but speaking with modest reverence of those things "which the angels desire to look into." We give him credit, too, for a talent not liberally bestowed on his countrymen; I mean humor. His dinner on the banks of the Nile with his English friends diverted me exceedingly. I hope success will not mislead or spoil a person of such good abilities and sound opinions.

I trust this letter will find you beginning to look forward with pleasant anticipation to your summer retreat, where, if a wish would waft me, I should like to meet you. I hope your commercial panics have, in some degree, subsided, and that you begin to discover that an alarm of this kind is as useful to the general good as the thunder storm that clears and purifies the air. If we look in a right spirit at what is passing round us, we shall daily find the Great Alchymist at work, producing permanent good out of transient passing evils. For instance, the obstructions to public credit in your affairs were met with so much candor and good feeling on our side of the water as, I think, will lay the foundation of more confidence and a better understanding hereafter. Then, with regard to that crazy war in Canada, the fair dealing and sincere desire of your government to repress the attempts of the ignorant mob on the borders, will establish friendly and confidential feelings on our side.

Deaths have been fearfully frequent this winter. I seldom rise without hearing of the death of some one younger than myself; but every added day, if it is well spent, is an added blessing. I suffer no pain, have equal spirits, and take pleasure in nameless trifles, birds, flowers, etc. If more months or years be allotted to me, I shall write to you again. My true love to Mrs. Hasell, and most kind remembrance to Mr. Cruger. Adieu, affectionately, says your faithful

ANNE GRANT.[1]

[1] So far as the Editor is aware, the only American letter of later date than the above was written by Mrs. Grant in August (she passed away in November), to Mrs. Jane Sibbald Wilson of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in which she replies to an inquiry, "My mother, *née* Catherine Mackenzie, was not a connection of my gifted

LETTERS TO MRS. GRANT FROM ROBERT SOUTHEY AND OTHERS

Among a number of unpublished letters written by Mrs. Grant's distinguished correspondents, the following are selected at random from the originals, in the writer's possession. The first is from the pen of William Hayley, the friend of Gibbon and the biographer of the poet Cowper, who was born in the year of 1745 and died in 1820. "The sublime Mr. Hayley," Thackeray calls him in his Roundabout Paper "On Ribbons." Hayley, it appears, was considerably worried over the question as to whether he or Cowper was the greater man. In an epistle to Hayley, included in Mr. Thomas Wight's collection of "Unpublished Letters of William Cowper," the poet says: "Whether you or I have the most genius, I know not, nor care a fig. God gives to every man as He pleases, and I should make Him a very unsuitable return for the little He has given me did I allow myself to repine that He has given others more. And now that I have once called you my friend, I defy even you to shine at such a rate as to excite in me any other sentiments than those of pleasure and congratulation."

FELPHAM, NEAR CHICHESTER, December 26, 1811.

DEAR MADAM, — I trust you will forgive my intrusion, as it arises from the pleasure you have afforded me by your writings, and particularly by the interesting account of your American lady.[1]

and good friend, Henry Mackenzie;" alludes to a recent meeting with "Christopher North," who had good-naturedly called her "Queen of the Blue-Stockings;" expresses the hope that "my little godson, James Grant, is growing strong," adding, "Please purchase for him, with the accompanying gold coin, a suitable gift," and concluding with the parting words, "Farewell, for I cannot expect to linger here much longer."

[1] In one of her early letters, written at the age of eighteen, Miss MacVicar remarks that whatever culture her mind had received she owed to Madame Schuyler,

The delight you felt at a very early age from an unexpected present of Milton has tempted me to try if I can gratify your lively and tender feelings by a similar offering.

"In childhood thy quick, piercing eyes,
When Milton chanced to meet,
The stranger bard how didst thou prize!
His Paradise how sweet!
Hoping thou may'st a new surprise
With equal kindness greet,
To thee thy grateful fav'rite flies.
Behold him at thy feet."

Accept the little volumes that accompany this billet as a kind though a petty proof that your talents have excited esteem at the southern extremity of our island, and believe me, with hearty good wishes for your happiness and for your literary renown,

Very sincerely, dear madam, your friend,

W. HAYLEY.

In the following letter from Henry Smyth, Esq., of Mount Henry, Ireland, is contained an announcement of his sister's legacy of a thousand pounds to Mrs. Grant, not previously mentioned in this volume, as a mark of appreciation of her admirable character and writings.

MOUNT HENRY, September 7, 1814.

MY DEAR MADAM, — My lamented sister Isabella having left a paper behind her containing her wishes upon various particulars,

and says, "Many particulars relative to this excellent person's life and manners would be well worth preserving; and if I outlive her, I think I will, some time or other, endeavor to please myself at least by preserving a memoir of a life so valuable and important." As has been seen, thirty years passed before this project of her youth was successfully carried out. Writing in June, 1808, to Sir Henry Steuart, Mrs. Grant says: "At the request of particular friends, I have, since the beginning of this year, been busily engaged in preparing for the press Memoirs of a deceased worthy well known in her time not only all over the Continent, but to all distinguished persons who in her day led the British army to the Canadian frontier. But I shall refer for particulars to the Memoirs themselves, which will very soon appear."

and as those wishes are to a certain extent considered as sacred by her family, it falls to my lot in our joint names to desire your acceptance of the sum of £1000, the interest thereon to commence from the first day of next August at the rate of six per cent. I must take the liberty of assuring you that the disposition entirely accords with the feelings of every branch of her family, that we entertain a mournful pleasure in offering this imperfect testimony of her gratitude and esteem, and I shall consider your acceptance as not only grateful to the memory of the departed, but complimentary to those who survive.

I shall await your commands as to the disposition of this sum; if it shall suit your convenience to suffer it to remain for any time in its present security, I shall send you mine or my brother's bond for the principal, the interest to be paid half yearly, or if you should judge that it might be more advantageously vested elsewhere, I shall take immediate steps for raising the money.

With the warmest wishes for the family, I have the honor to be, my dear madam, with very great esteem,

Your faithful and affectionate servant,

HENRY SMYTH.

The following letter was addressed to Mrs. Grant by her friend, Robert Southey, perhaps the most laborious literary worker of any age. Who that had the privilege of listening to the brave words of the large-hearted Thackeray, on the occasion of his last visit to the United States, can ever forget his allusion, in the course of his lecture on George the Third, to the great and good Southey? Writing to a friend in 1817, Mrs. Grant says: "Southey has the finest poetical countenance, features unusually high, and somewhat strong though regular, and a quantity of bushy black hair. I have heard Southey called silent and constrained; I did not find him so. He talked easily and much, without seeming in the least consequential, or saying a single word for effect."

KESWICK, 24th July, 1824.

MY DEAR MADAME, — If I had any influence with Colburn, it could not be better employed than on this occasion. I have

never had any communication with him but once, which was many years ago, when he wrote to request that I would lend him a portrait of myself, to be engraved for his magazine, and also communicate to him some particulars of my life. It happened that a most methodistical mis-likeness of me had been exhibited some little time before in the "European Magazine," and I was willing to supersede it by something better. I told Colburn where he might borrow a bust which was the only satisfactory resemblance that existed. At the same time, I stated, in as few words as possible, the time and place of my birth and the course of my education, saying that this would suffice for his purpose, and that the public had no business to expect anything more in the way of memoirs while the subject in question was alive. Mr. Colburn, however, was not satisfied with this. He borrowed the bust and got some one to attempt the impossible task of making a portrait from it, which he engraved as an original picture — a physiognomy between assassin and hangman. And he produced a long memoir of my private life, evidently written by some person who must once have been my guest, or he could not have known so much, and yet had been in no degree intimately acquainted with me, or he could not have made so many grossly erroneous statements. Of course, I thought myself ill-used; but that sort of usage is too common to excite either surprise or anger.

This has been my whole intercourse with Mr. Colburn. Campbell is the person who is most likely to have influence with him. But, surely, you can stand in need of no such interference. There has been but one opinion of all your writings, and they are of a character always to excite as much interest as when they were first published.

As to the form of publication, booksellers ought to be the best advisers. To me, the common octavo is the least agreeable form in which a book can appear, as being too large to be held conveniently in the hand and yet not large enough to require a table. The crown octavo is a much pleasanter size; but I believe the other is the more economical way of printing. In either shape, two duodecimo volumes may very well be comprised in one volume. When the books are published, it may be in my power to render them some little service; and that opportunity I will gladly take

— glad, indeed, of any occasion to show with what sincere respect I regard Mrs. Grant and her writings.

Dear Madame, believe me yours, very faithfully,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Miss Baillie, the writer of the following letter and the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, who frequently spoke of her as "the immortal Joanna," was distinguished as the author of numerous plays and poems in an age prolific of great writers. She spent a large share of her long life in a pretty cottage at Hampstead, near London, where she died, February 23, 1851:

HAMPSTEAD, April 12, 1828.

DEAR MADAM, — Though with no disparagement to the memory of your young mountaineer, my answer to your obliging letters shall be conveyed to you in a more direct manner. I am gratified by hearing from you and having an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with a member of your family; and I beg you to accept my thanks. That the stream of your existence — which, you say, never did run smooth — should be at present disturbed by the protracted illness of Miss Grant I am very sorry to learn; but, in the skillful hands of my good and kind friend, Dr. Thomson, and the favorable season of the year before her, I hope you will ere long have the happiness to see her restored to perfect health. Pray have the goodness to present my kind remembrances to her, in which my sister begs hers to be included. I am sure Mrs. Baillie, who is at present pretty well and recovering her wonted spirits by degrees, will be pleased with your mention of her, which I shall take care to communicate.

It has given me pleasure to hear that you are interested for Lady Byron and can do justice to her character, which, for genuine worth, disinterested generosity, and Christian forbearance and charity, is one of the most excellent I have ever known. She has been our near neighbor in Hampstead for nearly a year, and her occupation has been to assist all her friends who have any claim upon her, in every way in her power, either by her fortune or her interest. I wish I could give you a satisfactory answer to your

inquiries as far as her health is concerned. She has been very unwell and confined almost entirely to the house all the winter, and the affliction she has suffered from the recent death of her father has checked her recovery. But she is somewhat better, and proposes soon to go to the seaside, which I hope will be of great benefit to her. You will be pleased to know that she has had the comfort of having two of her oldest and dearest friends in the house with her for some months past, who helped her to cheer her poor father under the weight of his infirmities and supported her in many various distresses.

I am glad to hear from your son that Mr. Mackenzie[1] continues to enjoy such good health at his advanced age, and beg to be kindly — I should also say gratefully — remembered to him. Farewell dear Madam, and believe me

Very truly yours, J. Baillie.

David Stewart, of Garth, writer of the accompanying letter, a gallant soldier, and Governor of the West Indian Island of St. Lucia, was the author of "Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlands of Scotland, with details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments." Sir Walter Scott says: "Therein Mrs. Grant of Laggan has drawn the manners, customs, and superstitions of the mountains in their unsophisticated state, and my friend, General Stewart, of Garth, in giving the real history of the Highland Regiments has rendered any attempt to fill up the sketch with fancy coloring extremely rash and precarious!"[2] Elsewhere Sir Walter writes: "The late lamented General Stewart, of Garth, in his account of the battle of Killiekrankie, informs us that Lochiel was attended on the field by the son of his foster-brother. This faithful adherent followed him like his shadow, ready to assist him with his sword, or cover him from the shot of the enemy. Suddenly the chief missed his friend from his side, and turning round to look what had become of him, saw him lying on his back with his breast pierced by an arrow. He had hardly breath, before he expired, to tell Lochiel, that see-

[1] Author of "The Man of Feeling," "Man of the World," etc. He was born in 1745 and died in 1831.

[2] Chronicles of the Canongate.

ing an enemy, a Highlander in General Mackay's army, aiming at him with a bow and arrow, he sprung behind him, and thus sheltered him from instant death. "This," observes the gallant David Stewart, "is a species of duty not often practised, perhaps, by our aide-de-camps of the present day."[1]

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. LUCIA, July 3, 1829.

MY DEAR MADAM, — Far from friends and homes as I am here, one of the best sources of mental satisfaction is retiring as it were within myself and thinking of them. When fatigued by business or by violent exercise, I find these recollections as great, if not greater relief than rest to the body. If I could add some of our native music to these recollections of old friends and past times, the recreation would be complete. But a person must be long and far separated from friends to be able to enjoy such a mixture of melancholy and pleasing recollections as I frequently do. For several days past I have thought much of you. If I had not been so much in the world and forgotten some of my native country's beliefs, I would be as [illegible] or whether anything has happened, as a few nights ago I was in deep conversation with you in one of my waking dreams. One might forget such things in this land of heathens, of pestilence, of slavery, and of poisonous plants, and such poisonous ailments, and with people of many religious beliefs and many without any religion or belief — and of colors as various as their religions, some having no color at all, being white as this sheet of paper, and the rest composing all the intermediate shades down — or up — to jet black.

In such a country, with much to occupy my mind, I still find my original attachments and recollections unchanged. With these feelings I am very anxious to learn if you are in good health, and a letter cannot be more gratefully received than by me.

My official duties are a mixture of civil and military. To-day, in a garrison being among soldiers, to-morrow holding council and busy making new laws, also mending old ones. The laws of France which we have here are favorable to colonists and those who wished to encourage the colonies, made them more so, and a proprietor

[1] Preface to the Fair Maid of Perth.

of land cannot be compelled to pay his just debts — that is, his land is not liable, and cannot be sold for debt under the French laws. The Governor has great powers. This I now exercise, and hope, as I intend, to good purpose. A new law is passed, and every man must now pay what he owes. . . . I have to beg the favor of you to write at your convenience, and do let me entreat that it may be a long letter. It is only those who live at a distance that can fully appreciate the satisfaction and delight of receiving letters from dear and valued friends.

I remain, with great regard and esteem,

Ever faithfully yours, DAVID STEWART.

The following letter, written by Professor Andrews Norton, (1786–1852), author of an admirable article on Mrs. Grant' and her writings contributed to the "North American Review," in 1845, is introduced here chiefly because of the truthful indorsement by Mrs. Grant which accompanies it, — "a very beautiful letter from Professor Norton of New England." His article of thirty pages in the "North American," concludes with these appreciative lines: "We have succeeded but ill in these imperfect notices of Mrs. Grant, if we have not given the impression of a woman of extraordinary good sense, and of uncommon powers of mind; whose letters, embracing a wide variety of subjects, are as truly valuable as those of any other writer, and likely to be of as permanent interest, and to afford as lasting gratification; but especially of a woman of great strength of character, formed by religious principle and penetrated by religious sentiment, the vital principle of whose moral being was faith in God and immortality, whose sympathies were warm and diffusive, and who was full of disinterested kindness."

CAMBRIDGE [NEW ENGLAND], Dec. 29, 1829.

MY DEAR MADAM, — You can hardly estimate how much pleasure your kind and cordial letter gave Mrs. Norton and myself. I fear you will think it strange that I have not sooner expressed my gratitude for it. I have twice begun a letter to you: but since receiving yours, I have been suffering from almost constant ill health, and am now but just recovering from a severe fit of sick-

ness. My health promises now, I think, to be better than it has been.

It was a great satisfaction to have the pleasure of seeing you in Edinburgh. It is among my choicest remembrances of that most interesting and beautiful city. We had long known you through your writings and through our common friends; and it was like meeting one with whom we had been acquainted in youth, and with whom were associated some of its most agreeable recollections. We had been with you during your eventful life in the Highlands of Scotland and on the banks of the Hudson. The scenes and characters to which you had introduced us are such as give their charm to life, presenting a far more delightful aspect of the world than that which appears to him who is toiling on its frequented and careworn highways. It was delightful to find you, in old age, after such severe trials, so supported and strengthened by the power of God; not resigned only, but cheerful; possessing not the calm benevolence of age alone, but all the kinder feelings in their freshness and flower, which, beautiful as they are in youth, become so much more deeply interesting, when we know that care and sorrow have had no power to wither them, and that they will soon form a part of that crown of glory which fadeth not. If we could have forgotten the blessings which God has for a time taken to himself and is reserving for you in his keeping, we might have thought of you only as one —

> Whose cheerful day benevolence endears,
> Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
> The general favorite, as the general friend.

Your meeting with Mrs. Hemans, and still more your parting with her, must have been very interesting to you both. Her visit to Scotland was to her highly exciting and gratifying, and could not, I think, but give her an impression of the estimate formed of her poetry by the best capable of feeling and judging of its excellence, which she had not received before. It must have been delightful to her to visit a country so peopled with romantic associations, where one familiar with its history and poetry, and possessing the gifted eye of genius, everywhere sees forms and hears

voices which another cannot perceive, and is able to read and understand the handwriting on the ruined wall of other days. But since her return I have received a letter from her apparently written in much dejection of spirits. They are greatly affected without doubt by her very uncertain health, by the fact that her means of support depend much on its continuance, by the gloom which hangs over the prospects of her children, by her unfitness to struggle in this working-day world, and by the want of any one on whom she can naturally rely as a household friend for daily encouragement, assistance, and strength. She is as much an object of compassion as of admiration and love.

All our common friends in this country — though it is a very comprehensive term — are, I believe, well. Mrs. Norton begs you to think of her as one who remembers you always with the sincerest respect and affection. Her mother, than whom few ever had more power of attracting others, has lately been taken from us. The light of Heaven shone free on the days which preceded her death, and she has left a treasury of consolation and hope to her children. The little traveller, our boy Charles, in whom you took so kind an interest while in Edinburgh, is now as hearty and rosy, good tempered and noisy, as any boy ought to be. Our two little girls are well. Miss Guild, who is on a visit to us, desires to be respectfully remembered to you.

And now, my dear Madam, farewell. Accept my best thanks for all your kindness. May the close of your life be peaceful and happy, and lead you gently on to that infinitely happier state which, with my firm faith in the goodness of God, I can have no doubt that you are approaching. Perhaps you may find an opportunity to gratify and honor me by another letter. If not, will you remember me as one who thinks of you with the highest respect and regard.

ANDREWS NORTON.

The following "notelet," with which we shall conclude our selections, was written by Mrs. Opie, of whom Mrs. S. C. Hall said: "Her manners would have graced a court and not encumbered a cottage." She was a native of Norwich, and died in 1853, at the age of 84. Her note bears this indorsement, written by Mrs. Grant:

"From Mrs. Opie, once a belle, a beauty, and an authoress, who is remembered as the author of 'The Father and the Daughter.' She has become a Quaker, and the sect are very vain of such a convert."

RESPECTED FRIEND, — I hope I shall be more fortunate than I was in 1816, and that this time of my being in Edinburgh I shall be able to see thee. I intend to set off to-morrow to Perth, on my way with Mrs. Fry[1] and other friends, to the General Meeting at Aberdeen, and thence I shall go to the Highlands; but I hope to be here again, and at No. 2 South Castle Street (where I arrived on the 11th at night), and here I mean to remain till the beginning of the 10th month [October]. On my return, I shall be truly glad to receive a welcome from thee.

Thine very respectfully, AMELIA OPIE.

SOUTH CASTLE STREET, 8th month, 13th, 1834.

[1] Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, among the most eminent of modern philanthropists.

THE INDIAN WIDOW.[1]

Thy looks speak compassion, thy language a friend,
Yet think not, kind stranger, my purpose to bend;
Nouraddin's blest spirit awaits me the while
And hovers around his pale corpse on the pile.

He whispers — he call me — he passes like wind —
Oh, why should I linger in anguish behind?
Through this desolate Earth should I wander alone,
When my light was all quenched with Nouraddin's last groan?

Beloved and endear'd, in his shadow I dwelt,
In his tender protection no sorrow I felt;
As our souls were united, our pleasures the same,
So our ashes shall mingle and hallow the flame.

Like a vine without prop shall I sink on the ground,
And low in the dust spread my tendrils around?
While the beasts of the forest shall trample with scorn
The plant they neglected, despised and forlorn!

You tell me my children forsaken will pine, —
(What a wound to a bosom so tender as mine!)
That their innocent cries shall ascend in the air,
And drown with their clamor, my last dying prayer.

Oh, still, my loved babes, ye cling close to my heart;
But, alas! with your father I never can part;
Yet Bramah, in pity, my truth to reward,
Unseen, will permit me my children to guard.

Adieu, gentle stranger! Oh, linger not here,
Nor force me my triumph to stain with a tear;
The flames as they kindle I view with a smile —
How blest when our ashes shall mix on yon pile!

[1] The original manuscript of this poem was presented by Mrs. Grant in May, 1829, to the Editor's father, William Wilson, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who at the same time sent Mrs. Grant his lines on "Richard Cœur de Lion," said by Bryant to be "more spirited than any of the ballads of Aytoun."

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN AMERICAN LADY

"I was born where men are proud to be —
The inviolate Island of the Sage and Free."
— LORD BYRON.

AND must we bid a last adieu,
Fair Pilgrim of the Western clime?
And wilt thou with indulgence view
This unpremeditated rhyme

That bidst thee, ere thou leavest her strand
O'er Europe's ancient realms to rove,
Bequeath a blessing to the Land
That Science and the Muses love?

Land of thy Sires. The parent stem,
Whose vigorous branches spread so wide —
Fair freedom's shrine, Old Ocean's gem,
Embraced and cherished by his tide —

While wandering through her sacred Fanes
Did no low whisper meet thy ear?
Where sleep thy ancestors' remains
Didst thou no aërial voices hear?

Blest in thy gentle bosom's Lord,
Whose every care and wish is thine,
Did ye not bend with one accord,
As listening to some voice divine?

The sounds that murmur from the Tomb
Die indistinctly on the air;
The pensive Muse can pierce the gloom
And find their secret meaning there.

Hear her in mortal strains rehearse
  The words of each ancestral shade,
While thus in rude and artless verse
  Their solemn counsel seems conveyed.

Welcome from o'er the Atlantic wave,
  Blest children of heroic sires;
Your presence in the silent Grave
  Relumes affection's faded fires.

Tho' on your happy native coast
  Her banner Liberty displays;
Tho' equal Laws you justly boast,
  And Nations envy while they gaze;

Tho' earth, in virgin bloom arrayed,
  Her lavish gifts profusely pours;
Tho' with interminable shade
  The dark primeval forest lours,

That forest doomed so soon to yield
  Before the sturdy sons of toil,
Where in each cultured mead or field
  Shall fruits and flowers abundant smile.

For you a brighter, warmer sun
  Sheds lustre thro' a purer sky;
Like mighty floods your rivers run,
  And plenty to their stores supply.

Yet from these bleak, inclement skies,
  Where Winter's lingering chills delay,
Ye bore away the matchless prize
  That kindles darkness into day.

The glorious intellectual light
  That shone from Bacon's wondrous mind,
That played round Shakespeare's varied flight,
  And Newton, nature's Priest, enshrined;

Thence too ye bore the Torch of truth
  That lights the Altar's hallowed fire —
The hope of age, the guide of youth,
  That heavenward leads us to aspire.

While Seraphs' Hallelujahs sing,
  While Martyrs bear the immortal palm,
The heart which mortal sorrows wring
  Shall find these truths a healing balm.

Then while through gayer scenes you rove,
  Where pleasure leads the laughing hours,
Bids music wake in every grove,
  And fancy deck her Syren bowers.

Still steadfast holds that radiant light
  That pierces superstition's gloom,
Puts gay delusion's train to flight,
  And sheds its lustre o'er the Tomb.

Think kindly of the far-famed Isle
  From which your sires their lineage drew ;
So may the Fates propitious smile
  When you your happy home renew.

May friends, a kind, unbroken band,
  With dewy eyes and glowing hearts,
Receive you on your native strand,
  And fondly meet, no more to part.[1]

Written below, by the lady to whom this farewell is addressed : "Edinburgh, 16th. By Mrs. Grant of Laggan, from whom we have received every kindness imaginable since our arrival in this delightful town," and who in the following page of quotations from Scott, Goldsmith, and others, records her impressions of her fatherland : —

[1] The original manuscript of this poem, believed to have been written by Mrs. Grant in 1836, when she had passed fourscore, may be seen in the Lenox Library, New York. It is neatly written on four quarto pages, and is in excellent preservation. The name of the American lady to whom the poem was addressed does not appear on the manuscript. So far as known, it has never before appeared in print.

"O Caledonia, stern and wild !
Meet nurse for a poetic child ;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood —
Land of the mountain and the flood."

"It may not be — it will not last —
The vision of Enchantment's past.
Like frostwork on the morning ray
The gilded fabric melts away."

"Like some tall cliff which lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head !"

"How very desolate that breast must be
Whose only joyance is in memory !"

ARMS OF THE SCHUYLER FAMILY

A LIST OF MRS. ANNE GRANT'S WRITINGS

"Poems on Various Subjects." By Mrs. Grant, Laggan. 1 vol., 8vo. Printed for the author by John Moir, Royal Bank Close. Edinburgh. 1803.

The same. Second edition. 1804.

"The Highlanders, and Other Poems." By Mrs. Grant, Laggan. Third edition. 18mo. Edinburgh: Printed by James Ballantyne & Co. for Longman, Hurst, & Orme, London. 1810.

"Letters from the Mountains: Being the real Correspondence of a Lady Between the Years 1773 and 1807." 3 vols., 18mo. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme. 1806.

The same. Second edition. 1807.

The same. Boston: Greenough & Stebbins. 2 vols., 12mo.

"Memoirs of an American Lady, with Sketches of Manners and Scenes in America as they existed previous to the Revolution." By the author of "Letters from the Mountains." 2 vols., 12mo. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme. 1808.

The same. Second edition. 1809.

The same. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: B. W. Wells; New York: Samuel Campbell. 1809.

The same. Third edition. London: A. K. Newman & Co. 2 vols., 12mo. 1817.

The same. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: George Dearborn. 1836. (Contains Preface by Fitz-Greene Halleck.)

The same. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. (Has Introduction by Grant Thorburn.)

"Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland. To which are added Translations from the Gaelic, and Letters connected with those formerly published." By the author of "Letters from the Mountains." 2 vols., 12mo. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown. 1811. (The presentation copy before the writer contains these words in the Author's handwriting: "By Anne Grant, who has here embodied recollections precious to memory, the only valuable to the thoughtful and imaginative, such as the owner of this book, Mr. William Wilson.")

The same. 2 vols., 12mo. New York. 1813.

"Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen: A Poem in Two Parts," 8vo. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees & Co. 1814.

"Popular Models and Impressive Warnings for the Sons and Daughters of Industry." 2 vols., 12mo. London. 1815.

"Letters from the Mountains, Being the real Correspondence of a Lady Between the Years 1773 and 1803." Edited by her son, John Peter Grant, Esq. 2 vols., 12mo. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans. 1845.

"Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan," Author of "Letters from the Mountains," "Memoirs of an American Lady," &c. Edited by her son, John Peter Grant, Esq., with a steel portrait. 3 vols., post 8vo. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans. 1844.

The same. Second edition. 1845.

The same. Third edition. 1853.

"Memoirs of an American Lady, with Sketches of Manners and Scenes in America as they Existed Previous to the Revolution." By Mrs. Anne Grant, author of "Letters from the Mountains," &c., with a memoir of Mrs. Grant, by Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson. 1 vol., 8vo, with steel portrait of the author, and other illustrations. Albany: Joel Munsell. 1876.

"Letters Written by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, concerning Highland Affairs and Persons connected with the Stuart Cause in the Eighteenth Century." Edited by J. R. N. Macphail. Edinburgh: Printed at the University Press by T. & A. Constable for the Scottish History Society. 1896. 8vo, cloth. Privately-printed edition, 40 copies. Extracted from Vol. XXVI. of the Publications of the Scottish History Society.

Also numerous contributions in prose and verse to the Scottish journals and magazines, during her twenty-eight years' residence in Edinburgh. Among the most important American articles on Mrs. Grant's writings, may be mentioned those in the North American Review, vol. 60; in Wilson's "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," vol. 1; and in "Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography," vol. 2.

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